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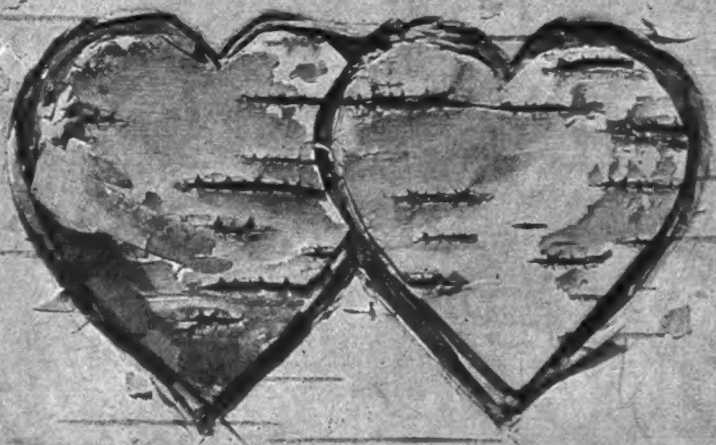
Everybody's Magazine



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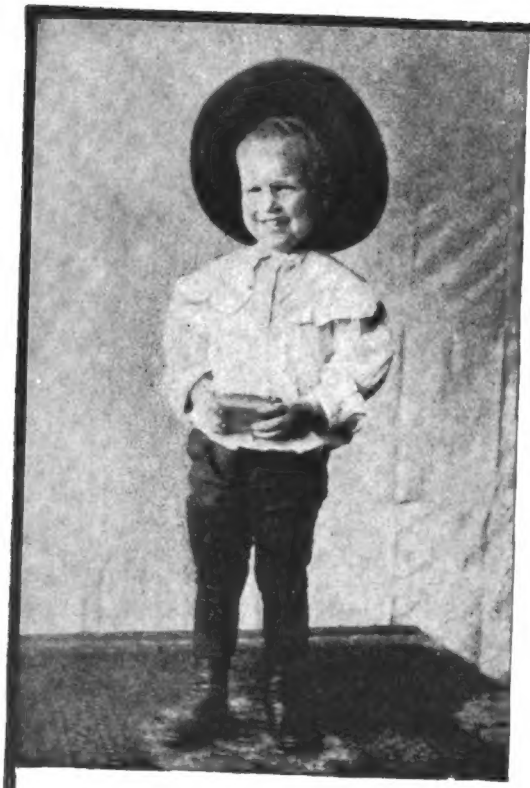

TEDDY
ON
HAND SAPOLIO

I'm awful glad that those good men
Made Hand Sapolio,
Because it's just the stuff for boys,
My mamma told me so.

When in the dirt I used to play
(And sometimes in it fall),
Mamma would say, "Look at that grime!
It won't come off at all."

Or when, if just by accident,
I got in tar or ink,
Mamma would sometimes get a switch,
To help to make me think.

But now she often quite forgets
About the switch, but low
I hear her say, "Oh, thank the Fates
For Hand Sapolio!"

HAND SAPOLIO

IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER SOAP
IN EXISTENCE

SOFT
SMOOTH
BLAND

Keeps the skin in perfect condition.
Works miracles in preventing
roughness and chapping

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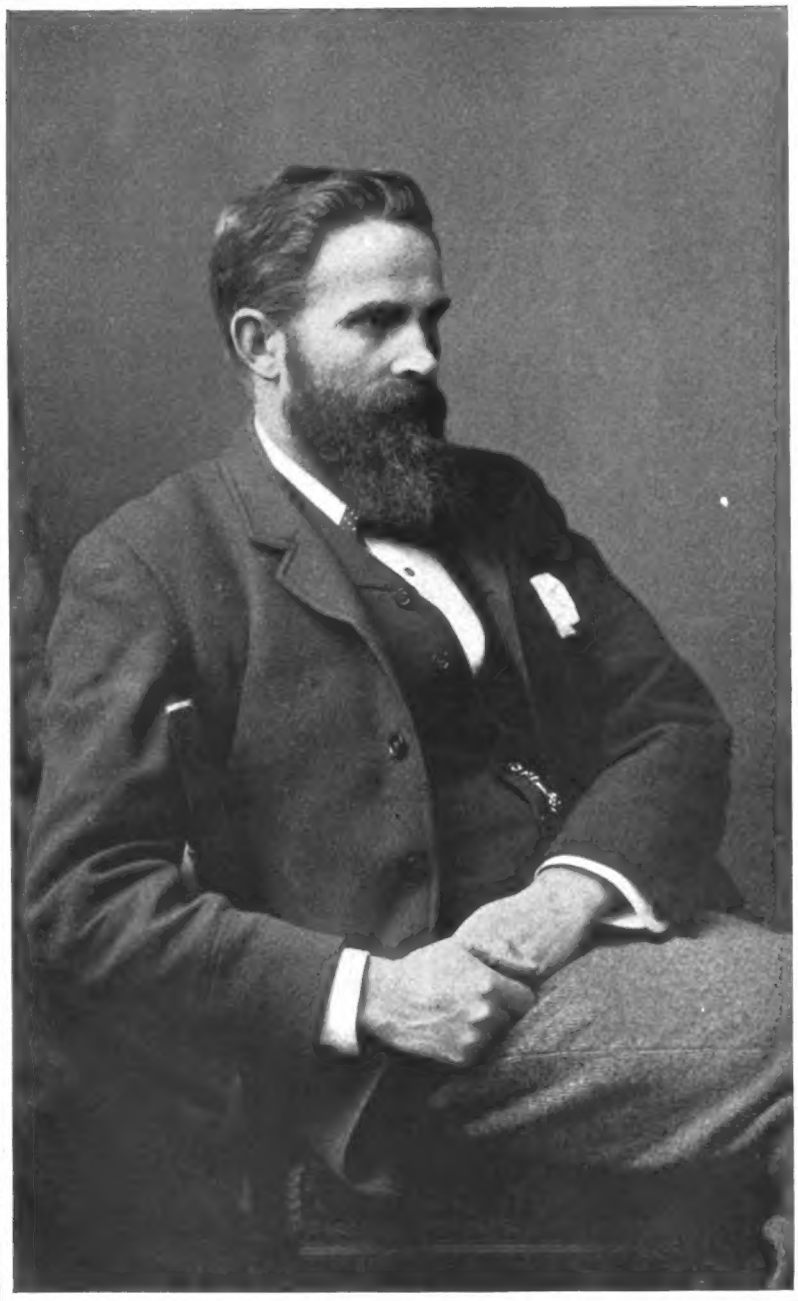

THOMAS WALLACE RUSSELL, M.P.

The brilliant Irish leader who organized the new land movement and united the landlords and tenants of Ireland.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII. JUNE, 1903. No. 6.

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

"When Ireland Will be Free"

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

IT was March 17 of 1903 in Dublin. The usual ceremonies were taking place. But there was something strange in the air. The troops swung into the Upper Castle Yard, to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day." The Lord Lieutenant appeared on the balcony of the great ballroom wearing the light blue ribbon and the star of the order of St. Patrick. But the customary bunch of shamrocks in his buttonhole had unusual significance. The people who filled the great quadrangle, representing all classes in the community, were there, not simply to see a brave show—and the trooping of the colors is an interesting function—but to prove that in their opinion a new era had dawned in Ireland.

At the end of the parade the bands played "God Save the King," the troops presented arms, and hats came off that a few months before would have remained on stubbornly. The soldiers marched off to barracks. Still the great throngs lingered. After a little while the vice-regal party started for the races, which are a great feature of the day. As the Viceroy drove down Cork Hill, past the City Hall, there was a lusty demonstration of Irish enthusiasm. Such cheering had not been heard in the capital since the time when Lord Aberdeen left for England at the close of Gladstone's first Home Rule administration. There was this difference, however: On that occasion the Unionists kept aloof. On the present one Protestants and Catholics, Nationalists and Conservatives, joined in doing honor to the sovereign's representative, who, it seemed to them, was about to have a hand in the settlement of the Irish question.

ALL THE IRISH TOGETHER

It was a real holiday. For the first time in its history the anniversary of the patron saint was kept without any sign of sectional feeling. The crowds in Dame Street, around the quaint statue of King William, the victor of the Boyne, and about the front entrance

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SCENE IN AN IRISH FARM-YARD.

of Trinity and the old Parliament House, were as enthusiastic as if they had come out to greet a popular leader, and not an official who a short time before had put the Crimes Act in force and Nationalist M. P.'s in jail. It didn't mean that these people had short memories. They had not forgotten that the new King had not visited his "loyal Irish subjects." But they were glad that a means had been found, after 800 years of differences, to bring all the Irish together. Over in England, too, the day was specially observed, and the new regiment of Irish Guards sported with special pride the shamrocks sent them by the Queen.

It all came about because one man had the skill, the pluck, and the determination to get a little group of men round a table. The proprietor of a temperance hotel, Thomas William Russell, M.P. for South Tyrone, performed the exploit. Toward the end of last year what is now called the Dunraven Land Conference met in the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The public was sceptical as to the result of what looked like an effort to make oil and water mix. The principal representatives of the landlords at that conference were Lord Dunraven, the famous yachtsman, and Lord Mayo. Among those who attended it for the tenants were Mr. John Redmond, the official head of the Irish party; Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Harrington, the Lord Mayor. Russell was there on behalf of the farmers of Ulster.

WHAT ONE MAN DID

It was a triumph of a new sort to get those representative men together. Here for the first time those who could speak for the various interests of the country deliberated in a perfectly friendly way as to what should be done. The moment they met in that room, and shook hands, the Irish question had been

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A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN IRELAND.

taken out of politics. The spokesmen of the landlords showed that they did not want to take advantage of the tenants. The spokesmen of the tenants showed that they did not want to rob the landlords. Every man present made it clear that he favored a settlement which should be equally advantageous to both parties. Russell showed that there *could be but one business-like settlement—for Parliament to advance to the tenants, as a loan, the sum necessary to buy out the landlords, and in addition to make it worth while to the owners to sell.* In its report the Conference declared that there could be only one final settlement of the land question, and that was by the abolition of dual ownership.

It was soon made manifest that history had been made in that room in the Mansion House, and that Russell had done more than any other statesman who had taken a part in Irish affairs. Yet he is not an Irishman. In his devotion to the interest of his adopted country, he could be described, like the Geraldines who took the side of the people they had helped to conquer, as "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

T. W. RUSSELL'S EVOLUTION

Until a short time ago Russell was a very unpopular person. He is a man of intense conviction, a born fighter, giving no quarter and asking none. When he removed to Dublin from Cupar-Fife, in Scotland, where he was born in 1841, he became an officer of one of the temperance associations of the city. For twenty-eight strenuous years he was the unrelenting foe of the publicans or saloon keepers. At every licensing session there was Russell. What he didn't know about the liquor business wasn't worth knowing. The best lawyers that the trade could obtain might as

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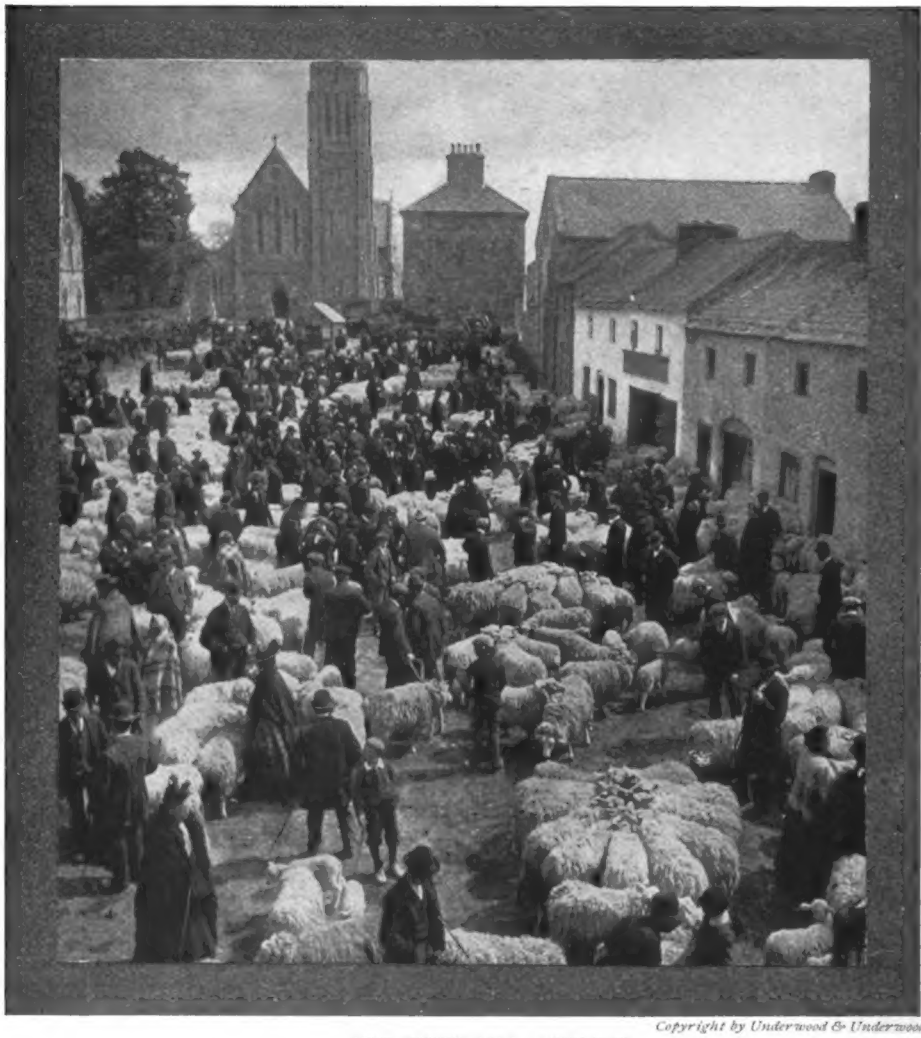

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THE SHEEP-FAIR, ATHLONE.

well have butted their heads against stone walls as try to break him down when he appeared as a witness against applicants for new licenses or as an applicant to have old ones revoked. As he sat on the witness chair, alert, always ready with the right retort, always ready with the facts and figures, he went through a practical training that stood him in good stead when he went into politics later on.

Unpopular as he had been before, he became much more so after Gladstone's Home Rule bill had inflamed one party in Ireland against the other. Russell, who had been a strong Liberal, came out as a Unionist. He was soon in demand everywhere as a campaign speaker. He showed great skill in saying bitter things in a bitter way. His speeches caused deep resentment on the part of his opponents. So when a vigorous man was needed to try and oust Mr. William O'Brien, one of the most prominent leaders of the Irish Party, from the seat for South Tyrone, he was selected for the work. After an acrimonious fight, in which the Home Rulers put forth all their efforts, Russell won and entered the House of Commons with the prestige of a notable victory. In Parliament he showed the same implacable hostility to the Nationalists that he had shown to the old foes of his active temperance days. He loved the roar of battle, but always took punishment in the same spirit that he gave it. At a public meeting, on one occasion, an

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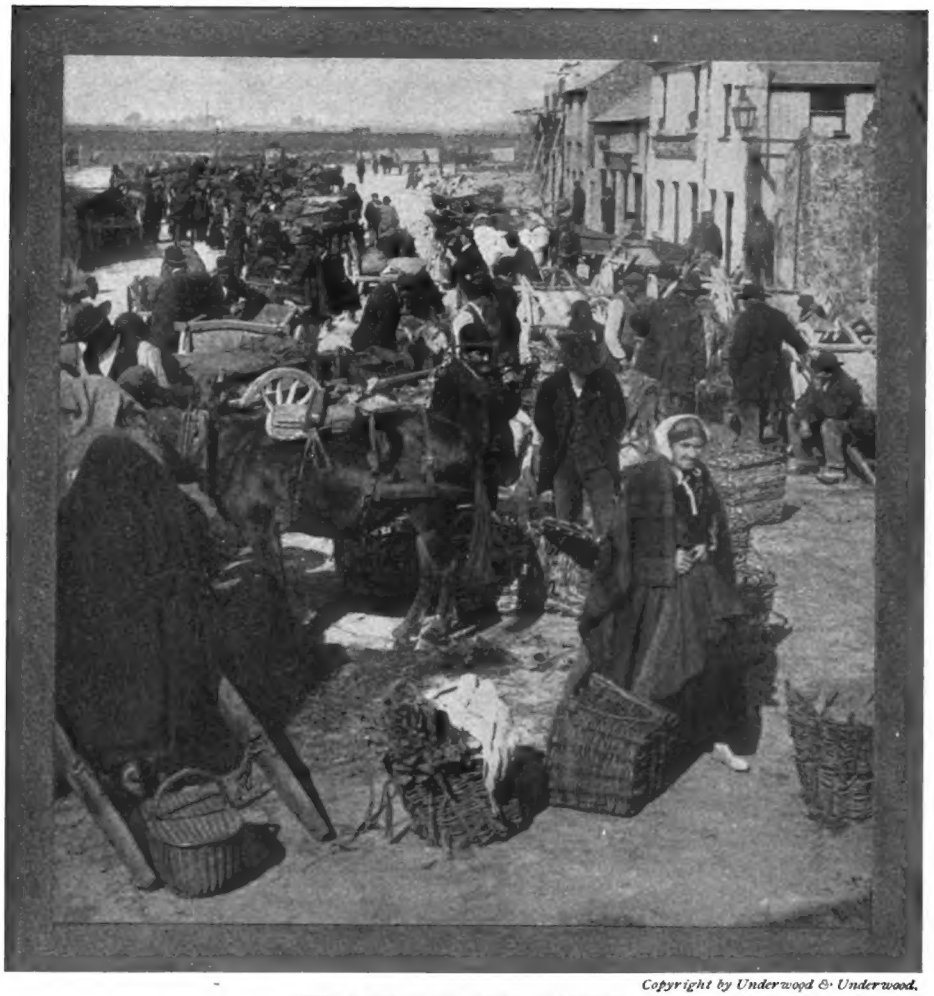

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THE POTATO MARKET, GALWAY.

opponent described him as "a person with a rasping vocabulary." Russell laughed in grim delight, and the next day sent his critic an invitation to dinner.

No sense of fear ever curbed Russell at a time when political passions were at their highest. The first Mrs. Russell, to whose encouragement much of his success was owing, was like him in this respect. When the news of the election in South Tyrone reached Dublin, a friend called on her and advised her to have a couple of policemen stationed in front of the temperance hotel of which she and her husband were the owners, on the ground that the mob would probably come around and wreck the building. She refused to do any such thing; had every room in the house illuminated and the blinds pulled up. Then she sat in a window where she could be seen plainly from the street and waited for something to happen. But nothing did.

RUSSELL IN THE MINISTRY

Lord Salisbury showed his appreciation of Russell's ability by making him Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board without a seat on the Cabinet. It was about the time that Lord Rosebery finally repudiated Home Rule as a plank in the Liberal platform that a change began to come over Russell. He had regarded the Nationalists as a peril to the Empire, and this land agitation as lawless and reckless. By degrees he came to realize that he had misjudged his opponents. The more he got to know about

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A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

his own constituents, and the agrarian situation in Ulster as well as the other parts of Ireland, the more he became convinced that the only way to settle the Irish question was to end the land question for good and all; that no tinkering with the subject could do any good, and that a thorough and radical method was the only one possible. In fact, he had come round to Parnell's theory that without the land question there was no Irish question.

Russell began to air his views on the subject. People were puzzled, and many suspected that the Government had something up its sleeve. At last the Prime Minister told Mr. Russell that he was committing the Cabinet to something for which it could not be responsible. Russell resigned from the Ministry, and refused the offer by Lord Salisbury of a place in the permanent service of the Crown as dignified as the one that he was giving up.

ROUSING ULSTER

Russell proceeded at once systematically to arouse the farmers of Ulster, and met with great success. He elected two members of Parliament in opposition to the Government candidates on his platform of land purchase. His meetings were very large and enthusiastic. The campaign, which he carried on for a time single handed, showed him in a new light. The energy that he had brought to the fight against Home Rule he now turned to conciliation. He compelled attention everywhere in the Protestant north.

As a speaker this new Irish leader is not greatly impressive. His shoulders seem too wide for his slight figure. He elevates them as he talks. But as he warms to his subject his pallid face makes his eyes seem even darker than they are. As he strikes one hand into the other to emphasize a point you feel that there is a man with strong beliefs in that slender frame. Some Scottish peculiarities linger in his speech, but hardly enough to be noticeable, especially in Ulster, where the local accent suggests in many places that of the land across the straits.

The leaders of the Irish party from hating Russell came to respect and admire him. The Government began to look on his agitation with some distrust, as it was complicating the situation. Russell favored a land bill that would be acceptable to all sections of the nation. He took the attitude that as long as Irishmen were divided an English Cabinet had an excuse for doing nothing. He wanted Parliament to decide whether or not it would try to deal with the Irish question from the Irish and not from the English point of view. All the previous land laws, like the Home Rule bills, had been attempts to conciliate one section of the Irish people

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A HOSPITABLE HOME IN OLD IRELAND.

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DUBLIN.

Sackville Street and O'Connell Bridge.

in the face of the determined opposition of the rest.

BALFOUR GIVES WAY

There were doubts as to what effect the report of the Land Conference would have on Mr. Balfour, who had become Premier in place of his uncle, Lord Salisbury. But the wonderful results of the movement started by Russell were seen at the opening of Parliament. Mr. John Redmond, as head of the Nationalists, moved an amendment to the Address, not, as he explained, for the purpose of embarrassing the party in power, but to enable the Chief Secretary for Ireland to explain the attitude of himself and his colleagues toward Ireland. The reply of Mr. Wyndham made it clear that an understanding had been arrived at between the Irish members and the Government. For the first time in the history of Parliament there was a regular love-feast in which all the representatives of the sister island said nice things about each other. Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, Liberal Unionists, Tories and Orangemen had forgotten old animosities and had joined hands in a common cause. It seemed as if the Government was about to accept the recommendation of the leaders of the Irish people.

THE FATEFUL DAY

At last the fateful day arrived. The House of Commons was packed to the doors to hear the speech of Mr. Wyndham, in introducing the land bill. The gallery set apart for the peers was full of eager spectators. In the distinguished strangers' gallery sat Michael Davitt, the founder of the old Land League, with his hawk-like face. There had been no such gathering within the halls of Westminster since the evening when Gladstone explained the details of his Home Rule bill. Even Mr. Balfour looked interested, an unusual thing for him. Russell, the man who had really brought it all about, was in a

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seat below the gangway, his hands deep in his pockets, his beard on his chest, quietly waiting to find out how far the Government was prepared to go. It was a mighty triumph for him. But he showed no elation over having forced the hand of the Ministry that had dropped him because he went too fast for it. Such a piece of vindication had probably never been enjoyed by any other statesman.

There was a burst of what the House of Commons calls "cheering," when Mr. Wyndham, the handsomest man in the body, stood up, a noticeable figure, with his young face and his prematurely gray hair. By the time that he sat down he had won for himself a new place among Englishmen of affairs. He explained that upward of forty-two efforts had been made to settle the Irish land question. But the new measure was different from the others. The Irish landlords and tenants had come forward together and agreed to bury all ancient feuds. They had the whole community of Ireland behind them saying, "We are prepared to do what we conceive to be our part of the contract in order to get peace if the State will give us the necessary facilities."

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

WHAT WILL IT COST?

But how about the English taxpayer? How much would it cost him? And what security had he to fall back on? It was proposed to induce the landlords to sell by giving them a bonus of £12,000,000. The total cost of the operation would be £150,000,000, and it was expected that dual ownership could be done away with in fifteen years. The tenants would have a direct inducement to buy in the fact that the annual sums which they would have to pay back each year would be vastly less than the rent that they are subject to at present.

Was it a safe investment for England? There was loud cheering when the Chief Secretary pointed out that of the 80,000 tenants who had bought their land already with Government assistance, only two had failed to keep their bargain and make good. All the money would not have to be raised at once. It was a gradual operation.

ENGLAND'S ALTERNATIVE

England had to decide whether she would spend millions in trying to keep order in Ireland or lend that country some millions and so make it permanently contented. The present cost of the Irish Constabulary, which is paid for by the Imperial Parliament, is £1,400,000 a year. It is admitted that but for agrarian troubles this semi-military force has very little to do. Mr. Wyndham thought that a huge saving could be made in this direction when the land question was settled. The present intricate and expensive machinery for fixing rents periodically would also be done away with. At the end of fifteen years the vast majority of the tenants would have become proprietors. There would be no more periodic lawsuits over land. There would be no more evictions. There would be an end of the old struggle between the landlord class and the occupying class. Arthur Young said that the sense of ownership turned stones into gold. The Irish farmer owning his land would have but one aim and object, to get the most out of it that was possible. For the sake of the landlords as well as the tenants, for the sake of the Empire as well as for the sake of Ireland, Mr. Wyndham thought that the thing should be done.

AN ORANGEMAN'S TESTIMONY

Colonel Saunderson, a landlord, and leader of the Ulster Orangemen, who spoke soon

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A STREET IN GALWAY.

after the Chief Secretary, declared that in 800 years no such opportunity for settling a long-vexed question had presented itself to the English Parliament. One of the good features of the situation was that all his fellow-countrymen were united at last. What the landlords had asked was that, when the land question was settled, they would not be deprived of the opportunity of living in their native land. Landlords were Irishmen just as much as the tenants, and loved their country as the others did. The idea that the bill when it became law would empty the pockets of the British taxpayers to the tune of many millions of pounds was absurd. The most that John Bull would be taxed in any one year would be £390,000. So that if the bill was successful, the peace and prosperity of Ireland would be secured at a cost not exceeding that of a quarter of an ironclad. Many millions were devoted to war, and surely a few millions might be devoted to peace.

The whole discussion was marked by a

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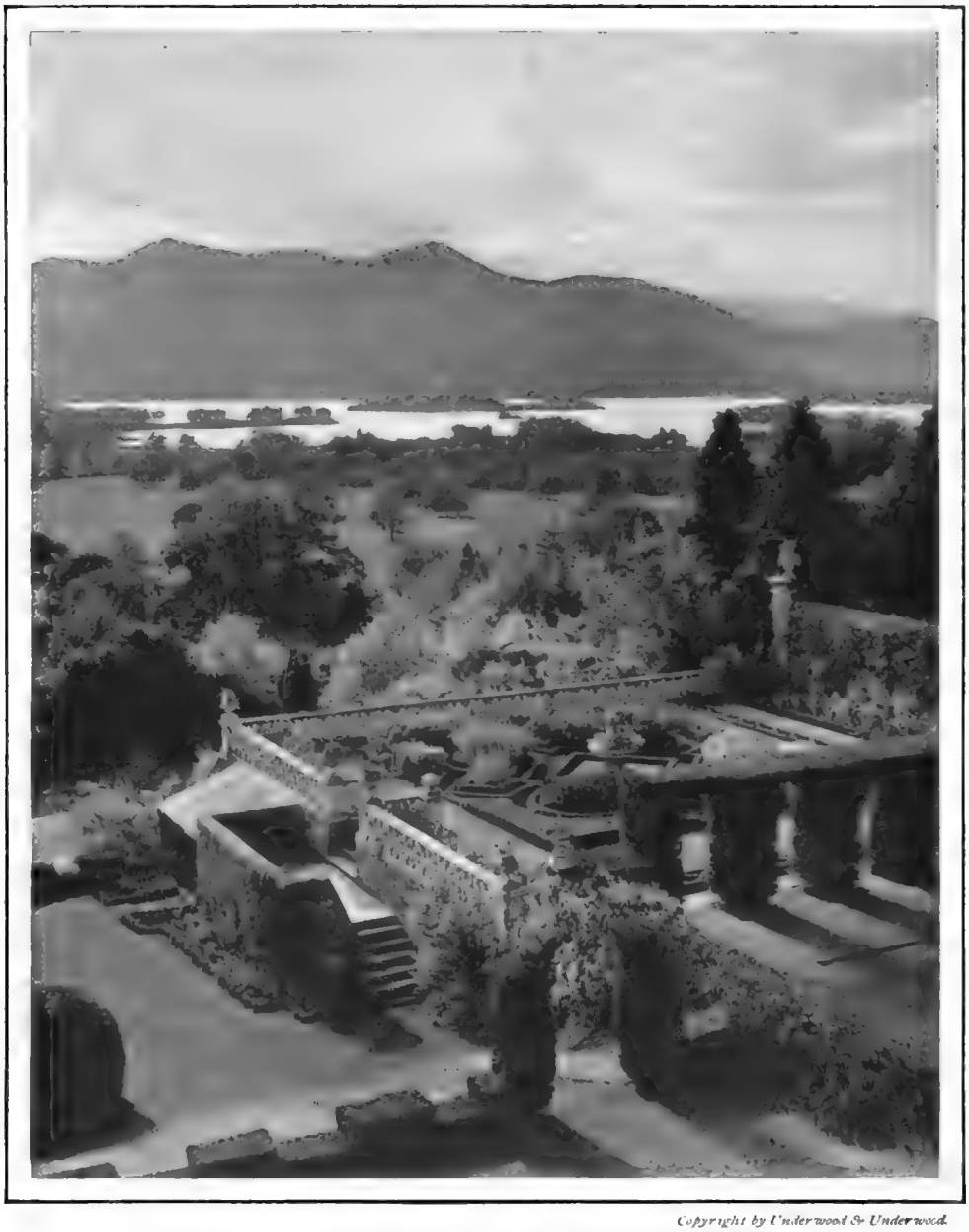

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THE LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY. FROM LORD KENMARE'S SEAT.

sense of finality. The Government has a large majority in the House of Commons. The present Parliament can remain in existence for five years. The Irish members are giving the administration assistance with regard to its legislation on the subject of the army and education. The Liberals, while they may criticise certain features of the measure, are committed to its general principles. When it goes to the House of Lords it will be in the hands of its friends. The most strenuous opposition to Home Rule in the Upper Chamber came from English and Scotch peers who listened to the appeal of the Irish landlords. These last pointed out that if they were placed at the mercy of an

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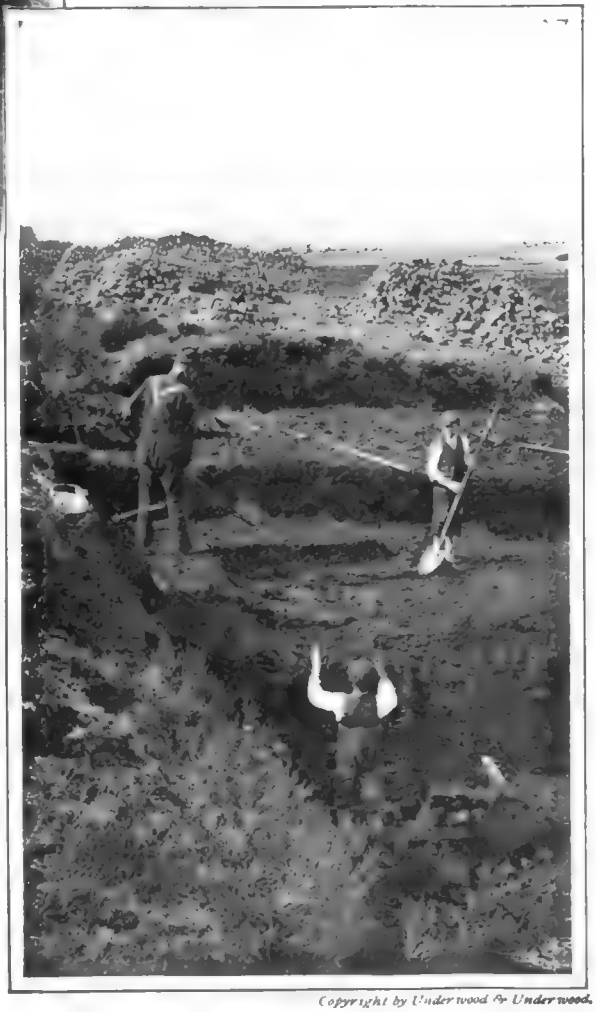
HOLY WELL AT WAYSIDE. SHRINE ON THE SHORE OF LOUGH GILL, SLIGO.

Irish parliament, they could only expect to be driven out of Ireland bag and baggage. It is in the interest of the Irish landlords that the Wyndham bill should become law. Instead of asking the Lords to throw it out, they will insist on their pressing it to a final passage as soon as possible. Besides, the English proprietors of land in Ireland are in the same boat.

Ulster is the part of Ireland which has made most progress in trade and industry. This province, owing to its own peculiar land system, has been less troubled than the other three sections by agrarian disorder. But in spite of the great success of the shipbuilders and manufacturers of that portion of the country, it is recognized that the main question is agriculture. Had it not been for this Russell would not have succeeded as he did in starting the movement which resulted in the Land Conference and the Land Bill.

ENGLAND'S NEED OF IRELAND

An imperial reason has been put forward why England should desire to make Ireland as productive as possible in the line for which she is best suited. A short time ago there was a representative gathering in London at which the British food supply was discussed. It was pointed out that the country had a bare margin, as far as such resources were concerned, and that in the case of a great war it would have to rely on, perhaps, dubious shipments from abroad. In a speech, since the introduction of the Land Bill, Mr.



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CUTTING PEAT. ALLEN BOG, CENTRAL IRELAND.

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Wyndham said that, apart from the justice of the plan, it was in England's interest that Ireland should have a fair opportunity to develop her agriculture. In time of peace Ireland was England's best customer, and in war time, when everything would depend on the control of the sea, it would be well to have a big food-supply in Ireland. Every true Imperialist, he went on, wished Ireland to be a bridge and not a stream between England and Canada, and with Canada he associated his kinsmen in the United States. For even an outside chance of attaining that object it was well worth while to make a real effort.

The bill has improved the situation in all directions. Lord Iveagh of Dublin and Mr. Pirrie of Belfast, who are at the head of great manufacturing enterprises, have announced that they will support actively a scheme for improving transportation in Ireland. This indicates very clearly that these successful business men are of the opinion that with the land troubles out of the way the country will have the opportunity to make a real use of its resources.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

There have been rumors to the effect that the passage of the land bill will be followed by the concession of a substantial measure of self-government to Ireland, by means of a Council sitting in Dublin and composed of representatives of the various County Councils. This would be followed by the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy, an institution which but emphasizes the lack of union between the two countries. It is also thought that the police would be placed under the control of the Irish authorities, which is not the case at present. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. Chamberlain is not prepared to make as radical political concessions as Mr. Balfour, and cannot get away from the fact that the reason he is a member of a Conservative Government is because of his opposition to Home Rule. But things have changed since he broke with Gladstone. The feature of Irish autonomy which the Secretary for the Colonies most objected to was the withdrawal of the Irish members from Westminster. At the present time nobody has any intention of making such a proposal. The Duke of Devonshire, who is head of the Liberal Unionists, though not such a force in Parliament as Mr. Chamberlain, is heartily in favor of the new policy of conciliation of the coalition party toward Ireland.

IRISH VOTES NEEDED AT WESTMINSTER

It is only with the assistance of the Irish members that the Government can be safe in the House of Commons. Several times this session it was saved from disaster by the votes of its former enemies, and the Liberals have been gaining in the bye elections on account of the popular indignation at certain provisions of the school bill. All this will have to be paid for.

The keynote to the situation has been struck by Mr. Wyndham in the following words:

"We can prolong," said he, "for another 100 or 150 years a tragedy, which is none the less a tragedy because it is thin and long drawn out; or we can to-day initiate a business transaction occupying fifteen years, based, in common with all sound and hopeful transactions, upon the self-esteem, the probity of all concerned. I believe that all the interests affected, landlord and tenant, Nationalist and Unionist, can hope for no tolerable issue to any view, constitutional, political, or economic, unless, by settling the Irish question, we achieve social reconciliation in Ireland."

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MORE TRAFFIC THAN ROADWAY.

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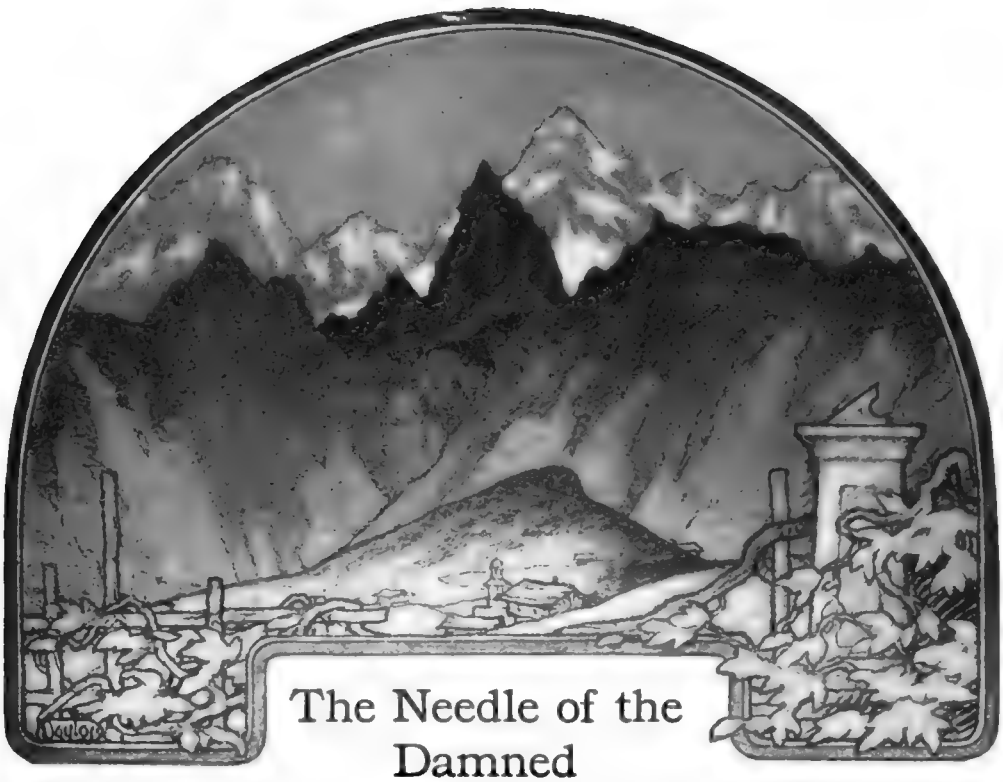

The Needle of the Damned

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

"BUT I don't want to marry you," said the girl. "I don't want to marry anyone—not for a long time, that is. Why should I? It's very stupid, I'm told, and one can't have a lot of other men about, for fear of scandal. Besides, it's all so horribly inexorable! One can't change one's mind about it, once it's done; one's life is so finally cut out and nailed down. No, I don't think I should like it."

"It is reasonably evident," said Mr. Paget, "that you have never been in love with anyone."

"No," said she, "I've never been in love with anyone—not really, that is. I've fancied a lot of people, and flirted with them and all, but—no, I've never loved anyone, I think. "Oh!" she cried after a little, "if ever I should love anyone he'd have to be a *man*, though, a real man! He'd have to be bigger than the people about him. He'd have to have done bigger things. He'd have to have a braver soul and a greater heart and—and—Oh, I've dreamed of him sometimes! I think he's living somewhere." She raised her head quickly, looking into Paget's eyes.

"Do I look the sort to marry a common man," she demanded, "an ordinary, nice, domestic, every-day man?"

"No," said Mr. Paget, gently, and shook his head with a little sigh. "No," said he again, "you look the sort to marry a king."

But the girl left her chair by the fireplace and moved restlessly about the room, touching the books that lay on a little table near, and straightening the chairs in their places.

"Why should I marry you, of all people?" she said, with a certain resentment in her tone. "What are you that other men aren't? You tell a girl that you love her, that you love her more than anything else in the world; and, if you're romantically inclined, you go down on one knee and tell her there's nothing in all the world you wouldn't do for her. But what would you really do? What would any of you properly brought-up men do? I tell you I'm *ennuyée* of 'this ghastly thin-faced time of ours.' There's no genuine devotion

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"'I THINK I SEE A GREAT LOT OF THINGS DIFFERENTLY UP HERE.'"

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or chivalry left. Love is a decorously mild emotion nowadays. It's no longer a reckless passion. Once, when a man loved a girl, he tied a glove or ribbon of hers about his arm, and went out to do something fine, just by way of proving that he loved her as much as he said he did. Now he doesn't do anything but say it. He doesn't storm castles or kill brigands or win tournaments for the girl's sake; he sends her flowers and gives her cotillon favors. How is a girl going to know that he's telling the truth? He can't or won't prove it. How is she going to know?"

She turned toward him for an instant with a little laugh, a certain softening of the face.

"Ah, don't think I'm trying to be nasty," said she, "don't think I'm silly and absurd, though perhaps I am. It's such a big thing, isn't it, this loving and marrying? It means all one's life, doesn't it? One must be very certain, I should think. I—like you—tremendously. You know that, don't you? Sometimes I think I could—marry you and be very happy. You've many of the things about you that the man I love must have. Perhaps you've them all. Once or twice I've thought so—but I don't know. How can I know? What would you do for me to prove that you've been telling the truth, that I'm dearest to you?"

"Anything," said young Mr. Paget, simply. "Anything in the world." But the girl turned away from him with a little exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, that is what they all say," said she. "It's so easy and indefinite. 'Anything'!"

She went over to one of the long French windows and stood there with her fingers beating idly against the glass.

From the window at which she stood one saw the great semicircle of glaciers and snow-peaks from the Dent d'Argent on the left to the Drei Brüdern on the right. Just beyond the gardens of the little villa the yellow glacier stream that is called the Katz plunged down the valley toward the village, with its hotels and carved wood booths below, and across the Katz the meadows, green and dotted with châlets, rose swiftly to the snow-fields that seemed almost to hang over one's head.

The valley was already in evening shadow, but the great peaks gleamed rose and saffron, blue and gold, from the hidden sun. Montparnasse, the Cima di Sant' Agata, the Kaiserhorn, the three-headed Brüdern; and, against their dazzling glory, black and sinister and evil, the Aiguille des Damnés, a mere spear-head of rock, rent and fissured and worn, so steep that only a little snow might cling to its flanks. It was shaped like the Matterhorn, but sharper, with less bulk, and it rose like a dark and slightly crooked finger from the great field of virgin snow above the Sant' Agata glacier.

A very long time ago, when Huss and his followers were rampant in the land, certain priests of the Roman Church being hunted up the valley, and as far as the little village, lost heart and recanted. But afterward, being overcome by horror for what they had done, and certain of eternal damnation, went quite mad and fled to the mountains where, some weeks later, their bodies were found on the slopes of the spearhead of rock above the Sant' Agata glacier. Wherefore the evil-looking peak took its name, Aiguille des Damnés, and was forever reported haunted. Even to-day it is impossible to find a guide in the valley who will venture the ascent of the needle. Once a party of Englishmen, climbing with two strange guides from Zermatt, fell, some distance from the top, and were duly buried. Again, a certain Altesse from Vienna met the same prompt end. But a Frenchman, climbing with but one imported guide, was said to have planted a small French banner in a cleft at the summit. The tricolor was seen, through glasses, by the party which found the remains of the Frenchman and his guide some distance above the glacier. They had fallen something over a thousand feet on the descent.

The girl stood for a long time by the window, beating her finger-tips against the glass, and staring out at the pearly snows to the west, and young Paget watched her, and the great love that he bore her beat in his breast and swelled there, shaking him from head to foot with a mingled delight in her wonderful beauty, and utter wretchedness for that the wonderful beauty was as far out of his reach as the rainbow snows on Sant' Agata yonder.

She was very tall and of a sumptuous figure, for she was not a particularly young girl, quite three- or four-and-twenty. She had the dark type, with a great deal of black hair and an olive skin that tanned in summer to golden tints, very lovely. And she had eyes of a green-brown, great even for her type, and changing strangely in color with her mood—full of shadows. For a mouth like hers men have died. Further, she had a certain slow grace of movement,

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quite southern, for her mother had been Italian—one of the Borromei.

Then, all at once, as she stood looking out at the snows and at the evil black finger drawn sharply against their whiteness, she broke into a scornful little laugh.

"Anything?" she asked, turning a bit toward the man.

"Anything," said young Mr. Paget, gravely.

"Bring me the tricolor from the top of the Aiguille des Damnés," said the girl with a certain sparkle of interest in her eyes.

Young Paget looked at her under lowered brows.

"Do you mean that?" said he, after a moment. "You'd actually send me up there—to the top of the Needle?"

"Did you mean 'anything'?" inquired the girl still laughing gently, "or did you mean 'anything' with reservations?"

"Oh, I meant it right enough!" said young Paget, nodding. "I'll go—or try to go, if you ask me to. It's believed to be certain death," he said, presently. "No one has come down alive. You can't get a guide to try the climb for love or money."

"Ah!" said she. "A bit afraid?"

There was a short laugh from young Paget.

"No," said she, "not afraid, I expect, just discreet." But Mr. Paget looked her in the eyes so steadily that after a time she turned her gaze away and fell once more to staring out of the window, and beating upon the glass with her finger-tips.

"I suppose you think it's all very mad," said she, resentfully, "very mad and theatrical and reckless. I suppose you're thinking that I am like the woman in the poem, the woman who threw her glove down among the lions and dared her lover to fetch it. Well, maybe I am like her. Maybe I am mad and reckless. Do you think I want you to be killed that I send you on such an errand? Ah, I don't, I don't! But if you're the right man you won't be killed. It's a test of you, can't you see? If you're willing to risk your life for me you're worth loving. If you're not willing, you're like all the other men of these times of ours, full of brave words, but craven inside. Ah, yes, I dare say I'm mad. Probably you'd best not go. Probably I'm not worth the risk."

Young Mr. Paget took a few steps toward the door. He was smiling a little and his bearing seemed greatly to have changed. There was none of the surge and swell of love in him now, none of the signs of love on his face, only a certain quiet determination, a quiet confidence that somehow became him.

"I don't know," said he, thoughtfully, "how long the thing should take me. I'm rather afraid I sha'n't be able to get even one guide, for they're all foolish about the Needle. If I have to go alone it will be a bit more complicated. Still, I should say in about three days at the most, you shall have the tricolor, Miss Eliot, except in one event. Ah, now, I expect I must go and dress for dinner. Lady Billy hates to have us late."

But the girl came swiftly across the room to him, and laid a hand upon his arm to check him. The arm shook a very little under her touch.

"You—you're really—going?" she said, in a wondering tone, and her eyes, very wide and dark, searched his face. "You're really—going up that peak? You're going to risk your—your life because I asked you to? Are you actually serious?"

Young Paget's eyebrows rose a trifle.

"Going?" said he, coldly. "Going? I thought that was understood. Yes, oh, yes, I'm going."

But the girl seemed not to hear him. Her eyes still searched his face, very wide and shadowy, and her cheeks had flushed a bit.

"But you may be—you may never come back alive," said she in her wondering half whisper.

"That is most probable," said Mr. Paget, composedly. "We shall be late for dinner if we don't look sharp."

The girl's hand dropped from his arm and her eyes from his eyes.

"You're—a very brave—man," said she under her breath. "I—didn't know—I didn't understand. You're a very brave—man," said she again. "If you are killed I shall probably die, too. Somehow, I think you'll come back—with the tricolor. It seems more like you. I didn't—understand."

She turned slowly back to her window, not meeting his eyes again, and stared out at the paling snows and at the sinister black finger crooked against them.

"You shall have the tricolor, Miss Eliot," said young Paget once more, and went very quietly out of the room.

But just outside the door, in the dim light of the hall, he ran into and nearly bowled over Miss Jannet McCleod, who was one of his fellow-guests at the villa, a little Scots girl with jolly eyes and a jolly smile and an

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"'THE SORT TO MARRY A KING'"

angel's voice, and withal one of the best mountain-climbers in Switzerland—a born climber, not made.

The girl seized Paget by the arm and dragged him into the light.

"I heard the last part of what you two were saying in there," said she. "I listened."

"That wasn't at all nice of you," said young Paget, severely. "Not at all nice. I shall tell Lady Billy."

But the girl shook her head anxiously, looking up into his face, and held still to his arm.

"Never mind all that," said she. "That doesn't matter. I heard—*her* dare you to go up the Needle after that silly little flag, just to satisfy her silly little—no, it isn't little—vanity. So I listened. I knew what you'd do. You're going, aren't you? I heard you say so."

"Yes," said Paget, "oh, yes, I'm going, Jannet."

"In spite of the danger?"

"Yes," said he, "in spite of the danger. I shall probably not come back."

The girl turned her face away very quickly,

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"WHERE YOUNG FÜHRER SAT SMOKING HIS PIPE AND WAITING."

and her hand tightened, all at once, upon his arm.

"You—love her as—as much as—that?" she said presently, very low. But Mr. Paget made no answer, and she did not ask again.

Then, after a moment, she looked up once more, giving a little tug at his arm, as if she would recall his wandering attention.

"Listen!" she said, swiftly. "That's settled then. You're going to try to make that climb, and it will be hard work. I want you to let me help. Do you understand? I want to make the ascent with you."

"You—you want to make the ascent with me? *You!*" he cried with a little incredulous laugh. "You go up that peak, indeed! I should think not—let me go, child, I must dress for dinner."

"Wait," said the girl, eagerly. "Just wait a bit. There's no hurry about dinner. Why shouldn't I go with you? I'm not such a bad climber, am I? I'm no novice, am I?"

"You're almost the best climber I ever knew," said he. "You're a born climber. But I tell you that peak is another matter. It's almost certain death. I sha'n't be able to find a guide, in the first place, and it's too dangerous, anyhow. Indeed you sha'n't go." He peered down curiously into her face with puzzled eyes. "What do you want to go for?" he demanded. "Why should you risk your life—probably lose it? Where do you come into the thing, anyhow?"

But the girl shook her brown head and would not meet his eyes.

"Never mind why I want to go," said she. "Maybe I'd like to do something really difficult. Maybe I've a fancy to see if the peak is really uncanny. Maybe—Oh, never mind why I want to go. No, of course I don't come into the thing. I know that well enough. Still—well, still, I'd like to help bring that tricolor down. Please let me go, Jack. I could help, really. We're both experts, and two experts are better than one. No one person can climb a difficult mountain. It's impossible."

"Well, one person is going to climb this one," said Paget, stubbornly. "You sha'n't go, Jannet. You're a dear, and I'd like to take you, but I won't let you throw away your life in any such casual fashion. You'll come to an end soon enough on the Lyskamm or the Eiger or some of those. You sha'n't go, and that's all there is of it."

"Oh, very well," said the girl. "Be nasty about it if you like. I sha'n't quarrel with you. Only"—said she, as young Paget started up the stairs—"try the younger Führer, Johann Führer, when you look for your guide. He's not so silly about the Needle as some of the others. He went half-way up, once. And—well, I don't think the peak is half so difficult as they say. I think all the talk is just because the guides and the villagers are su-

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perstitious. I've looked at it from the *arête* at the base of the peak, and it seemed quite possible. Just remember that."

On the second day after this, very early in the morning—before it was light, indeed—young Paget came downstairs into the lower hall, pulling the coil of rope closer over his shoulders, and adjusting the ice-axe which hung at his belt. He had—thanks to Jannet McCleod's hint—at last found a guide, the young Führer, who made pretence of scorning the general superstition attached to the Needle. And he had planned, in a rough way, the route he meant to attempt from the Sant' Agata glacier to the summit of the peak. He calculated that the ascent from the glacier should take a matter of four hours, and the descent as long. To reach the glacier from the Katz valley, one climbed a wooden slope and a dry water-course for an hour or more.

Someone was waiting in the shadows of the lower hall.

"Jannet," said young Paget, severely, "what are you doing in climbing things at this hour?"

"I'm going to make an ascent," said the girl, turning a sullen countenance.

"Well, if you think you're going with me," continued Mr. Paget, "you might as well go back to bed. I won't have you along."

"Then I'll follow," said she, "and you can't stop me. I'll follow and probably be killed. You'd best be sensible about it and take me along. You needn't talk any nonsense about my being in the way or hindering or anything, for I'm a better climber than you, and you know it. If I didn't think three people stood a better chance of making the summit than two, I'd stop at home. I want to help bring down that tricolor."

Mr. Paget said several things under his breath which the girl anxiously endeavored to hear, but with poor success. Then they went out through the gardens of the villa and into the narrow street, where young Führer sat smoking his pipe and waiting. At the outer gate Paget turned for an instant to look back through the dim half-light, and a shutter in the upper part of the villa clicked.

It was five o'clock when the three reached the top of the wooded slope above the valley and set foot upon the twisted glacier, and twenty minutes later when they put on the ropes and unslung their ice-axes at the base of the Aiguille des Damnés.

Now there is an article among the laws of mountain climbing which says, if you become frightened or suffer a shock early in the day's climbing go back to your hotel and read a book, for your nerve will be shaken for the whole day, and your confidence clean destroyed.

Young Führer, the guide, had, in spite of bravado, undertaken a thing which he knew no one of his fellows in the valley would have dared, and it is to be supposed that his nerves were rather keenly on edge, ill prepared to withstand a shock. Half an hour above the glacier, during a bit of very nasty rock climbing, he slipped and fell down a *cheminée* to the length of his rope. He was not hurt, merely bruised a little, but his nerve was quite gone, and at the end of another half-hour Paget unroped him and sent him back alone to the village.

"You'd best go with him, Jannet," said Paget. "I'd rather go on alone."

But the girl set her teeth and dug her heels stubbornly into the tiny shelf where they stood.

"I won't go," she cried, "and that's all there is of it. It's no good your talking. If you go on up, I go with you."

"You're a trump!" said young Paget, with a certain sparkle in his eyes. "And a dear," he said an hour later, when she had very cleverly saved his life on a snow saddle.

The girl sniffed.

"I could teach you a lot about climbing, anyhow," she said, rudely.

The route which Paget had chosen for his attempt ascended the northern face of the peak. It followed a tortuous and irregular couloir, snow-filled, which zigzagged from base to summit. As matters turned out it proved far the easiest route which could have been picked, for snow-climbing, which at its worst is but a matter of cutting steps, is practically as safe for two people roped together as for three, while the scaling of precipitous and overhanging rock is often downright impossible for less than three climbers. The snow in the great crevice was old and firm and, since it faced the north, unweakened by the sun. There were many steep slopes where steps must be cut, and not a few moments of imminent peril, but both Paget and the girl were experts and had solved in their time a score of harder problems. Indeed, as the girl had predicted, the peak was vastly overrated through its sinister history and the superstition of the villagers.

They halted for an hour, toward noon, on

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a little snow plateau sheltered from the wind by a buttress of rock, and they ate the food which Paget had brought in his knapsack, and drank, each, a little brandy from his flask.

Above them the peak soared black and smooth and free from snow to its crest. It should be less than an hour's work, but terribly difficult, since there were but straggling crevices for a finger-hold, and scattered bosses of rock for one's foot. The wind, as always on a mountain-top, tore past in a silent fierce gale, bitter cold and unceasing.

Young Paget unfastened the rope from the girl's waist and wrapped it carefully about him.

"Here I go alone, Jannet," said he. "You'll wait for me. Two can't climb that spear."

"Yes," she said, with a little sigh. "Yes, you go alone now. I can help no longer. Be careful, Jack. Oh, be careful! Don't forget the wind. Yes, I'll wait here in the shelter." She turned a little away from him, not meeting his eyes, but young Paget put out his two hands, red and rough and torn from the day's work, and took her face between them, looking down into it with his grave smile. And the face went red and white by turns.

"If it—comes, child," said he, "it must come now. I think I shall do the trick, but if not— Nonsense! I shall do it. Oh, Jannet, child, you're the bravest little girl that ever smiled—and the dearest! Do you know, I think I see a great lot of things differently up here. One does on a mountain-top. Perhaps I've been a fool, Jannet—I wonder— Ah, yes, I see a lot of things differently."

"Do you?" she cried, very low. "Ah, do you?" and the hands shook that she lifted to his arm.

Then all at once, before he realized what he was doing, young Paget bent forward, still holding her head between his two hands, and kissed her, and the girl broke from him with a little sobbing laugh and dropped down beside the sheltering rock, covering her face with her arms.

A moment later he began the final ascent, slow and careful, but ready with all his great strength for a moment's need, flattened against the rock, fingers searching ever for a safe hold, and foot following them.

And, after a little, the girl raised her head from her arms and crept a bit out from her shelter to watch. She made no sound—seemed scarcely to breathe—called out no advice for the wind to bear away—only watched.

But presently she hid her face again with a sudden low, fierce cry, and something came slipping and scraping down the dark rock, twisting as it fell, and dropped heavily beside her in the snow.

For one awful moment every muscle in her body was paralyzed, helpless, and her brain burned with fire, but in the next she was cool and ready and swift. Paget had left his knapsack beside the shelter. She tore it open with quick fingers and found the half-emptied flask. Then she turned the man upon his back—he had fallen on one side—and forced some of the spirit—nearly all of it—between his set teeth. Also she raised his head a little upon her knees, and fell to chafing his brow and wrists. He was not much bruised, only his hands, somewhat, and one cheekbone where it had scraped against the rock in falling. The elbows of his jacket were a bit torn and the knees of his breeches.

And after a few moments he began to stir, and his lips to move, and presently he sat up, winking and staring, for he had been only stunned and not actually hurt at all.

"Thank God!" said the girl in a little shaking voice. "Oh, thank God! I thought—I thought you were—done for, Jack!" She pulled his head back upon her knees and rubbed it gently with a bit of snow, holding the snow against it so that he might feel the cold, and after a few moments he struggled to his feet, putting away her restraining hand, and walked about, stretching his bruised arms and stamping on the hard snow to make sure that he had taken no harm.

He laughed a little, turning toward her where she sat huddled against the rock shelter.

"Close call, that, child!" said he. And he frowned down at her, moving his head experimentally from side to side.

"Did you give me much of that cognac?" he demanded. "My head's all swimming—most scandalous!" He laughed again rather foolishly. Indeed he had had, during the hour, nearly the whole of a large flask of liqueur brandy.

"Now then!" he cried. "Now for it again! This time I do the trick!"

The girl started up with a frightened cry.

"No, no," she begged. "Ah, no, Jack, you—mustn't! You'll be killed! I won't let you go. Not again. For my sake, not again."

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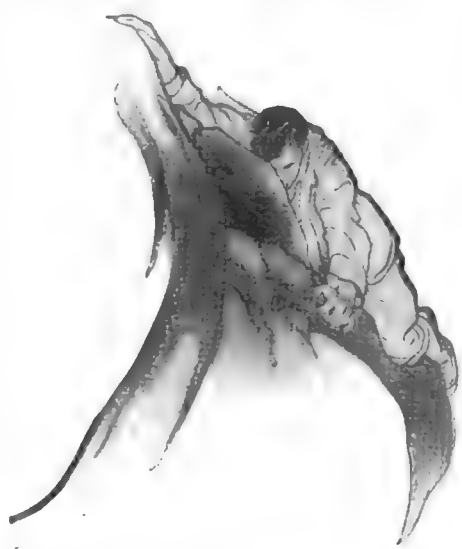
But he pushed her rudely away and turned to the steep slope.

"Lemme 'lone!" said he. "Lemme 'lone! Wha'd'you mean by interferin'? 'S all right. Safe enough. Lemme 'lone!"

It never occurred to her that he was half-drunk. She thought that the fall had made his head a bit queer. Indeed it was doubtless half the fall and half the brandy.

She dropped back upon the snow, frightened at his fierce eyes, and crouched there once more, watching.

Then began the most wonderful feat of climbing that she had ever seen, probably one of the most wonderful that ever was accomplished. For the man seemed literally to crawl up the side of the wind-swept rock with an incredible swiftness, careless of hand and foot, rising where there appeared no hold at all.



Half-crazed men endowed with the sublime confidence of drunkenness have done marvellous acts of reckless daring, have gone where no sober human being would venture, and have come forth quite unharmed.

This is altogether natural, for a man at a certain stage of intoxication sees no danger, and once rid of the sense of peril any of us could perform wonders.

It seemed to young Paget that mountain-climbing had, all at once, become most ridiculously easy—quite absurd. He fitted his fingers into the tiny crevices of the scarred rock and drew himself up to a foothold. If there was no crevice within reach, he leaped for one, and laughed at the accuracy with which it slid down to meet his hand. He had a strong desire to sing, but battled with it, for it seemed to him that singing would be a bit out of place.

He thought he might have been climbing about five minutes—in reality it was half an hour, when at last he pulled himself over an outwardly inclined ledge to a little sloping plateau, and knew that he was on the summit of the Aiguille des Damnés.

He lay panting and breathless for a few moments, sobered a trifle by his exertion, and then crawled across the summit, where the wind tore viciously by.

In one place the rock was broken and crumbled in a deep fissure, and a bit of snow had lodged there. Something red and blue gleamed under the snow, and Paget thrust down a hand with a choking cry. It was the Frenchman's banner, a little silken thing six inches by twelve, faded and stained and tattered by that ever-blowing wind, but clinging bravely to its tiny staff.

Young Paget thrust the thing into an inner pocket of his jacket. Then, after a moment, he pulled it out again.

"No," said he. "He was a brave man and a gallant climber, that Frenchman. It's his monument—sort of." He took his pocket-knife and cut off a narrow strip of the tattered silk, red, blue, and white. Then he fixed the little staff firmly in the crevice again, and put the strip away in his pocket.

At the edge of the summit he looked over and down. He could see the tiny plateau far below, 150 feet—200 possibly—and the girl huddled at one side of it. He could see the almost perpendicular face of rock up which he had climbed, but the brandy still swam in his brain, and the sight filled him with no terror. He started the descent with all his old buoyant confidence.

It was late in the afternoon, between five and six, when the two crossed the Sant' Agata glacier and reached the top of the wooded slope that hangs over the Katz valley. They sat down to rest for a few minutes, and young Paget unfastened the ropes and coiled them over his shoulder. The girl wearily laid her head back against the trunk of a tree and dropped her hands into her lap.

She raised her eyes from the valley, and they rested upon the man before her.

"Ah, well," she said, "you've done it, Jack."

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"And now you can keep your word, can't you? Now you can take the tricolor to—to *her*, and say: 'Here's the proof of how much I love you. Here's the proof that I've put my life into the deadliest peril to gratify your whim.' Then she'll be pleased, I expect, and you—why, you'll be very, very happy, won't you?"

Young Paget rose to his feet from the fallen tree, and took the little strip of tattered silk from his inner pocket.

"A brave man set this flag up yonder," said he, "and a fool brought it down, a silly fool, a most pitiful fool, but he'll be a fool no longer. I'm going to tear this up, Jannet. Do you hear? We've been on a climb to the Brüdern, do you understand? We've not been near the Aiguilles des Damnés. We never seriously thought of it for a moment. I'm going to tear this thing up."

But the girl sprang to his side with a sudden cry, and caught his arm.

"Tear it up?" said she. "No, no! ah, no! You're not going to tear it up. Do you know what you're going to do? You're going down to the villa where—*she* is waiting, and you're going to throw that bit of silk at her feet, and say what you've just said, that a brave man put it on the Needle's summit and a fool brought it down, but that the fool is going to be a fool no longer. That's all. That's what you're going to do and say. You'll have kept your word. You'll have proved that you weren't afraid, and you'll have shown her what you think of a woman who will wantonly put a man's life into peril to gratify her miserable vanity. Jack, Jack, if you had been killed!"

An hour later Paget and Jannet McCleod slipped into the villa unseen. A footman in the hall said that Miss Eliot was alone in the west drawing-room. Young Paget turned to the girl at his side.

"Will you come in with me, Jannet?" said he. But the girl shook her head.

"I shall be waiting here for you," said she. "I won't go in."

Then young Paget, soiled and dishevelled and bruised and torn, opened the door of the west drawing-room and went in.

Miss Eliot was sitting alone in a big stuffed chair before the fire. She did not see him at first, and turned with a little start as he closed the door behind him. But when she saw who he was, she rose very slowly from the big chair and her face flushed all at once crimson, and paled again, and the hand that she raised to her breast shook uncontrollably.

Young Paget took a step forward with the bit of red and blue and white silk in his hand. He was ready with the little speech he meant to make; the words were on his tongue to tell her how he despised her for sending him to almost certain death, and how he despised himself for going; but somehow his tongue would not obey, and all he could say was, stammering:

"How ill you look! You—you must be—suffering. How very ill you look!" For the girl was deathly pale and very worn looking. There were great circles under her eyes. She seemed even thinner, as though she had passed through a severe illness all in a day.

"I—didn't sleep," said she, "and I've had—certain things to worry about. Oh!" she cried fiercely, with her face in her hands, "I've nearly gone mad! You came here to throw that tricolor in my face and to tell me how you despise me, didn't you? like the man in the poem! And you're right. I *am* despicable. I know it better than you do, better than you could tell me. I've been heartless all my life. I've loved power over men better than anything in the world and I've used it without scruple. Why don't you throw what you have in your hand into my face, and go?"

But young Paget stepped forward a little, and held out a bit of faded silk.

"Here is your tricolor," said he, gently. "I brought it to you as I promised I would."

She shrank away from him, holding her hands to her breast, so that the silk fell upon the floor at her feet. Then very suddenly she stooped to it with a low cry and caught it up in her two hands and laid her face upon it, sobbing.

After a long time she raised her eyes again to his, very dark and shadowy and tragic.

"I've sent you nearly to your death," said she, "and you will despise me as long as you live, but now, when it is too late, I know that I love you more than anything in the world, and I shall never love anything else. Of course it's too late, I know that. You'd best go back to—*her*, to Jannet McCleod," she said, after a little. "She loves you. She'd make you happy. You'd best go back to her."

"Yes," said young Paget, "I fancy I'd best go back to her—but, somehow, I can't. I'm afraid I love you too much," said he, "in spite of everything. I'm afraid I can't go."

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A ROYAL GAME OF WHIST.

This unique photograph, representing the aged King of Denmark and his three daughters, the Queen of England, the Empress Dowager of Russia, and the Duchess of Cumberland, was taken one evening recently in the royal palace at Copenhagen while they were engaged in their favorite game of whist.

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MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT.

When the head of the Vanderbilt family marries, the affair might almost be called an alliance. The country is justly intered in the marriage of William K. Vanderbilt to Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, sister of Oliver Harriman, Jr., which occurred t April. The bride, a tall, graceful blonde, who rides to hounds, carries her forty years with amazing grace. Twenty years , as Anna Harriman, she was a noted beauty among the buds of a New York season. Her first husband, Samuel S. Sands, s killed in 1899 while riding in the Meadow Brook Hunt, and the following year she was married to Lewis Morris Rutherfurd, , son of a well-known astronomer. Mr. Rutherfurd died in 1901.

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SIR SHENGTUNG LIANG CHENG, K.C.M.S.

Sir Shengtung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G., who succeeds Wu Ting Fang as Chinese Minister to the United States, was one of a group of high-born Chinese sent abroad some twenty-eight years ago for an education. He studied at Hartford for four years and then went to Andover, graduating with the class of '81, in which he was prominent as a student and famous as a base-ball pitcher. On returning home he entered the diplomatic service and was sent to England as a member of the Jubilee Committee, bringing away a title by favor of Queen Victoria. He is a widower with seven children, the eldest a girl of sixteen. Like Mr. Wu, he is a brilliant orator.

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SIMEON FORD.

Simeon Ford is professionally a hotel man, non-professionally a humorist, being accounted the wittiest after-dinner speaker that New York can boast. He is the American's favorite type of laugh-maker, long, lean, calm, melancholy, and his claim to the title might be a professional one if he chose, for not long ago an enterprising vaudeville manager offered him $1,500 a week to appear on the stage twice a day and do a little of his dry, caustic speaking, but the offer was refused, Mr. Ford preferring to talk for pure glory. Oddly enough, as a young man he gave up a promising career as a lawyer because he found himself too diffident to speak in court.

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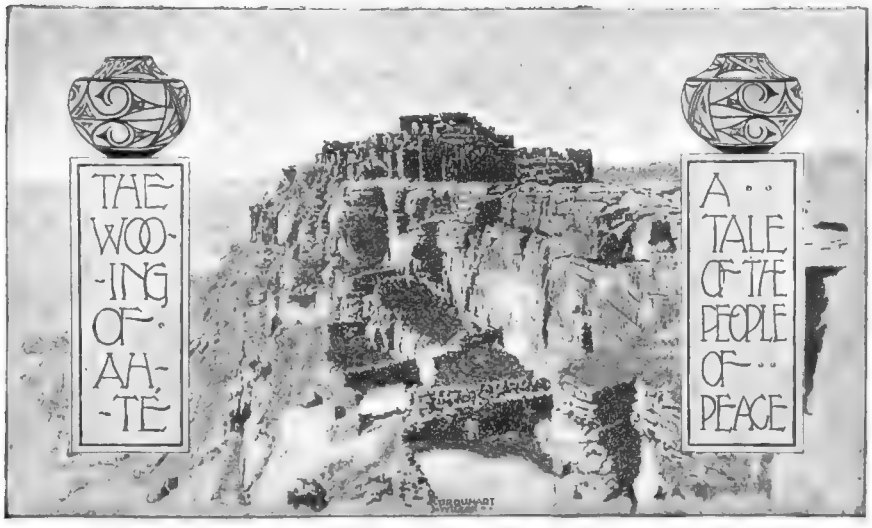

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Illustrated by Urquhart Wilcox

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Ah-té, son of the *Mugwee* or governor of a certain Arizona pueblo, loves Nah-ee-ya, a fact which pleases her old grandmother, Nana, the witch. But Nah-ee-ya loves one Mason, a young American trader, who is as a "stranger" hated by old Nana. Now, while Ah-té and the young men of the Moquis have been sent by the *Mugwee* to collect snakes for the propitiatory ceremonies in honor of the "ancient ones," the wise souls of ancestors lodged in the bodies of snakes, Nah-ee-ya goes to the spring at the foot of the Mesa to fill her polla with water. On her way thither, old Nana stops her and warns her against forming an attachment for a stranger, but Nah-ee-ya keeps her tryst with Mason, and after promising to go with him as soon as possible to the nearest Mormon settlement, gives him a talisman against the magic of the plotting Nana (a piece of Nana's dress knotted around her neck), and returns up the Mesa trail, leaving Mason alone.

NAH-EE-YA gained the plaza and hurried across it to the ladder of her own house. This was near the Sacred Rock and not far from the *kiva* or *estufa*. Ah-toch-ah, the mother of Nah-ee-ya, busily making pottery on the ragged terrace, called Nah-ee-ya and bade her bring cakes of pressed sheep manure for her baking fires. This fuel, stored in bins in every house, gives a clear, strong heat, and is much used. Nah-ee-ya went, unwillingly. She knew that she was expected to help, and stiffened her feet with patience, as the Indians say. She brought the cakes and stood watching as her mother deftly twirled a lump of clay upon her thumb and shaped it into a fat-sided bowl, keeping the clay moist with a paddle of pumpkin rind. Ah-toch-ah pointed to three or four pieces drying in the sun and hard enough to paint.

"Help me with these," she said. "Thou has been long at the water."

There was no help for it. Nah-ee-ya brought from the house a bowl of pumpkin-seed oil, and brushes of yucca fibre; also plates containing powdered coal and charcoal for her black paints; yellow ochre, ground like meal; for green, carbonate of copper, found far off among the mountains. She seated herself upon the ground and painted the pots, deft fingered and ill at ease, her mind wandering down to the trail to where Mason waited and wondered that she stayed so long. When her pots were done, in totemic signs—Nah-ee-ya and her mother were of the antelope clam—with the sacred butterflies used only in the vessels for religious purposes, and with zigzags of black and red picked out with yellow, she stood them carefully on flat stones and built around them her fire of manure cakes. Ah-toch-ah was patting more dishes into shape. Nah-ee-ya jerked her head at these.

"They will not be hard enough to paint for long. Stand them in the sun and later I will paint these also. There is much time. I go to draw water for Nomi, who has work to do."

She escaped into the house in a flutter of haste. From the store-room she took dried meat and parched sweet corn and wafer-thin tortillas, tasting of tallow. These she hid in her skirt, and strolled with vast indifference past her mother and so down the path to the spring, stopping on the way to capture Nomi's water-jar, as excuse for going. She found Mason lying in the shade, his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, asleep. And she had pictured him waiting with impatience to

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see her come. Nah-ee-ya was not yet wise in the ways of men. She woke him with little ceremony, and he sprang to his feet and kissed her. So that she forgot she wished to reproach him, and smiled; and they ate their lunch together, this their first meal together, and were obviously happy.

The day lingered quietly away, and the hours dreamed past. The world seemed very silent; the plain, spread beneath their feet, was broad and lazily smiling. Far away, at the rim of the world, distant mountains blurred themselves into a perfect haze. Below, in sheltered nooks in the valley, were tiny gardens, staring green, each with a boy in charge to scare away marauding crows. Sheep and goats scattered themselves among the arroyos and small hills at the mesa's foot, dotted into patches of dirty gray. And always the sun shone and the air simmered gently in the heat and the earth lay and drowsed. Only a boy's shout or the raucous voices of crows broke the stillness. From somewhere in the world, at intervals, came the shrill, whistling scream of an eagle, itself unseen. All Nature seemed to stretch and bask in the torrid sunlight, even though men sweated and gasped for breath. From the desert, many miles away, rose clouds of dust that wheeled and pirouetted in small whirlwinds.

Mason lay stretched to his muscular length, his head on Nah-ee-ya's knees. She, her back against the side of the cliff, stroked his hair aside with slender, dusky fingers. The bracelets on her arms tinkled faintly as she moved. There came a rattle of small pebbles on the trail below them. Neither heard; and when a lithe figure, shining with sweat, sprang upon the ledge beside them both started. Ah-té looked them over scornfully, with only a grunt as he saw Nah-ee-ya. On his shoulders was a bloated bag that moved as though a living creature writhed within. In his left hand was a three-foot rattlesnake, for which was no room left within the bag. This he held easily, in the only proper way to hold a snake, the left hand grasping it close behind the head with the thumb extended forward and upward to prevent the head from turning, the right passing downward continually from head to tail. This is to soothe the reptile, also to keep it from coiling, an action always to be feared. Uncoiled, a serpent is in most cases powerless to strike, and is therefore to be kept so at all hazards.

Ah-té's black eyes smouldered like burning coals. He ignored Mason insultingly, and gazed at Nah-ee-ya till her eyes fell.

"Give me to drink," he said, harshly.

She dared not refuse. His hands were busy with the snake, and to refuse service to one engaged in the rites of her religion were shame indeed. She scooped up water in her hands from Nomi's brimming olla, and he bent down and drank from them. Mason, leaning against the cliff, tapping his spurred boot with the butt of his heavy whip, watched the two lazily. The bag upon Ah-té's back heaved and rustled. Always his hand stroked the snake's length steadily.

"Come!" he said. "When the daughter of my fathers has opened her eyes she will thank me that I have saved her from herself. Who is this white stranger that he should lie in the shade of our village to lure away our fairest women, our flowers of greatest hope? Let him go back to his own people, to those who understand him, whose lives are to each other as writing upon a wall. Keep each to his own kind, for red blood may not mate with white. That is the law, little sister, and the breaking of the law means sorrow and many tears. Come."

Nah-ee-ya drew back. The words of Nana grew into her mind and burned themselves there—"So, little sister, coyotes may not dance with stars."

"Go!" she said, imploringly. "I was happy till you came. This is no time for talk, since you are upon the message of the Fathers."

"Then come thou with me!" Ah-té said.

The snake, its limp length dangling under the strength of the stroking hand, darted out a black forked tongue and writhed. Nah-ee-ya took an uncertain step forward. Ah-té turned upon Mason in a sudden blaze of triumph. His voice rang.

"You have her not yet!" he cried. "Even now she comes to her senses. Our women are not fools! Come, little sister, come!"

He bent toward her. At that moment his dark face, streaked with sweat, with its retreating brow, its narrow jaw and hungry eyes, bore the shadow of a likeness to the passive reptile in his hand. One might have thought an unholy affinity to exist between the two. Mason strode forward and thrust Nah-ee-ya behind him.

"Oh, clear out!" he said, calmly. "The girl stays unless she goes of her own free will with you. Will you go—or must I make you?"

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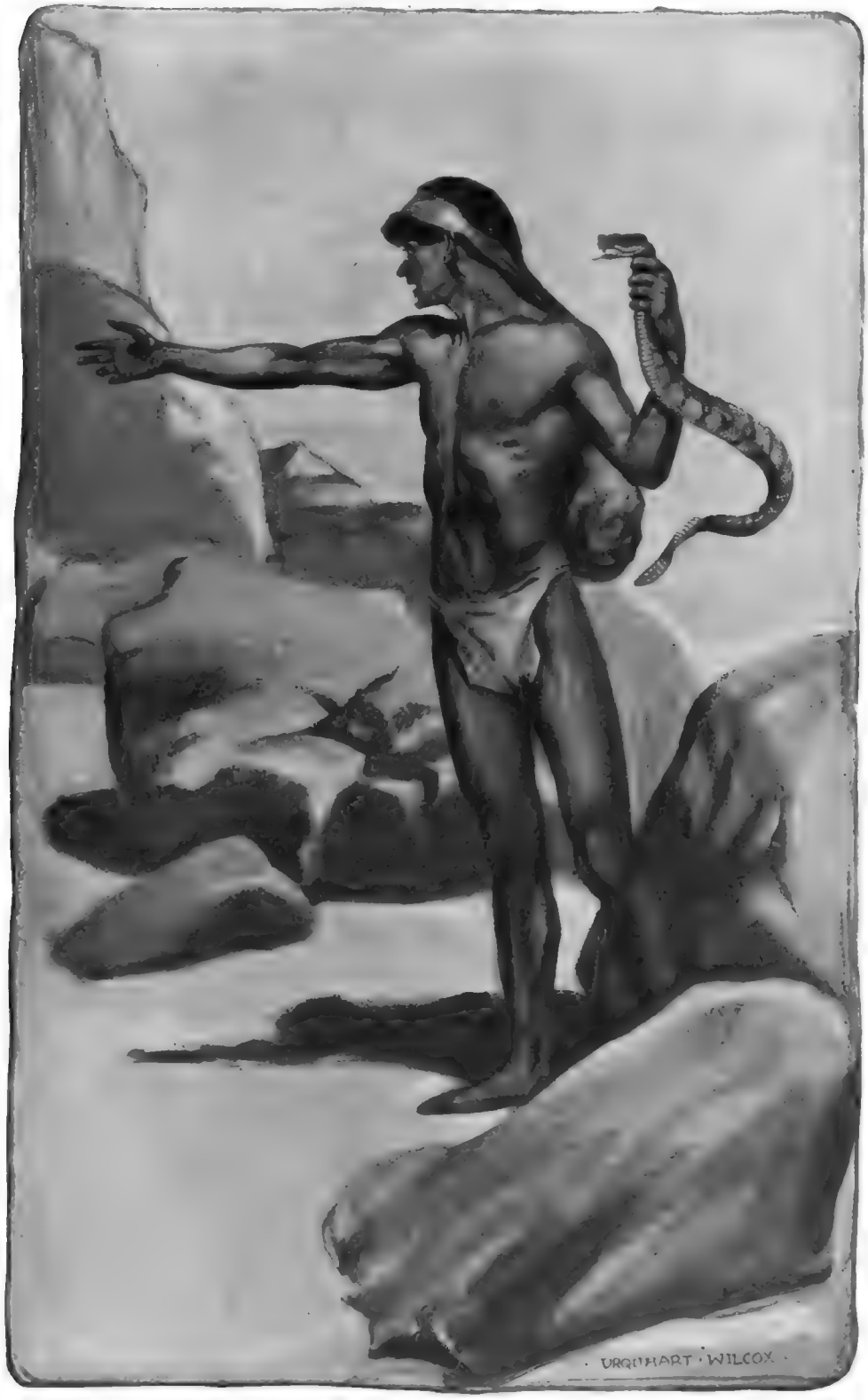

"YOU HAVE HER NOT YET!" HE CRIED.

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The challenge was direct, if thrown carelessly. An Indian's words are brief. Ah-té slipped forward with a venomous glare at Mason and laid his free hand on Nah-ee-ya's shoulder. She, frightened as much by the snake, so close, as by the man, shrank back; and Mason, roused to a sudden gust of fury, caught Ah-té's other arm and flung him aside. There was a dark flash of something writhing in the air; a thud; almost instantly the warning whirr of the rattle. The snake, fallen from Ah-té's hand, was coiled to strike. Nah-ee-ya screamed; Mason leaped back in time to save himself from the deadly forward fling of the creature; and once again the snake lay its length upon the ground, for the instant harmless. In a single heart-beat Death had come and gone; and the clammy sweat of his touch stood cold on Mason's face. Ah-té swooped upon the serpent like a vulture, but Mason was before him.

"Get out of the way!" he cried in savage Anglo-Saxon; and brought the loaded butt of his whip like a hammer stroke upon the reptile's head. The blow fell true; the light body lashed the air convulsively a space; quivered; lay twitching gently. Nah-ee-ya covered her face with her mantle; Ah-té stood as one turned to stone. Mason, breathing hard, rubbed his whip clean upon the gravel. It takes a man of mighty nerve to look on death —and such a death—unstirred. Ah-té spoke first, awed, looking upon Mason as a thing unclean.

"All day, even till the setting of the sun, will he twist thus in bitter pain. Not till then may As-sun-nut-li open his body that his ghost may come forth. Then will the spirit of the old one that was in him walk abroad to find another resting-place, and in his wanderings will he meet with thee, and it may be that thou shalt die also. For that thou hast slain one of these our Sacred Ones, whom our wise men handle reverently and treat as holy things, therefore their curse shall be upon thee and thy way shall end in darkness. I have spoken."

He turned and left them, swinging up the rising trail with his heavy bag across his shoulders. Nah-ee-ya wept. Her secret discovered; her lover cursed by his own deed —the world seemed very dark just then. Mason went to comfort her, but she put him away gently.

"Go now," she begged, "that the wrath of my people may not come upon you. You have done a wrong thing, oh, you who are my share of all the world! and—and it may be that I love thee better for it, since now in some sort you must trust to me. It is you who have done the thing, but I who shall pay the price in suffering both for thee and me. Go now, light of my life—oh, go!"

So Mason went, cursing himself for a hot-headed fool; and Nah-ee-ya climbed slowly up the trail, blinded by tears, and fearing the anger of her people and her gods. . . .

II.

THAT day, at sunset, many figures streamed down the ladder into the *estufa*, silent, weary from the labor of the day, curious as to the business that had brought them thither. The room—low and without windows, entered only from the roof—was excessively foul as to condition and worse as to atmosphere. In a slight hollow in the floor, before the altar, burned a handful of cedar twigs, which threw a wavering half-light upon the painted walls and the masks and a dancing-gear that hung thereon, and upon a half-dozen great ollas huddled in a corner, with the lids securely fastened down. In a niche in the wall by the ladder was a flat bowl of the sacred corn-meal, used in all ceremonies of religion. Soft-footed Indians jostled in this place, or stood in groups of two and three and whispered. Others came continually down the ladder. One, half way down, paused to dip his fingers in the *cunque*, with a muttered prayer. This was Ah-té, and as he reached the floor men regarded him curiously; for it was because of a word that he had spoken to Toh-chi, head medicine man and mighty conjurer, that the bucks of the village had been summoned, and none knew what that word had been.

The place filled, as more and more of the hunters returned. The ruddy firelight flashed on gleaming eyes and played over broad bare shoulders and naked breasts, and danced grotesquely on the sacred pictures of deer and clouds and snakes upon the background of the walls. There came a dry rattle, as of reeds clanking in a wind, and men's eyes turned expectantly ladderward. Toh-chi descended, in grim panoply of his calling, and following came Na-na-hé, the grave-faced Governor. These took their places by the altar and faced the assemblage. So silence fell; and the young bloods took to reckoning whether their pranks among the women were to be brought against them.

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Na-na-hé spoke slowly, as one whose lightest word bears weight.

"All day have ye done well and wisely, my children; but yet the Sun Father hath left us in wrath. To-night the soul of the grandfather of one of you between these walls wanders through the world without a resting-place. This day the blow was struck by a stranger hand which left a spirit homeless. Who may tell if that spirit was the spirit of his ancestor? It may be yours; it may be mine; wherefore the charge of it falls upon us all. Not till that soul may enter some body whose own ghost hath left it room shall it be at rest. Hear me! I speak the Law. Is not this what our fathers have taught us—what we have drunk in with our mother's milk? 'Leave not those without a dwelling-place who gave to you the place ye dwell in!' "

A stir went through the room like the sigh of wind over trees. Ah-té drew himself to his full height.

"You have said the word!" he cried. "The stranger hath let loose the soul of our ancestor for no cause. What now so fitting as that it should find its home within his body?"

His voice was eager. The younger men ranged themselves on his side, demanding vengeance. Toh-chi, scenting blood, shook his rattles so that they clanked again. His vulture eyes glowed red; he took up Ah-Té's words.

"That is the Law!" he cried, and around him men stamped and growled approval. "He hath shed the blood of our Sacred Ones; let him pay the price."

"TOOK THEIR PLACE BY THE ALTAR AND FACED THE ASSEMBLAGE."

A deep-throated murmur rose. Na-na-hé flung his bull voice over the gathering tumult:

"It is not yours to speak! Back, I say, and hear me! Are ye fools and the spawn of fools that ye lust for this one's blood? What would follow? White men would come; they hover over us already, forever at our doors. They are the stronger when it comes to blows. Therefore, my children, it must *not* come to blows! Other ways there be of taking vengeance for this stranger's deed, and of these ways must we make our choice."

Toh-chi, withered, evil-eyed, raised both arms above his head.

"Let him be cursed!" he cried.

But Ah-té, keen set on vengeance for his own desire, ever the strongest lash to drive a man, said, harshly:

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"Let blood be the price of blood! My father, you have heard what this man hath done. Why shield him? If I, thy son, had done this thing, what would have been the price that I should pay?"

Na-na-hé raised his head, gallant, grim old warrior, and across the smouldering fire the two eyed one another. Around them men waited, watching each in turn.

"What the price that I should pay?" Ah-té repeated. Into his face there crept once more the likeness to a serpent; also hate, passion, a desire for private vengeance for a private wrong. Na-na-hé's eyes, deep-sunk, unswerving, caught the look. His face lighted to a gleam of dawning comprehension.

"Son, what has the matter to do with thee?" he demanded. "Why seek ye this man's blood?"

Ah-té met his sire's glance squarely.

"He hath robbed me of what I hold most dear," he said; then seeing where his father's words would lead, bit off his speech in anger. Na-na-hé's face darkened to scorn.

"The concerns of men have naught to do with the business of the Fathers," he said, sharply. "Of what he has robbed you—that is your affair. It is not fitting that men should use the gods for private vengeance. Your quarrel lies between you and him." He raised his voice. "My children, I am old—so old that verily to me ye seem as children. Many things have I seen, and my blood is cooled. When ye have come to my years ye will find, as I have found, that life is not to be spilled lightly, even for such a wrong as this. For when ye have put out a man's light in darkness, it is as though ye would say to those Ancient Ones who watch: "Behold, I, too, am a little god, since over this man have I put forth a god's power of life and death. And truly the Ancient Ones like not such ways in mortals. Yet hath the deed been done and the doer may not go scathless. Therefore, my children, let the ban of our people and our gods be upon him. Let him be an outcast. Henceforth his gifts are poisoned, his silver may buy no bread. Whoso shall buy of him or sell to him, that same shall be also under punishment."

NAH-EE-VA.

Toh-chi cut in upon his words in the high-pitched sing-song drone of his trade and kind.

"No hand shall be raised in friendship to him.

"*Cursed be the hand that is raised in friendship to him, even as he is cursed.*"

The room echoed his chant. It died in a groan. Again Toh-chi spoke, alone:

"No food shall be offered to feed his hunger—"

The chorus wailed its refrain:

"*Cursed be the food that feeds his hunger, even as he is cursed.*"

"No drink shall be offered to cool his burning—"

"*Cursed be the drink that cools his burning, even as he is cursed.*"

"No son of his shall live to birth hour—"

"*Cursed be the sons of his begetting, even as he is cursed.*"

"No house of his building shall he find a shelter—"

"*Cursed be his houses, his fields, his orchards, even as he is cursed.*"

"No cattle of his shall yield him plenty—"

"*Cursed be his cattle, his sheep, his burros, even as he is cursed.*"

The chant died into sudden silence. Once more Na-na-hé spoke, his head high in the dim light.

"The curse is spoken. Yet hear me still,

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my children. Let no one offer violence to this stranger. For now he is between the hands of the gods, and it is not fitting that mortals should take upon themselves to thwart their rulings of his destiny. Also, his people are mighty and very strong. Whoso lays his hand upon this man is answerable to me! I have spoken."

Then Toh-chi moulded a man's form in clay while the room chaunted the prayer for the punishment of the gods upon those who commit sacrilege. Over this image he did strange magic, and into it he thrust thorns cruelly, that the victim might suffer like degree of torments; and placed it in the niche with the *cunque* bowl, that those who touched the meal might at the same time curse the slayer of the sacred one. Then, very quietly, they left the *estufa* one by one, secure in the belief that the anger of the gods was sure and they need concern themselves no further. Only Ah-té, as he passed, spat upon the image and cursed it savagely, on his own account, upon a matter that had not at all to do with snakes.

III.

An evening came, warm, rose-tinted, hushed and ineffably peaceful. Long purple shadows lay across the plain, heralds of approaching dusk. It was the lazy, golden time of sunset, when labor is done and those who have worked may loiter. Ah-té, within his mother's house, made himself beautiful in gayest raiment, and gathered into compact form a bundle thicker in girt than a man's body. Within this bundle were mantles and soft-woven garments; finger-long earrings of turquoise and silver rings and bracelets; also leggings and painted moccasins, and broad sashes of brilliant colors. The life of the pueblo smote his ears in confused chorus. Across the plaza men's voices shouted bets in lively gambling bouts; women's laughter floated to him alluringly; closer at hand his burros clamored to be fed; but Ah-té, all absorbed, was deaf. Until the swift darkness fell he waited; then swung his bundle to his back, and left his home, silently, by many ladders. He set off for the house of Ah-toch-ah, mother of Nah-ee-ya, at the northern end of the village, by the Sacred Rock. All about him were heard voices of old women calling the maidens from their trysts with young men—

"Come home, virgins. The night has fallen. When the stars wake is the time when maidens sleep."

And there were soft breaths of laughter, and small hushed cries, and lingering good-nights whispered under the cloak of the summer darkness.

Ah-té climbed the ladder of Ah-toch-ah's house and drew aside the corner of the mat door of the roof-hole.

"*Shé-é!*" he cried down to those below. Nah-uch-i, smoking by the smouldering embers, looked up and answered:

"*Kwàtchi!*" Which is to say, "Enter."

Slowly Ah-té went down the ladder, his bundle on his back. As he stepped within the circle of firelight he laid this down and flashed a look across the room at Nah-ee-ya, silent in her corner. She moved, uneasily, under his glance; then turned and stared into the glow of the ashes, brooding. Ah-té saw the action, and his face was hurt. He spoke carefully, as though before a council, all but ignoring her.

"MASON."

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"My father, my mother, and you, my sister, how be ye these many days?"

"Happy!" the old ones answered. "May it also be happily that thou hast come."

Ah-toch-ah placed a stool near the hearth-place. Ah-té seated himself thereon, his bundle at his feet. He waited, patient for what was to come. Nah-uch-i took his cigarette from his lips with lean knotted fingers and turned his head.

"My daughter," he said, "when a guest enters the house it is proper that food should be placed before him."

Nah-ee-ya rose, unwilling, and brought blue banana-shaped cakes of piki bread, wafer-thin, and stewed meat; also boiled green peaches and slices of the roasted leaves of the *mescal*, the century plant, to show that nothing in the way of all dainty food was wanting in the house. These things she placed on a woven tray before Ah-té. Once again had custom forced obedience.

"Eat!" she said, slow and cold; and he held her with his eyes and said, as slowly:

"It is well!"

He took a bit of the bread and ate it, and placed the tray upon the ground. Upon such occasions it is proper to eat only ever so little, lest you be thought lacking in wealth and sufficient food. Then Nah-ee-ya carried the tray away and returned to her place by the fire with the shadow of coming trouble upon her.

Followed a pause. Outside a wandering dog howled and howled again. From the heart of the fire came small gnawing sounds that punctuated the stillness of the room. On the farther side of the hearth-place Ah-toch-ah watched, half smiling, dreaming over again her own old courting days, long gone. Nah-uch-i stirred and spoke:

"Friend, when one enters the house of another, it is not thinking of nothing that he comes."

"That is a true word, comrade father," Ah-té said, his eyes on the slim huddle beyond the firelight.

Nah-uch-i puffed a slow cloud of blue smoke upward.

"What, then, might it be that thou hast come thinking of?"

"Even of your daughter," Ah-té said. His voice was calm, but on his temple a vein swelled. In her corner Nah-ee-ya's fingers plucked at the bead fringing of her belt. "I have loved her long. Now I come to woo her."

Nah-uch-i stretched out a hand to his daughter, and she slipped down beside him against his knee.

"My small one," he said, kindly, "thou hast heard what Ah-té, the son of Na-na-hé, hath spoken. We, of the people of Hopi do not force our daughters to wed. What sayest thou, then? Wilt thou accept his gifts and take him as thy husband into this house?"

"My father, I cannot," Nah-ee-ya answered, very low. The room appeared galvanized suddenly into life. Ah-toch-ah started; Nah-uch-i bent forward on his stool. Ah-té drew himself together as though every muscle were pulled taut.

"Wherefore not?" Nah-uch-i asked. The girl was within her rights; the Moquis do not give their women against their will. But to refuse Ah-té, wealthiest of all the Hualpi young men, son of the *Mungwee* and likely to succeed to his office— "Has thy reason gone?"

Nah-ee-ya shook her head.

"Why then?"

"It is—of—another—"

"It is another? Why, then, comrade child, there is no more to say. Thou hast heard."

Ah-té rose.

"Not so, my father! One word more is to be said. Hast heard the name of this—this other?"

Nah-ee-ya's eyes pleaded for mercy, but her lips were dumb. She, too, rose, the Indian nature in her prompting her to take the blow standing.

"The name?" Nah-uch-i asked, all uncomprehending.

Ah-té's hands clenched at his side.

"Who but our brother younger"—the words held a sneer—"the slayer of our Homeless One!"

"Son, this is not a matter for light words," Nah-uch-i said, sternly. "My daughter's name is not to be spoken with the name of a degraded one."

"I speak the truth," Ah-té said, in anger. "Ask the maiden if my words be light!"

Nah-ee-ya flung back her head.

"It is truth he speaks," she said, clearly. "This man and none other do I love—even he, the degraded one!"

Silence gathered thick upon her words. Only Ah-toch-ah, her mantle over her head, wept "Hai-i-i!" softly, in shame at her daughter's shame and woe that her mother

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hopes for that daughter's future had so gone wrong. At last Nah-uch-i looked up.

"My daughter, have I not been a good father to thee all the days of thy life?" he said, slowly. "Have I ever refused thee toys and the small things maidens love before they learn to love the greater? Have I been harsh to thee when a task thy mother set thee was forgotten? When thy brother, he who died gently when thou wast very small, was above the earth, did I not show thee equal favor as to him?"

Visibly Nah-ee-ya's defiance wavered. She knelt beside him, clinging to him as in all her life she had never clung before.

"Very tender hast thou been to me," she said, softly, "and well I know I owe thee a daughter's love and duty. Of love my heart sings to thee always, and ever will. And of duty—" Her voice faltered. "When a voice sings in your heart always, and fills it so full of happiness that it overflows upon all things and cannot be caught, like the dear sunshine; when all faces are beautiful for sake of that one face which is ever before your eyes; and when you open your arms to all the world for love of that which is your share —father—my father!—can that love be turned aside and told 'Go there! Come hither!' as one wills? He is cursed by my people and my gods, this dear one I love, but he is all mine own, and his blessing shall be my blessing and his curse my curse. And I am his, and no other's."

Nah-uch-i laid a hand on her bent head and stroked it gently. He turned to Ah-té.

"Son, the tears of a maiden's heart are sacred from all eyes save her parents' and her gods. Therefore, I pray you, wait happily till the morning."

Ah-té accepted his dismissal outwardly calm. He slung his bundle once more to his shoulders, muttered his parting blessing on the house and those who dwelt therein, and went up the ladder into the starlit night, hot-eyed, fired with tenfold greater desire since the prize had proved no easy one to win. For human nature is human nature, whatever the outward guise it wears.

Thus sped the wooing of Ah-té.

(To be continued.)

A Dream of a Day

By JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

Love came over the hills one day
With step as free as a woodland fawn,
And the blossoms opened along his way—
But the blind world called it dawn.

Love sat down by a wayside spring,
Wearied and spent too soon, too soon,
And the birds in the trees had forgot to sing—
But the blind world called it noon.

Love went over the hills again,
Clutching the last lorn shreds of light,
And the flowers fell in a sudden rain—
But the blind world called it night.

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The Marquis and Miss Sally

By OLIVER HENRY

WITHOUT knowing it, old Bill Bascom had the honor of being overtaken by fate the same day with the Marquis of Borodale.

The Marquis lived in Regent Square, London. Old Bill lived on Limping Doe Creek, Hardeman County, Texas. The cataclysm that engulfed the Marquis took the form of a bursting bubble known as the Central and South American Mahogany and Caoutchouc Monopoly. Old Bill's Nemesis was in the no less perilous shape of a band of civilized Indian cattle thieves from the Territory, who ran off his entire herd of four hundred head, and shot old Bill dead as he trailed after them. To even up the consequences of the two catastrophes, the Marquis, as soon as he found that all he possessed would pay only fifteen shillings on the pound of his indebtedness, shot himself.

Old Bill left a family of six motherless sons and daughters, who found themselves without even a red steer left to eat, or a red cent to buy one with.

The Marquis left one son, a young man who had come to the States and established a large and well-stocked ranch in the Panhandle of Texas. When this young man learned the news he mounted his pony and rode to town. There he placed everything he owned except his horse, saddle, Winchester, and fifteen dollars in his pockets, in the hands of his lawyers, with instructions to sell and forward the proceeds to London, to be applied upon the payment of his father's debts. Then he mounted his pony and rode southward.

One day, arriving about the same time, but by different trails, two young chaps rode up to the Diamond-Cross ranch, on the Little Piedra, and asked for work. Both were dressed neatly and sprucely in cowboy costume. One was a straight-set fellow, with delicate, handsome features, short, brown hair, and smooth face sunburned to a golden brown. The other applicant was stouter and broad-shouldered, with fresh, red complexion, somewhat freckled, reddish, curling hair, and a rather plain face, made attractive by laughing eyes and a pleasant mouth.

The superintendent of the Diamond-Cross was of the opinion that he could give them work. In fact, word had reached him that morning that the camp cook—a most important member of the outfit—had straddled his broncho and departed, being unable to withstand the fire of fun and practical jokes of which he was, *ex officio*, the legitimate target.

"Can either of you cook?" asked the superintendent.

"I can," said the reddish-haired fellow, promptly. "I've cooked in camp quite a lot. I'm willing to take the job until you've something else to offer."

"Now that's the way I like to hear a man talk," said the superintendent, approvingly. "I'll give you a note to Saunders, and he'll put you to work."

Thus the names of John Bascom and Charles Norwood were added to the pay-roll of the Diamond-Cross. The two left for the round-up camp immediately after dinner. Their directions were simple, but sufficient: "Keep down the *arroyo* for fifteen miles till you get there." Both being strangers from

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afar, young, spirited, and thus thrown together by chance for a long ride, it is likely that the comradeship that afterward existed so strongly between them began that afternoon as they meandered along the little valley of the Cañada Verda.

They reached their destination just after sunset. The main camp of the round-up was comfortably located on the bank of a long water-hole, under a fine motte of timber. A number of small A tents pitched upon grassy spots, and the big wall tent for provisions, showed that the camp was intended to be occupied for a considerable length of time.

The round-up had ridden in but a few moments before, hungry and tired, to a supperless camp. The boys were engaged in an emulous display of anathemas supposed to fit the case of the absconding cook. While they were unsaddling and hobbling their ponies, the newcomers rode in and inquired for Pink Saunders. The boss of the round-up came forth, and was given the superintendent's note.

Pink Saunders, though a boss during working hours, was a humorist in camp, where everybody, from cook to superintendent, is equal. After reading the note he waved his hand toward the camp and shouted, ceremoniously, at the top of his voice, "Gentlemen, allow me to present to you THE MARQUIS AND MISS SALLY."

At the words both the new arrivals betrayed confusion. The newly employed cook started, with a surprised look upon his face, but, immediately recollecting that "Miss Sally" is the generic name for the male cook in every west Texas cow camp, he recovered his composure with a grin at his own expense.

His companion showed little less discomposure, even turning angrily, with a bitten lip, and reaching for his saddle pommel as if to remount his pony; but "Miss Sally" touched his arm and said, laughingly, "Come now, Marquis; that was quite a compliment from Saunders. It's that distinguished air of yours and aristocratic nose that made him call you that."

He began to unsaddle, and the Marquis, restored to equanimity, followed his example. Rolling up his sleeves, Miss Sally sprang for the grub wagon, shouting:

"I'm the new cook, b'thunder! Some of you chaps rustle a little wood for a fire, and I'll guarantee you a hot square meal inside of thirty minutes." Miss Sally's energy and good-humor, as he ransacked the grub wagon for coffee, flour, and bacon, won the good opinion of the camp instantly.

And also, in days following, the Marquis, after becoming better acquainted, proved to be a cheerful, pleasant fellow, always a little reserved, and taking no part in the rough camp frolics; but the boys gradually came to respect this reserve—which fitted the title Saunders had given him—and even to like him for it. Saunders had assigned him to a place holding the herd during the cutting. He proved to be a skilful rider, and as good with the lariat or in the branding pen as most of them.

The Marquis and Miss Sally grew to be quite close comrades. After supper was over, and everything cleaned up, you would generally find them together, Miss Sally smoking his "briar-root" pipe, and the Marquis plaiting a quirt or scraping rawhide for a new pair of hobbles.

The superintendent did not forget his promise to keep an eye on the cook. Several times, when visiting the camp, he held long talks with him. He seemed to have taken a fancy to Miss Sally. One afternoon he rode up, on his way back to the ranch from a tour of the camps, and said to him:

"There'll be a man here in the morning to take your place. As soon as he shows up you come in to the ranch. I want you to take charge of the ranch accounts and correspondence. I think you're the man I've been looking for. I want somebody that I can depend upon to keep things straight when I'm away. The wages'll be all right. The Diamond-Cross'll hold its end up with a man who'll look after its interests."

"All right," said Miss Sally, as quietly as if he had expected the notice all along. "Any objections to my bringing my wife down to the ranch?"

"You married?" said the superintendent, frowning a little. "You didn't mention it when we were talking."

"Because I'm not," said the cook. "But I'd like to be. Thought I'd wait till I got a job under roof. I couldn't ask her to live in a cow camp."

"Right," agreed the superintendent. "A camp isn't quite the place for a married man—but—well, there's plenty of room at the house, and if you suit us as well as I think you will you can afford it. You write to her to come on."

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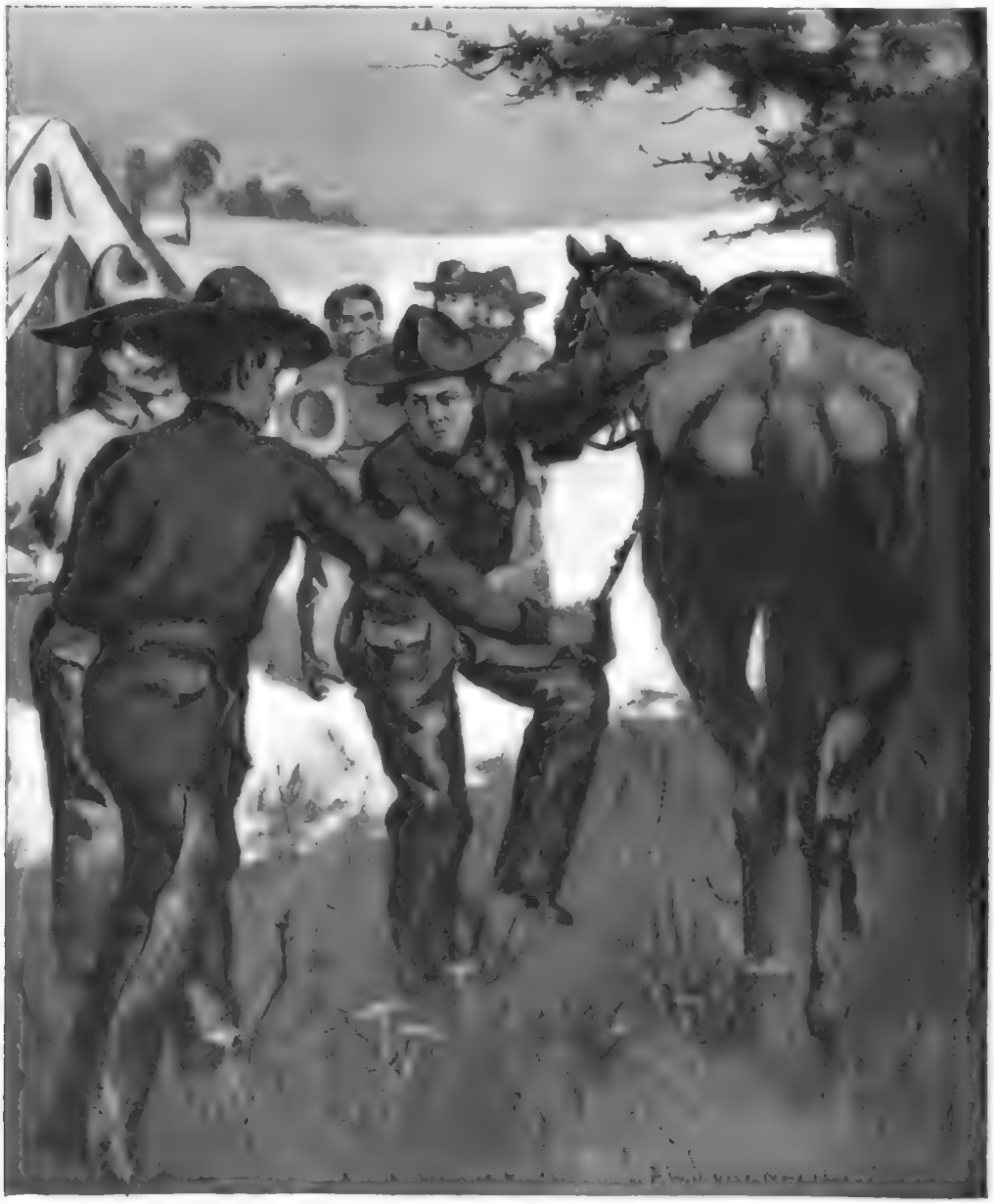
"All right," said Miss Sally again. "I'll ride in as soon as I'm relieved to-morrow."

It was a rather chilly night, and after supper the cowpunchers were lounging about a big fire of dried mesquit chunks. Their usual exchange of jokes and repartee had dwindled almost to silence, but silence in a cow camp generally betokens the brewing of mischief.

Miss Sally and the Marquis were seated upon a log, discussing the relative merits of the lengthened or shortened stirrup in long-distance riding. The Marquis arose presently and went to a tree nearby to examine some strips of rawhide he was seasoning for making a lariat. Just as he left a little puff of wind blew some scraps of tobacco from a cigarette, that Dry-Creek Smithers was rolling, into Miss Sally's eyes. While the cook



"'COME NOW, MARQUIS; THAT WAS QUITE A COMPLIMENT FROM SAUNDERS.'"

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was rubbing at them, with tears flowing, "Phonograph" Davis—so called on account of his strident voice—arose and began a speech.

"Fellers and citizens! I desire to perpound a interrogatory. What is the most grievious spectacle what the human mind can contemplate?"

A volley of answers responded to his question.

"A busted flush!"

"A Maverick when you ain't got your branding iron!"

"Yourself!"

"The hole in the end of some other feller's gun!"

"Shet up, you ignoramuses," said old Taller, the fat cowpuncher. "Phony knows what it is. He's waitin' for to tell us."

"No, fellers and citizens," continued Phonograph. "Them spectacles you've e-numerated air shore grievious, and way up yonder close to the so-lution, but they ain't it. The most grievious spectacle air that"—he pointed to Miss Sally, who was still rubbing his streaming eyes—"a trustin' and a in-veegled female a-weepin' tears on account of her heart bein' busted by a false deceiver. Air we men or air we catamounts to gaze upon the blightin' of our Miss Sally's affections by a a-ristocrat, which has come among us with his superior beauty and his glitterin' title to give the weeps to the lovely critter we air bound to pertect? Air we goin' to act like men, or air we goin' to keep on eatin' soggy chuck from her cryin' so plentiful over the bread pan?"

"It's a gallopin' shame," said Dry-Creek, with a sniffle. "It ain't human. I've noticed the varmint a-palaverin' round her frequent. And him a Marquis! Ain't that a title, Phony?"

"It's somethin' like a king," the Brushy Creek Kid hastened to explain, "only lower in the deck. Guess it comes in between the Jack and the ten-spot."

"Don't miscontruct me," went on Phonograph, "as undervaluatin' the a-ristocrats. Some of 'em air proper people and can travel right along with the Watson boys. I've herded some with 'em myself. I've viewed the elephant with the Mayor of Fort Worth, and I've listened to the owl with the gen'ral passenger agent of the Katy, and they can keep up with the percession from where you laid the chunk. But when a Marquis monkeys with the innocent affections of a cook-lady, may I inquire what the case seems to call for?"

"The leathers," shouted Dry-Creek Smithers.

"You hearn'er, Charity!" was the Kid's form of corroboration.

"We've got your company," assented the cowpunchers, in chorus.

Before the Marquis realized their intention, two of them seized him by each arm and led him up to the log. Phonograph Davis, self-appointed to carry out the sentence, stood ready, with a pair of stout leather leggings in his hands.

It was the first time they had ever laid hands on the Marquis during their somewhat rude sports.

"What are you up to?" he asked indignantly, with flashing eyes.

"Go easy, Marquis," whispered Rube Fellows, one of the boys that held him. "It's all in fun. Take it good-natured and they'll let you off light. They're only goin' to stretch you over the log and tap you eight or ten times with the leggin's. 'Twon't hurt much."

The Marquis, with an exclamation of anger, his white teeth gleaming, suddenly exhibited a surprising strength. He wrenched with his arms so violently that the four men were swayed and dragged many yards from the log. A cry of anger escaped him, and then Miss Sally, his eyes cleared of the tobacco, saw, and he immediately mixed with the struggling group.

But at that moment a loud "Hallo!" rang in their ears, and a buckboard drawn by a team of galloping mustangs, spun into the camp fire's circle of light. Every man turned to look, and what they saw drove from their minds all thoughts of carrying out Phonograph Davis's rather time-worn contribution to the evening's amusement. Bigger game than the Marquis was at hand, and his captors released him and stood staring at the approaching victim.

The buckboard and team belonged to Sam Holly, a cattleman from the Big Muddy. Sam was driving, and with him was a stout, smooth-faced man, wearing a frock coat and a high silk hat. That was the county judge, Mr. Dave Hackett, candidate for re-election. Sam was escorting him about the county, among the camps, to shake up the sovereign voters.

The men got out, hitched the team to a mesquit, and walked toward the fire.

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Instantly every man in camp, except the Marquis, Miss Sally and Pink Saunders, who had to play host, uttered a frightful yell of assumed terror and fled on all sides into the darkness.

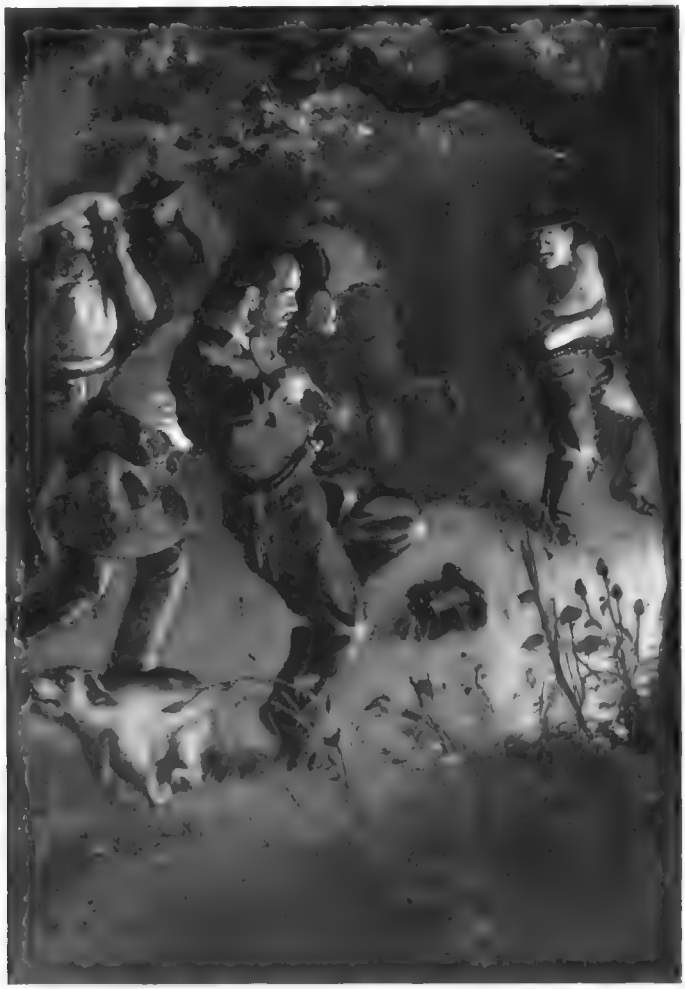
"Heavens alive!" exclaimed Hackett, "are we as ugly as that? How do you do, Mr. Saunders? Glad to see you again. What are you doing to my hat, Holly?"

"I was afraid of this hat," said Sam Holly, meditatively. He had taken the hat from Hackett's head and was holding it in his hand, looking dubiously around at the shadows beyond the firelight where now absolute stillness reigned. "What do you think, Saunders?"

Pink grinned.

"Better elevate it some," he said, in the tone of one giving disinterested advice. "The light ain't none too good. I wouldn't want it on my head."

Holly stepped upon the hub of a hind wheel of the grub wagon and hung the hat upon a limb of a live-oak. Scarcely had his foot retouched the ground when the crash of a dozen six-shooters split the air, and the hat fell to the ground riddled with bullets.



"THE HAT FELL TO THE GROUND RIDDLED WITH BULLETS."

A hissing noise was heard as if from a score of rattlesnakes, and now the cowpunchers emerged on all sides from the darkness, stepping high, with ludicrously exaggerated caution, and "hist"-ing to one another to observe

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the utmost prudence in approaching. They formed a solemn, wide circle about the hat, gazing at it in manifest alarm, and seized every few moments by little stampedes of panicky flight.

"It's the varmint," said one in awed tones "that flits up and down in the low grounds at night, saying, 'Willi-wallo'!"

"It's the venemous Kypootum," proclaimed another. "It stings after it's dead, and hollers after it's buried."

"It's the chief of the hairy tribe," said Phonograph Davis. "But it's stone dead, now, boys."

"Don't you believe it," demurred Dry-Creek. "It's only 'possumin'. It's the dreaded Highgollacum fantod from the forest. There's only one way to destroy its life."

He led forward Old Taller, the 240-pound cowpuncher. Old Taller placed the hat upright on the ground and solemnly sat upon it, crushing it as flat as a pancake.

Hackett had viewed these proceedings with wide-open eyes. Sam Holly saw that his anger was rising and said to him:

"Here's where you win or lose, Judge. There are sixty votes on the Diamond-Cross. The boys are trying your mettle. Take it as a joke, and I don't think you'll regret it." And Hackett saw the point and rose to the occasion.

Advancing to where the slayers of the wild beast were standing above its remains and declaring it to be at last defunct, he said, with deep earnestness:

"Boys, I must thank you for this gallant rescue. While driving through the *arroyo* that cruel monster that you have so fearlessly and repeatedly slaughtered sprang upon us from the tree tops. To you I shall consider that I owe my life, and also, I hope, re-election to the office for which I am again a candidate. Allow me to hand you my card."

The cowpunchers, always so sober-faced while engaged in their monkey-shines, relaxed into a grin of approval.

But Phonograph Davis, his appetite for fun not yet appeased, had something more up his sleeve.

"Pardner," he said, addressing Hackett with grave severity, "many a camp would be down on you for turnin' loose a pernicious varmint like that in it; but, bein' as we all escaped without loss of life, we'll overlook it. You can play square with us if you'll do it."

"How's that?" asked Hackett suspiciously.

"You are authorized to perform the sacred rights and lefts of mattermony, air you not?"

"Well, yes," replied Hackett. "A marriage ceremony conducted by me would be legal."

"A wrong air to be righted in this here camp," said Phonograph, virtuously. "A a-ristocrat have slighted a 'umble but beauchoos female wat's pinin' for his affections. It's the jooty of the camp to drag forth the haughty descendant of a hundred—or maybe a hundred and twenty-five—earls, even so at the p'int of a lariat, and jine him to the weepin' lady. Fellows! round up Miss Sally and the Marquis. There's goin' to be a weddin'."

This whim of Phonograph's was received with whoops of appreciation. The cowpunchers started to apprehend the principals of the proposed ceremony.

"Kindly prompt me," said Hackett, wiping his forehead, though the night was cool, "how far this thing is to be carried. And might I expect any further portions of my raiment to be mistaken for wild animals and killed?"

"The boys are livelier than usual to-night," said Saunders. "The ones they are talking about marrying are two of the boys—a herd rider and the cook. It's another joke. You and Sam will have to sleep here to-night, anyway; p'rhaps you'd better see 'em through with it. Maybe they'll quiet down after that."

The matchmakers found Miss Sally seated on the tongue of the grub wagon, calmly smoking his pipe. The Marquis was leaning idly against one of the trees under which the supply tent was pitched.

Into this tent they were both hustled, and Phonograph, as master of ceremonies, gave orders for the preparations.

"You, Dry-Creek and Jimmy, and Ben and Taller—hump yourselves to the wildwood and rustle flowers for the blow-out—mesquit'll do—and get that Spanish dagger blossom at the corner of the horse corral for the bride to pack. You, Limpy, get out that red and yaller blanket of your'n for Miss Sally's skyirt. Marquis, you'll do 'thout fixin'; nobody don't ever look at the groom."

During their absurd preparation, the two principals were left alone for a few moments in the tent. The Marquis suddenly showed wild perturbation.

"This foolishness must not go on," he said, turning toward Miss Sally a face white in the light of the lantern hanging to the ridge-pole.

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"Why not?" asked the cook, with an amused smile. "It's fun for the boys; and they've always let you off pretty light in their frolics. I don't mind it."

"But you don't understand," persisted the Marquis, pleadingly. "That man is county judge, and his acts are binding. I can't—Oh, you don't know——"

The cook stepped forward and took the Marquis's hands.

"Sally Bascom," he said, "I KNOW!"

"You know!" faltered the Marquis, trembling. "And you—want to——"

"More than I ever wanted anything. Will you—here come the boys!"

The cowpunchers crowded in, laden with armfuls of decorations.

"Perfidious coyote!" said Phonograph, sternly addressing the Marquis. "Air you willing to patch up the damage you've did this ere slab-sided but trustin' bunch o' calico by single-footin' easy to the altar, or will we have to rope ye, and drag you thar?"

The Marquis pushed back his hat, and leaned jauntily against some high-piled sacks of beans. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were shining.

"Go on with the rat killin'," said he.

A little while after a procession approached the tree under which Hackett, Holly, and Saunders were sitting smoking.

Limpy Walker was in the lead, extracting a doleful tune from his concertina. Next came the bride and groom. The cook wore the gorgeous Navajo blanket tied around his waist, and carried in one hand the waxen-white Spanish dagger blossom as large as a peck-measure and weighing fifteen pounds. His hat was ornamented with mesquit branches and yellow ratama blooms. A resurrected mosquito bar served as a veil. After them stumbled Phonograph Davis, in the character of the bride's father, weeping into a saddle blanket with sobs that could be heard a mile away. The cowpunchers followed by twos, loudly commenting upon the bride's appearance, in supposed imitation of the audiences at fashionable weddings.

Hackett rose as the procession halted before him, and after a little lecture upon matrimony, asked:

"What are your names?"

"Sally and Charles," answered the cook.

"Join hands, Charles and Sally."

Perhaps there never was a stranger wedding. For, wedding it was, though only two of those present knew it.

When the ceremony was over, the cowpunchers gave one yell of congratulation and immediately abandoned their foolery for the night. Blankets were unrolled and sleep became the paramount question.

The cook (divested of his decorations) and the Marquis lingered for a moment in the shadow of the grub wagon. The Marquis leaned *her* head against his shoulder.

"I didn't know what else to do," she was saying. "Father was gone, and we kids had to rustle. I had helped him so much with the cattle that I thought I'd turn cowboy. There wasn't anything else I could make a living at. I wasn't much stuck on it though, after I got here, and I'd have left only——"

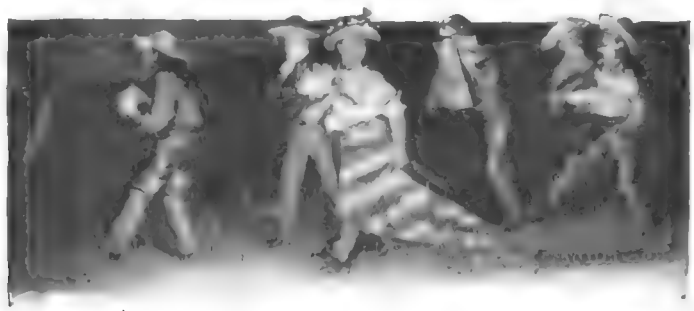
"Only what?"

"You know. Tell me something. When did you first—what made you——"

"Oh, it was as soon as we struck the camp, when Saunders bawled out 'The Marquis and Miss Sally!' I saw how rattled you got at the name, and I had my sus——"

"Cheeky!" whispered the Marquis. "And why should you think that I thought he was calling *me* 'Miss Sally'?"

"Because," answered the cook, calmly, "I was the Marquis. My father was the Marquis of Borodale. But you'll excuse that, won't you, Sally? It really isn't my fault, you know."



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Pistols for Two

By EMILY WATSON

"IN the days when Jack Allen and I and all the world were young," began the Guv'nor, "Jack was in love, desperately in love, with Kitty Rawlings. Miss Kitty was a very pretty girl. Such hair, such complexion, such a figure"—he rolled his eyes and sipped his drink in reminiscent enjoyment—"and dance—she could dance like a fairy. Well, she danced herself into Jack's heart, sure enough, and then proceeded to trample on it with both her little number two feet.

"Nor were her caprices the only obstacle which Jack had to surmount. Old Mr. Rawlings was calculated to prove a stumbling-block in any lover's path. A more impossible father for a pretty girl 'twould be hard to imagine. Matrimony he regarded as a crime, and one that he was determined his daughter should never commit. But Miss Kitty vowed her father should not condemn her to the sad lot of an old maid. With a little care she hoodwinked the old man completely. She lived a good deal at her cousin Sarah Williamson's house, and saw her friends and carried on her flirtations there. While in society she was so impartial in the distribution of her favors that no rumors of her love-affairs ever reached her stern guardian's ears. But such a condition of affairs was far from perfect, and Jack chafed a good deal at the caution he was obliged to observe in his wooing.

"Never have I seen such friendship as that of Sarah Williamson and Kitty Rawlings. Their affection for each other drove them even to the length of dressing alike and doing their hair in the same fashion, which is the last proof of devotion to each other that girls can show. This habit so increased their already strong family resemblance that at a little distance it was hard to tell one from the other. That is, most of us found it hard. Jack swore that there was an air, a charm, and *je ne sais quoi* about Kitty that absolutely distinguished her from her cousin, and made a mistake as to the girls' identities impossible.

"Now, just at this stage of the game—Jack pursuing, Miss Kitty escaping, but always with a little smile for him over her shoulder that led us who watched to believe that, when she was tired of the chase, she meant to let him catch her—just at this stage of the game, I say, there was a change of regiments at the citadel, and among the new officers was a very decent Irish fellow, Dan Meagher. He put on none of the airs most of the Englishmen felt it necessary to assume toward us civilians, and made himself so generally liked that Sarah Williamson was thought a lucky girl when it became evident that he was seriously smitten with her charms. About his seriousness there could be no mistake, for he showed his devotion conspicuously and whole-heartedly. None of the tactics of courtship were neglected. He even cultivated his 'object's' friend, and, when not in the company of Sarah herself, was generally to be found making himself 'solid' with Miss Kitty.

"At the beginning of his subjugation we jested with Meagher; but he—as a rule the most amiable of men—resented our pleasantries so bitterly, and denied there being any truth in them so vehemently, that we very soon let him alone—with the exception

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of Jack Allen, who had no tact at all, and who kept on making jokes and innuendoes, till I saw that Meagher's patience was coming to an end. The explosion I was looking for came after a ball at which Meagher's attentions to Sarah had been particularly pronounced. Meeting him next morning at the club, Jack gayly congratulated him on his engagement to the lovely Sarah, and inquired when the wedding was to come off.

"AN IMPOSSIBLE FATHER."

"'Wait a little and we'll have a double event,' he added—'you and Sarah—Kitty and I.'

"Meagher went white with rage.

"'Look here, Allen,' he said, 'I've had enough of this. I presume your relations with Miss Rawlings are such as to justify you in speaking of her as you have done; but the liberties you take with Miss Williamson's name are the grossest impertinence. I admire that lady very much, as any man must do; but I am not in love with her, nor does she for one moment imagine that I am. It is unnecessary to assure you that she is not in love with me. If you refer to this subject again I shall consider it as a personal insult and act accordingly.'

"For once Jack was abashed.

"'I beg pardon, old man,' he stammered. 'What I said was only meant as a joke—on my word it was.'

"'Our ideas of jokes evidently differ,' replied Meagher, and he stalked off unappeased.

"'What a fellow,' complained Jack, when he was out of earshot. 'Why can't he take a little chaff like anyone else? Or accept an apology in a friendly spirit? I suppose he can't mean anything with regard to Sarah, after what he has said; but, hang it all, why is he always doing the poodle-dog act round her then?'

"And to this question, we none of us could suggest an answer.

"That night Jack and I dined at the same house; we stayed late and walked home together. Jack's discourse was, of course, of Kitty.

"'I'm getting there, old man,' he cried. 'I believe it's only that brute of a father that makes her hold back now. Sarah Williamson assures me that he really is capable of shutting Kitty up in a nunnery if he hears she has a lover. It will have to be an elopement, I expect.'

"It was late, as I have told you, and in most of the houses we passed the lights, if any, were in the upper stories; but when we came to the Williamsons' house, we saw that one of the lower rooms was still lighted up. It was the library, and the windows were so little above the level of the street that passers-by could easily look in if, as in the present case, the shutters were not closed.

"'With whom is charming Sarah keeping vigil?' cried Jack, curiosity distracting him for a moment from thoughts of his love-affairs, and stepping up to the window he peered in. For a moment he stood motionless; then he doubled up as if from a blow below the belt. For a second I was alarmed; and unable to resist the temptation, I glued my nose to the

"THE FAITHLESS KITTY RAWLINGS."

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window-pane. Then I, too, gave way to mirth, for, in an armchair before the fire sat Dan Meagher, a smile of ineffable bliss on his ridiculous Irish face, and on his knee, her arms round his neck, was Sarah.

"'Oh, shades of Ananias!' gasped Jack. 'You were there this morning when he assured us that he did no more than admire Miss Williamson? My hat! if this is how he evinces admiration, his love-making must be something fierce. I'll pay him out for thinking he can impose on me.'

"'What are you going to do?' I inquired.

"'The instant I give the "view halloo," ' answered Jack, 'we run for all we are worth. By the time he frees himself from his clinging encumbrance and gets to the window, we'll be round the corner. See?'

"I didn't half like the idea; but Meagher had fibbed very straight, and I said nothing. Jack leaned forward, beat a tattoo on the window, and gave vent to a blood-curdling yell. The couple before the fire jumped to their feet hastily, and Jack and I, instead of taking to our heels, stood paralyzed; for as the girl turned her full face toward us we saw that it was not Sarah at all, but the faithless Kitty Rawlings. In obedience to some word from Meagher, she ran out of the room, and he strode to the window.

"'Run!' I gasped; but Jack never budged.

"'Confound it!' he said, slowly—'confound it!' and that was all.

"Meagher threw up the sash and looked out. His face was livid. I was in the shadow, but the light fell full on Jack.

"'So it's you, Jack Allen, is it, who comes round at night spying into friends' houses and insulting ladies?' Meagher cried. 'What a cad you are! but, though it's lowering myself as an officer and a gentleman, I'll fight you just the same,' and with that he leaned out and struck Jack full in the mouth.

"'I'll kill you for that!' said Jack, very fierce.

"'How you like and where you like,' answered Meagher; 'but let it be soon—for there isn't room for the two of us on this earth.'

"'It can't be soon enough for me,' said Jack; 'the old riding-ring to-morrow at eight; you have the choice of weapons.'

"'Let it be pistols then,' answered Meagher; 'you bring someone with you, so will I.' And without further words he slammed the window to.

"'WHAT BECAME OF MISS KITTY?'"

"'You'll second me, of course; I'll call for you at 7.30 sharp,' said Jack to me, and turning on his heel, walked down the street and let himself in at his own door before I could catch up with him.

"At 7.30 punctually Jack drove up to my house. He looked white and determined. The night hours had wrought no change in his purpose. 'Jump in,' he said, curtly. And I jumped. As we rattled through the empty streets to our rendezvous, Jack savagely chewed an unlighted cigar. I mournfully thought of our return journey. Should we come back in an ambulance wagon or in the 'Black Maria'?

"'Oh, hang the women!' I groaned.

"That's right,' said my companion, bitterly.

"'Look here, Jack,' I cried, 'won't you give this duel up?'

"'No, I won't!' he thundered.

"'Well, then'—I hesitated—'I must tell you that I haven't the remotest idea how to proceed in this matter.'

"'I can't see,' growled Jack, 'that *you* need to proceed at all. When Meagher comes on the field I proceed to shoot him.'

"'But not on sight—not till the ground is measured off, and terms agreed to,' I implored. 'And oh, Jack, have you pistols?'

"'One,' he replied, curtly.

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" 'But we should have a pair.'

" 'Confound a pair,' said Jack; 'one is all I need.'

" 'It seems so amateurish not to have two,' I moaned. 'They'll think it's because we're civilians.'

" 'Meagher won't think anything,' said Jack. 'He'll be dead.'

"There seemed no answer to this, and we finished our drive in silence.

"There is an inn near by the old riding-ring.

" 'Get out,' said Jack, as we drove up at its door. 'I'll take Sally round to the stables.'

"I climbed down from the cart and went into the bar. Here I found Captain Southwick, a brother officer of Meagher's, dismally consuming a brandy and soda.

" 'Have a drink,' he said, as he caught sight of me. Then, when I was supplied: 'I suppose you have come out here with Allen?'

"I assented.

" 'Can't you get your man to apologize?' he asked.

" 'Apologize!' I cried. 'Why, I don't believe he'd accept an apology, let alone make one. He's simply thirsting for Meagher's gore.'

" 'Same with Meagher,' said Southwick. 'Lord! A wild Irishman, and a North American Indian make a strenuous pair. Well, if pot at each they must—' and we discussed arrangements.

"Ten minutes, twenty minutes went by. Suddenly Southwick started.

" 'But where is Allen?' he asked.

" 'He's gone round to put his mare up.'

" 'My sainted aunt!' cried Southwick. 'Meagher's round in the stable, too. Please Heaven they aren't wiping the earth with each other.'

"We both started off at a run, and as we neared the stable yard a perfect hubbub of noise met our ears.

" 'Well done.' 'Get at him again!' 'He's under.' 'No, he isn't.' 'Oh, plucky, plucky.' 'Ten to six on the little 'un.' 'Separate them; they've had enough.' 'No, let them have it out, I say.'

"These and other ejaculations of a like nature betokened only too clearly that a fight was in progress.

" 'They *are* wiping the earth with each other,' groaned Southwick, and we dashed for the sounds.

"A ring of cheering stable-boys met our eyes. It opened hospitably to give us place. In the midst of it, writhing in the silent grapple of a fight to a finish were a heavy yellow mongrel and a chunky fox terrier. And, oh! unbelievable sight—holding off the owners of the dogs, seeing fair play, seconding, as it were, the combatants, were Dan and Jack, all thoughts of personal enmity forgotten in the excitement of the battle between the game and evenly matched couple.

" 'Well!' said Southwick.

" 'Well!' said I.

"Then we burst into uproarious laughter. At the sound our duellists turned round. They looked at our grinning countenances. Then they looked at each other. They had the grace to be embarrassed. They stood before us, their seconds, very much like two schoolboys caught in mischief. The owners of the dogs took advantage of Allen's and Meagher's temporary abstraction to fall on the warriors, tear them asunder and bear them away, they the while snarling defiance and threats, almost choking themselves in their struggles to escape from their masters' clutches and get at each other again. Meagher followed them with his eye. Then he chuckled.

" 'Tis a comical sight,' he said. 'I wonder if that is how you and I appear, Allen, in the eyes of Gordon and Southwick here?'

"Allen laughed, too, then:

" 'Of course I am perfectly ready to fight you, Meagher, but——'

" 'Come on, boys,' cried Meagher, 'the breakfast's on Allen and me.' "

"And what," inquired the Boy, as the Guv'nor poured himself out another Scotch, "what became of Miss Kitty?"

"Two months later," replied the Guv'nor, "she eloped with Meagher, and Jack was his best man, and six months later again, I was Jack's best man on the occasion of his marriage to Sarah Williamson."

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TWICE BORN

The Ceremonial Life of a Hindu Boy

By EDMUND RUSSELL

Illustrated from photographs belonging to the Author

IN the first place, there are poles of difference between Oriental children and our own.

The Oriental child is a timid little animal, full of awe and fear and mystery. This, in the upper classes, combined with delicate reserve and dignity.

The little prince is all princely, voluptuous, sensitive, shy, at the same time; in state robes a living jewel. The child of the street, naked, save for necklace of red berries, a living flower.

I have never seen such exquisite manners and timid self-possession as at the Raj Kumar college of Kathiawar, to which only royal princes are admitted. Each little boy will inherit a throne or has a relative already on the *padmesinharsana*, the lotos-lion-seat. Each has his own suite of apartments, his meals prepared by special attendants, for there can be no mixing of caste. By a hard rule a little boy can only bring six servants with him. They gather together at lessons and in drill form a cavalry corps to keep up heroic traditions.

I gave "Hamlet" there, on a stage in the middle of which was a white marble statue of Queen Victoria that could not be moved, and the little princes looked like a tulip-bed spread beneath this severity of tone.

They make one realize those daring and tropical similes and metaphors of ancient Sanscrit poetry, flash of Bann, passion-flame of Bharabhuti, who sang:

Day breaks upon the world when, my prince, thou openest the unparalleled splendor of thine eyes.
I cannot see them for the clusters of black bees (the eyelashes) that swarm drunk with the honey of thy glance.
Thy pupil is a bee caught in a lotos.
The benediction of the arch of thine eyebrows rests with me.
Thy smile shows a flock of white swans on a dark sky.
It enchants me as if the forehead-moon of Shiv had dropped upon thy lips.
Thy flesh is living gold.
The radiance of thy personality quivers around thee an unseen though golden aureole.

Where the sun burns hot we find true poetry, but only in India combined with intense spirituality. Italian and Spanish children have something of the beauty, little French aristocrats suggest the manner of Indian princes. The foot-ball and cricket style of bringing up may give rude health but is fatal to elegance and manners; while the extreme is reached in American children. Especially the travelled-one who has it all his way on steamer-deck, hotel dining-room, or

LOTUS BUD.

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THE OLD-FASHIONED HINDU BOY.

railway-car and becomes a type beyond conception of the East. The child that could tell its parent to "shut-up" could not either be conceived or conceived of in India.

To understand Indian character it is necessary to learn that with them religion is life and dominates every action of life. It is not belief, it is living truth. The priest was ever and is the custodian of culture. The scriptures have almost a legal power, and no one ever dreams of departing from their tenets. Society is regulated by Vedic law. Personal actions are in ritual according to the maxims of Manu, the Indian Moses. "The perfection of humanity through the perfection of the individual" is the ideal, and deviation from the spiritual pathway is not looked upon as *cute* or *smart* or even original.

The self-effacement and monotony would make it not a possible or desirable ideal for us, but in India it is much more common even to-day than those-who-will-not-understand would allow us to suppose. The ritual includes the smallest affairs of every-day life —nothing is left to caprice, invention, personal desire or impulse. Eating, sleeping, breathing, the taking-on-and-putting-off, all regulated by law—a certain number of times, a certain hour, a certain way. The band always there, the fold always in the same plait. The right hand may not know what the left doeth, but it knows what *it* has always done, and does not dream of change in path or pattern. The beads may be more richly carved but always on the same string.

Into this life of duty and prayer the little boy is born. He is hailed with much joy, for a son is essential to the salvation of the father's soul. He alone may perform the sacrifice that shall permit that soul's progress when, liberated, it ascends in the smoke of the funeral pyre.

"A son is the most coveted of all blessings that a Hindu craves, for it is by a son's birth in the family that the father is redeemed."

"Through a son he conquers the worlds, through son's son he obtains immortality, but through son's grandson he gains the world of the sun."

"If a man is son-less, it is desirable that he should have a daughter, for her son stands in the place of a son to his grandfather, through whom the grandfather may obtain salvation."

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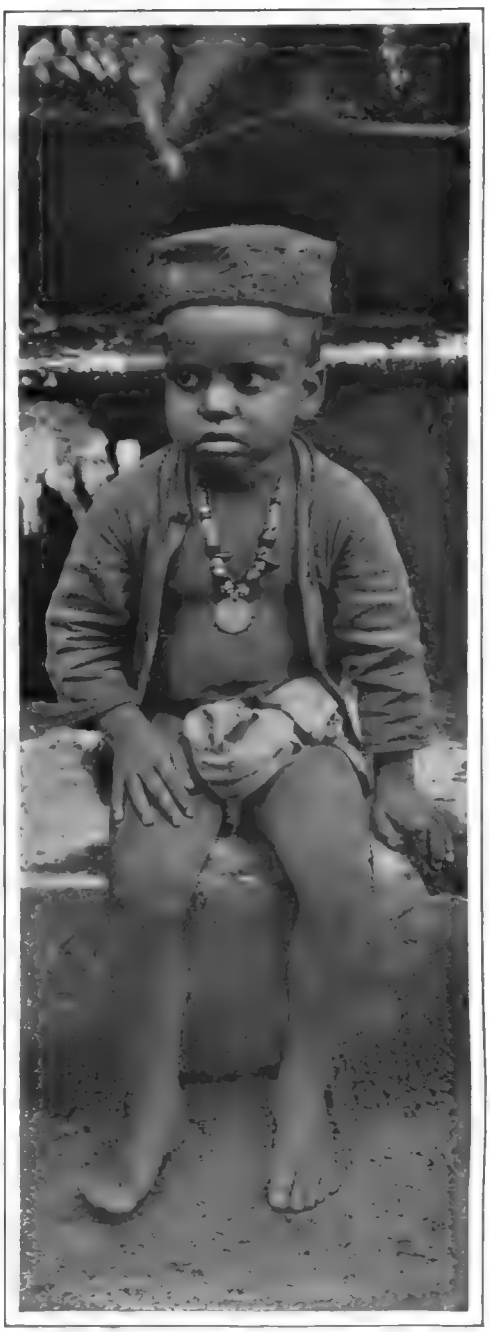
When expected, the mother retires with a nurse of low degree to the awful birth-chamber, only used for such occasions. There they pass a quarantine of twenty-one days. Unclean! Unclean! The twenty-first is the ceremony of purification. The nurse deserts and must never touch them again. The child is anointed, and the father sees him for the first time—on the twenty-first day after his birth. At the eighth month another important occasion takes place. The newcomer is given his first mouthful of food. With great ceremony he is permitted to sit on the knee of his maternal uncle for the first time, and is fed a small morsel of rice. As every step in life is taken with equal solemnity, what wonder that the Indian child has good manners and respect for maternal uncles.

If he *is* a son, and of the upper or upper-middle class, a great feast is made at his birth. Gifts to the temple-Brahmins, presents to relatives, food distributed to the poor at the gates. The birth of a girl is simply announced. This is probably the real reason for the unpopularity of little girls in India—no cakes go with them. I am sure if some Indian Waldorf-Astoria woman's club should meet and decree that chocolate-creams and marshmallows *ad lib.* were to be scattered at their advent the balance would soon turn their way.

In all classes, on the eighth day, sweets of every kind are sent around to the children of the neighborhood, the only difference between upper and lower being that the presents are more costly, sweets more elaborate, and more of them.

Babies cry very little in India—they obey spiritual law as a flower. The lotos bud, lying on a stone bench in a dirty room, sucks its toe and seems dreaming of the pranks of baby Krishna, and solving problems of the universe. As it grows older it is very timid and shy in the presence of its elders. It feels the religious awe around it and does not break out into boisterous sport when all seems at prayer.

But there is much love in India and these humble households seem very happy. They are all-in-all to each other and seek nothing outside either in society or amusement. Beautiful character comes from obedience to law and not from lawlessness. In India children are the crowning gift of life. It is a horror to be childless.



A BOY OF THE STREETS.

The Parsi mother sings:

Child, don't cry. Child, don't cry.
Sleep and wake in the morning.
Then give me your smiling face as my flower
Before anyone else I have seen.
Child, sleep soon. Sleep, child, sleep

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A LITTLE POPE, SHAMI NARAYAN, MAHARHJ OF VERTAL.

Hereditary Chief of a Religious Sect.

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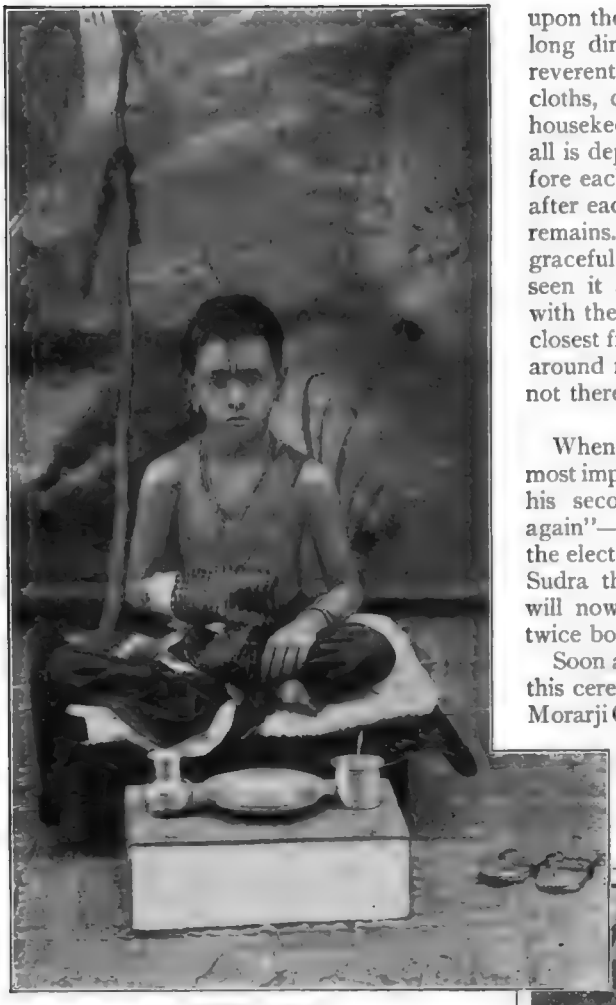

TWICE BORN.

All the ceremonies of life are interesting to watch. The little ones have no duties, but they are taught sacred hymns by some grandmother or aunt, or devout widow, as may be found in every home. This religious training begins at five years and they go to *pooja* daubed with ashes that denote the particular form of the Supreme they are brought up to worship. The little boys marked with horizontal lines belong to Shiva. Those with trident on forehead to Vishnu.

For meal-times all strip to the waist, as the three boys together in the picture on page 535, and wear only the traditional *dhoti*, or muslin scarf, sometimes edged with red and gold, wound round the body. Each takes his individual *lotah*, drinking vessel, which must be touched by no other lips. They sit upon the floor, and in the dim light of the long dining-hall look bronze temple-gods in reverent discourse. Nor tables, nor chairs, cloths, dishes, knives, spoons, forks—ideal housekeeping. Even in the richest families all is deposited in a great plantain leaf before each guest, gathered up by the corners after each meal and thrown away with the remains. The food is held in fingers, grown graceful for centuries in such use. I have seen it all, but, as no out-of-caste may sit with the twice born, even in the house of my closest friend a chalk mark had to be drawn around me on the floor to symbolize I was not there.

When the boy is twelve or thirteen the most important ceremony of life takes place—his second birth—"For ye must be born again"—and, forever afterward, he is one of the elect, if of the three first castes. For the Sudra there is no second birth. Servants will now address him, "O twice born, yes, twice born," and his real life begins.

Soon after arriving in Bombay I witnessed this ceremony at the home of Seth Dharamsi Morarji Goculdas, one of the merchant princes of the city. *China Bang* was *en fête* for nearly a week, though the festivities were subordinated by the news of the illness of Queen

THE MORNING POOJA.

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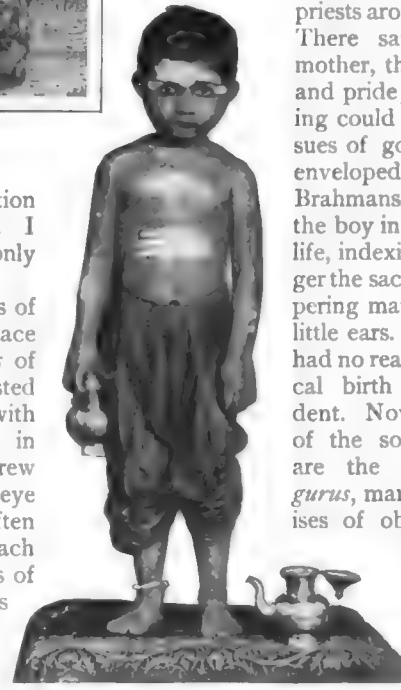
A WEDDING-GUEST.

Victoria, and the intended reception for European guests was not given. I was fortunate enough to be the only outsider at the real ceremony.

A garden ablaze with thousands of lamps. A great house like a palace filled with shy veiled forms in *saris* of every hue and texture; some crusted with embroidery, some woven with golden threads that held a pearl in every mesh. A jewelled hand drew the veil across the face till only one eye was seen, the back of the hand often covered by an ornament tied to each finger by strings of pearls. Fringes of pearls fell from the forehead, masses of earrings fastened all down the side of the ear fell to the shoulders, and mixed with wonderful necklaces, "garlands-of-enchantment," "wreaths-of-constellations," "stanzas-of-gods," as a hundred rows of pearls is called; the nose-rings looked like jewelled flowers as they fell upon the hand that held the veil and mixed with its pearls.

And the little boys covered with jewels and wearing their wedding garments! For as ceremonial festivities form the chief amusement of Indian life, each one has a gorgeous suit only for such occasions, and in the threading or wedding-season they may rush to several functions in a day—no, not *rush*—Indians never rush—but they get there someway. Children are so loved in India that they take part in every festival. One little lord who climbed into my lap, had knickerbockers of cloth-of-gold, patent leather shoes, dark velvet jacket cut in English style but edged with pearls, and a sort of spiked helmet on his head, imitated perhaps from the German soldiers. These seemed quite incongruous. I could not learn what they meant. There was nothing of Indian in them. Around his neck the child wore a necklace of diamonds and huge emeralds, family treasure, for as a third of household wealth is in jewels, there are enough to go around on such occasions.

On one side of the house there was continuous din of strange music; on the other low chants of saffron-robed priests around the family altar. There sat the father and mother, the former in dignity and pride; of the latter nothing could be seen but the tissues of gold that completely enveloped her. The bronze Brahmans were instructing the boy in the social duties of life, indexing with sinuous finger the sacred scriptures, whispering many rules of life into little ears. The youth before had no real duties. His physical birth was only an accident. Now he becomes a part of the social world. Many are the injunctions of his *gurus*, many his tearful promises of obedience as he receives his "sacred thread" which must now be worn over one shoulder across his body to ever remind him of the Right Path.



A LITTLE DISCIPLE OF SHIVA.

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MOHAMMEDAN LITTLE GIRL AND BOY AND SACRED TABLE CLOTH.

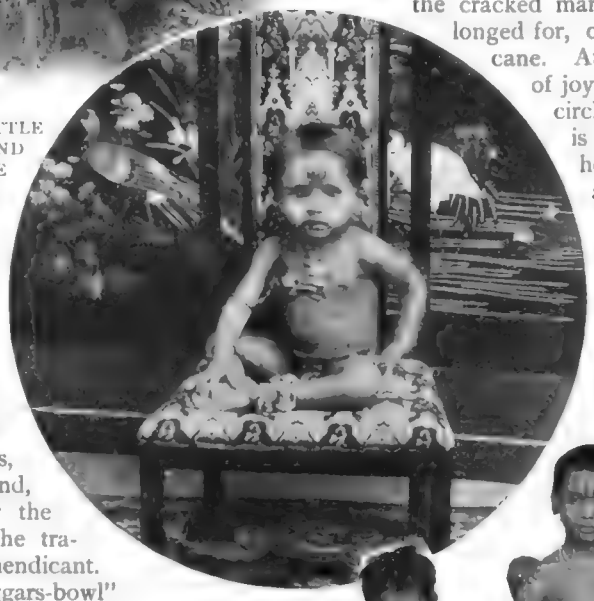
I scarcely recognized my little friend as I had seen him a few days before. His head was shaved, his body wrapped in orange cloth, the robe of holy orders, a staff in his hand, over his shoulder the antelope skin of the traditional religious mendicant. He took the "beggars-bowl" and went the rounds of the company. I alone might not give, as even a coin could not be accepted from *Mleccha* hands on such an occasion.

His skin bronze gold, with the tones of orange and antelope, he looked like *Kama*, god-of-love turned ascetic. Then came a strange and pretty surprise. Bending to the lotos feet of father and mother, according to ritual, he said: "O parents, I must leave you; life is very beautiful, but life is holy, and I prefer holiness. I must go to Benares, our sacred city, and devote myself to God."

He turned and ran, all his relatives after him, the children wild with delight; stout elders puffing and panting; women shrieking and making most lovely pictures in stumbling over cloths-of-gold and catching at floating veils. Across the lawn into the street. Up one street and down another. They should form a line, and he should be caught at the other end by his maternal uncle; but a roguish boy sometimes runs in the other direction and gives a hard chase.

But he must ever be caught by the maternal uncle in India (there are no chances even in races), who says:

"Do not leave us, holy life is the highest joy, but we love you, and if you will only come back to us, we will give you anything you want." He will offer the finest clothes, a pony, a little wife, anything. Sometimes the boy drives a hard bargain and gets even the cracked marble he has always longed for, or his uncle's gold cane. At last midst hymns of joy he is led back. A circle is formed. He is undressed. The holy rags thrown aside. A *dohti* stiff with gold is wrapped around him, jewels fastened on head, ears, neck. Then a procession of proud relatives, weeping with joy,



ONCE BORN.

DINNER-TIME.

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HINDU BOY ARRAYED FOR THE SACRED-THREAD-CEREMONY.

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HIGH SCHOOL AT AHMEDABAD.

sing hymns, pass and lay gifts at his feet. What a proud little boy! and the father and mother so proud of their pride—their lotos twice-born!

In ancient times he really did go to Benares, and remained till perhaps twenty-six years old, studying, preparing for life. Returning to marry, to rear a family, to perform his work in the world, and then again a life of solitude and holy meditation. It is this period of holy study that is missing in the life of Christ, and it is the generally accepted Oriental belief that he passed those years following his boyhood, not recorded in the Bible, in secluded study and preparation. In India, some even say.

Early marriages were unknown in those times, as they waited for the return of the youth from his studies, though betrothal might take place. Now, after a few years follows marriage, but not as early as is generally believed, and the stories of child marriages are absolutely false. They are *betrothals*, the little girl returning to her father's home to wait for the real ceremony. If he dies before, she becomes the "child-widow" so often quoted, and occupies the same relative position in the household as our traditional "old-maid."

Marriage, no one may escape in India. It is, as death and birth, Inevitable. Only birth and death are our finalities, marriage may come by choice, caprice, or accident: these are not found in Indian dictionaries. The wisdom of selection is left to parents. Of course there are mistakes, surprises, disappointments, as everywhere. But I saw as much love-light in happy eyes in India as in any other country?

A MODERN HINDU STUDENT'S ROOM.

Again a week's festivities, again the little boys in feverish excitement.

In the gardens great *shamianas*, or tents of cloth, are erected for the occasion, hung with lines

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THE HORSE OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

of crystal chandeliers, spread with costly rugs on which rest the special guests in gilded arm-chairs, while hundreds of others sit upon the floor.

This is costly. Some prefer to use the public marriage-house, which may be rented for weddings and has everything required; a sort of sacred Sherry's.

On one day all walk through the street to the house of the bride where the bridegroom must have his nose pulled by the bride's mother in token of what he must expect. A queer rite in this land where they say women have no privileges.

On each side rush boys in fancy costumes, bearing torches or great structures of tinsel and artificial flowers on tall poles. The bridegroom a living jewel riding a horse covered with plates of silver armor. He is escorted by a cavalcade of thirty or forty little boys, his friends, on similar horses, sometimes three on a horse. These armor-suits are heirlooms in all great families, and are borrowed for wedding feasts. Sometimes one procession meets another going in an opposite direction and one feels he is being whirled round and round in a kaleidoscope, gets dizzy trying to see all sides at once, and is color blind forever afterward.

These ceremonies are so fatiguing that the little bride and groom are almost speechless, and when at last they tumble into each other's arms glad to lie praying to the stars for

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HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARANA OF DHOLPUR.

two nights, according to ritual. But "up and to school" breaks the little bridegroom's dreams. "Your second wife is dead," ran a telegram I saw a little boy receive.

The ancient school was in the cave or under the palm-tree that sheltered the sage. Lessons were read or traced on palm-leaves. Now all is changed. The wise son still follows his father's footsteps; the foolish turn to imitation of their conquerors.

Punishments are very terrible and could not be recounted here, but I may say that the worst is for a little boy to stand up and sit down without stopping as rapidly as he can, holding his own ears out with his hands at the same time.

There are games—*kapati*—something like our "tag," and a good breathing lesson at the same time, for one must say b-u-m-u-m-m-m-m-m as he chases, and cannot claim "caught" if he loses his breath. *Bicchor* resembles "hop-scotch"—on one leg the same, kicking an earthen vessel into a disk in the midst of eight squares. An almost universal game is *gillidanda*. Boys choose sides of equal number, having one as impartial judge. A sandal-wood square is in turn balanced by each boy upon a paddle-shaped bat and hurled in air. If one of the opposing faction catch the square, the propelling

THIS BOY WILL INHERIT A THRONE.

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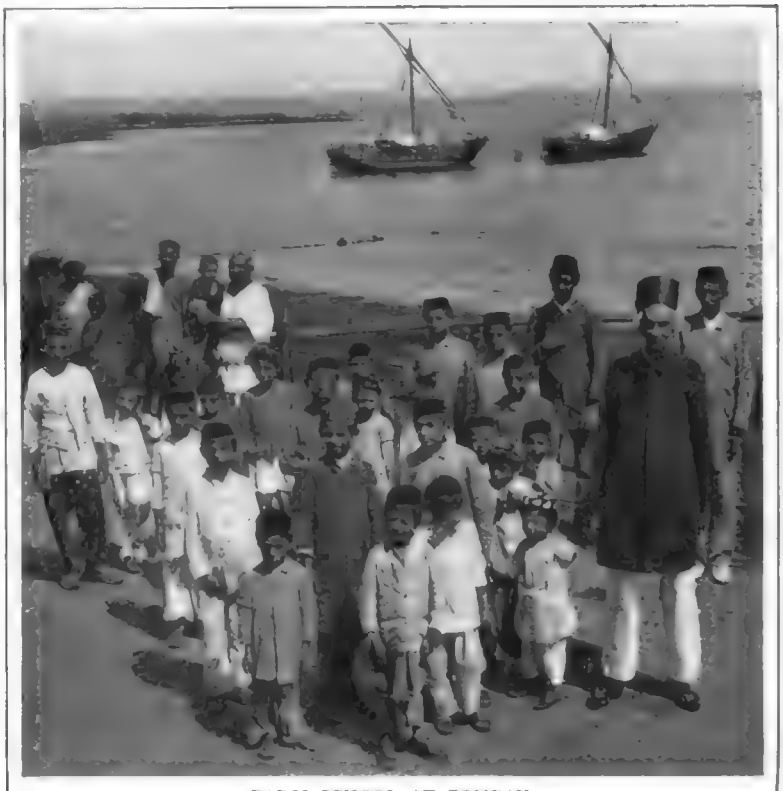

PARSI SCHOOL AT BOMBAY.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

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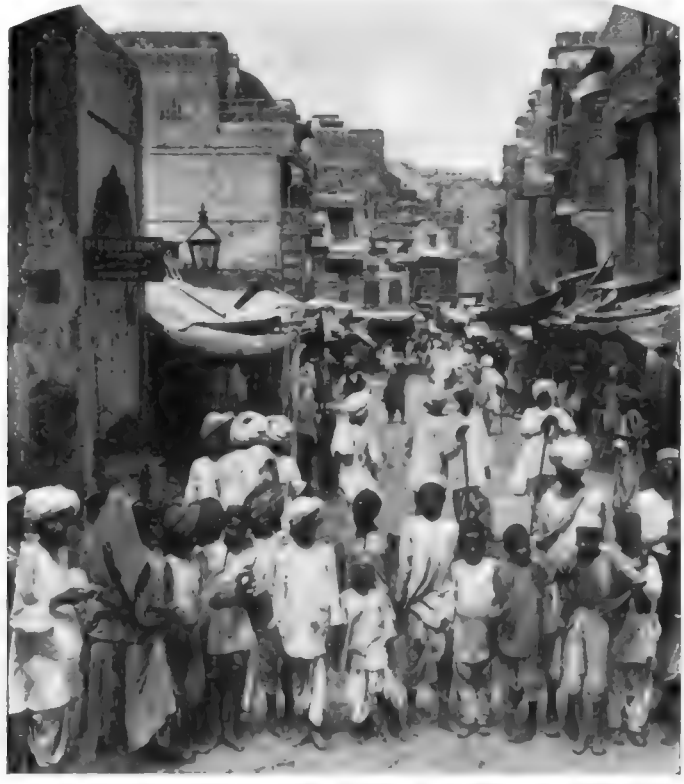
boy is declared "dead." The Vedic ancestor of our baseball, perhaps.

Class has nothing to do with *caste* in India. A beggar may be of higher rank than a king. India is the only land that has ever been able to maintain an absolute aristocracy of spirituality and learning entirely separate from the aid or accumulation of material possessions.



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A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN LAHORE.

But besides caste and class there are racial distinctions, Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsi the leading. Woe to the little Hindu boy who dares venture into the Mohammedan quarter after nightfall. His sacred dhoti may be torn off or his turban unrolled and trampled upon. All this is revenged if a little follower of the prophet oversteps his borders. But still more fearful when little bands encounter each other and enough Hindus are together to dare shriek *Suvar-Khow*, "You eat pig!" the fiercest insult to a Mohammedan. "You eat cows!" the Mohammedans call back and the Hindus weep and shudder at this blasphemy, and either may turn on the inoffensive Parsi and howl, "You eat crows!" at him.

To tell a Hindu he eats the cow is as to say he eats his father and mother. The crow is the scavenger of the city, and to the Parsi must include the vulture who picks out his eyes in the terrible Towers of Silence, where he is thrown on gratings after death.

But there is one word that no Hindu boy may say to another till he is full grown, the most awful insult that may be given from man to man. Only then they may stand with clenched hands and gleaming eyes and hiss between clenched teeth—"Brother-in-Law!"

Do they fight?—well, there too they wear their rue with a difference.

If high-bred, one draws himself up and says, with dignity:

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Worcester. Falstaff. Vernon.

HENRY VIII AT AN INDIAN SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

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CHILDREN AT PLAY IN FAR CASHMIR.

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"There is division between us."

"Ashi."

The other may even reply, "I don't care," but it would be extreme to go as far as that. If of finer nature one should say:

"It distresses me so I could thrash the floor with my head." Mind, never with *your* head, as rude little American boys might answer.

This cold enmity does not last long, for soon the nobler will say:

"Bhab."

"The division is settled."

They embrace and are friends again.

Every cultured member of the Brahmin civilization was expected to be master of sixty liberal arts; the very enumeration of which is enough to strike terror even into the "advanced."

Ancient aristocracy was supposed to be thus gifted, but it cannot be thought that they really possessed all these talents. This endowment was probably a figure of speech, as with us there are more than sixty-four things with which society people are accredited, of which perhaps they only know the names and a few links of the jargon.

The wise son still follows his father's footsteps, the foolish turn to imitation of their conquerors and are content with appearing in *semi-demi* of bare legs and swathing *dhoti* topped with English black coat and high starched collar, trying mentally to become starched and ironed too.

India is covered with great universities and colleges of excellent rank. All instruction is in English. But the more ambitious youth must break through caste and actually cross the *Kala-pani*, the "black-water," which ancient Hindus were prohibited from venturing upon.

This one returns an *Indo-Gothique*, emancipated from spiritual law and tradition. But there is no place for him either in Hindu or English society. He cares no longer to live in the most composite family of his relations; he shakes hands and slaps the back of "the old man" whose lotus feet he used to fall and kiss. He thought the "higher education" would make him a great man—an "illustrious fellow-citizen." But the English who received him so warmly in London withdraw their cordiality in India. He has offended his own, and even though he may through expensive penances return to his caste, the sacred thread of family and spiritual relation is broken. His acute attack of English education has resulted in chronic gloom and disappointment.

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LITTLE SOLDIERS.

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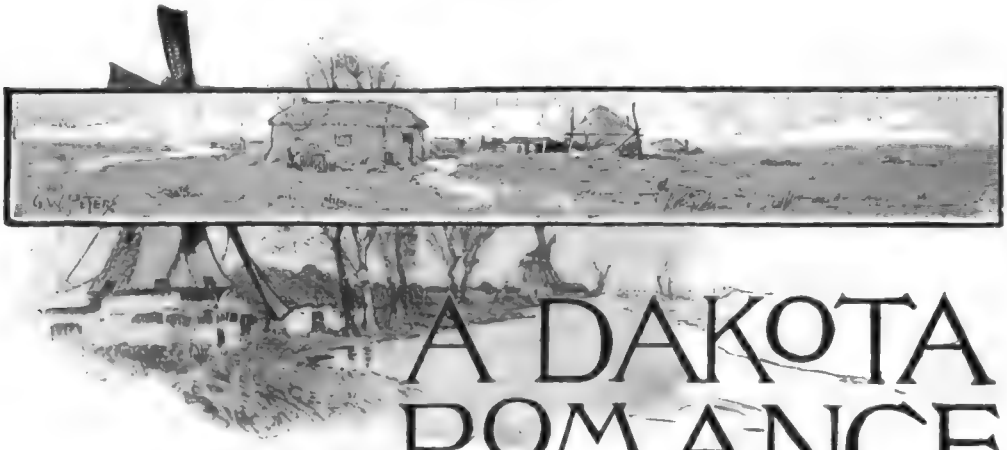

A DAKOTA ROMANCE

BY M.W. LAW.

LENA.

N a warm, sunny morning in the early Spring of 1881, a young Dakota farmer was ploughing in a wide, level field bounded on one side by the Sioux River, now running full with its Spring tide of melted snow and early rains.

There was something attractive in the young man's face, although in the low forehead, the heavy features, the short, thick-fingered hands, the long, thickset body and short, muscular legs, might be read the open secret of his birth—his peasant's heritage of menial, ill-requited toil.

He seemed a prosperous farmer for those times and that new country, into which, at that moment, hordes of peasants like himself were pouring; many of them to be set down on the bare prairie, in a strange land, with nothing but a few tools and poor household utensils, a team, and, perhaps, a worn and weary wife, with any number of shock-headed children hanging about her.

The farmer seemed in Springlike mood; he whistled and yelled cheerily to his horses, and from time to time burst, with heavy, resonant voice, into snatches of song reminiscent of the fatherland.

He sang in German, but all his speech was in the broken German-English so common in the West.

It presently appeared that his outbursts of song were not altogether spontaneous, but had regard to certain effects which he was after awhile successful in bringing to pass; for when, at the end of a long, beautifully straight furrow, he halted his horses on the river-bank, and, leaning on his plough-handles, sent forth a perfect bray of tuneful German sentiment, a high-pitched, powerful soprano suddenly took up the strain; after a line sung in duo the masculine voice ceased, and the clear, high melody was wafted across the wide pasture which separated two ploughed fields.

As the song ceased the young man threw back his head and laughed a big, bawling, childish laugh as flat and expressionless as the clapping of one shingle upon another.

He turned his face, grinning wide with delight, upon the singer, who had now perched herself upon a high stump among the few trees fringing the river-bank and, leaning her arm on a post of the fence, was looking across at him.

She, too, had been ploughing. Her team of sober nags stood in the furrow with hanging heads, dreaming in the sunlight, which seemed to fall comfortably across their well-padded backs.

After gazing at him for a moment the woman beckoned with a clumsy woollen mitten, an invitation which the man seemed to understand and expect.

Carelessly throwing his lines around a post, he crept between two wires of the fence, holding the deadly things as far apart as possible, and crossed the pasture slowly, yet with a certain eagerness of manner.

As she drew back a little at his approach, he leaned his arm on the post, dropped his chin into his hand and stared at her, the same vacuous grin upon his comely face.

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"Val," he said, after a moment's silence, "good vedder for ploughin'."

The woman nodded, and smiled responsively. She was older than this young fellow, plainer, and of coarser fibre.

She had the flat, ungraceful figure, the loud voice, the boisterous manner of the woman prenatally unsexed by centuries of coarse manual labor and hard usage.

tossed her head. "I make some goot soup for dinner," she said; "you like him?"

"You bet," he answered, as glibly as a born Yankee, and she continued:

"Vy you don' ged your dinner by me—eferey day?" with a sly look at his now averted face. "Me—I can chust so val make dinner for two; den you haaf more time to plough—hey?"

"HIS OUTBURSTS OF SONG . . . HAD REGARD TO CERTAIN EFFECTS WHICH HE WAS . . . SUCCESSFUL IN BRINGING TO PASS."

"You plough so much alretty?" the man asked.

"Yah," she answered; "I not sleep so much, like you."

This answer provoked again his loud, flat laugh, and as he glanced backward at his own team, he said:

"But my horses—dey valk faster as yours; I plough more as you before night comes."

"All right;" she shrugged her shoulders and

With another laugh, he stooped and pulled a long stalk of dry grass, which he put between his teeth as he said, tentatively:

"Ve better ged married—hey?"

The woman raised her eyebrows, threw out her hands, and tossed her head with inborn coquetry, the birthright of every female creature, however lowly; while he, a little crestfallen at this fine show of indifference, asked:

"No? Vy not?"

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"*You*," she said, pointing at him with the stubby thumb of her mitten. "*You*—are in—loofe—alretty—a-ah."

Gottlieb had no better answer to this charge than another laugh, but he looked all the shamefaced imbecility he felt as he said:

"Val, your varm und mine—dey make one big varm—more as dree hunder acre; you haaf a goot house—I haaf a goot barn; all right; I move him over by you; den ve lif in your house. No? Vy not?"

"Yas, das all right; but *you*—are in—loofe—alretty."

She repeated her derisive gesture.

"Ah—dat makes notting," he answered, impatiently. "Two year alretty I vait for Lena. Ven I vas in de old country she say ven de mudder die—den she come und ged married to me; but now—de mudder—she do not die. I vait so *long;* I lif by myself—I make dinner—I make supper—I vash mine close. *Mein Gott!*—I haaf no rest—I can no more vait. Und *you*—Katrina—you haaf a house—und a varm—by me—see, Katrina—you vill no more vork in de field—ven you are married to me; no—you make dinner—you make de house clean—you vash de close."

Katrina smiled broadly at this picture, revealing a row of white, perfect teeth; her dark, olive skin was now at its best estate, after the bleaching cold of a Dakota winter, and her small black eyes were very bright in the bracing air and under the stimulus of this young fellow's wooing. Nevertheless, she again put on her look of contemptuous indifference and returned to her former objection.

"But *yet*," she said, emphatically, "*you*—are in—loofe."

"Val," said Gottlieb, looking a little sulky over his straw, "she vas a nize girl—Lena vas; und she vas goot-lookin,' too; but I tell you once alretty—Katrina—she cannot come, und I—I can no longer vait."

"Val," said Katrina, argumentatively, "vat you do?—you write to her—dat she should not come? No? Den vat you do? Ve get married? Yes, und den dat girl—she come. She say—'Vat vor you take my man?' Den you see dat she is young—she is goot-lookin'—you are in—loofe—mid her some more. O—no—O—no!" she turned away, shaking her head; "I haaf notting to do mid such tings—like dat; but you write to her—quick—val—may be. But I don't care. Hans—his varm is by me, too; his house is better dan mine."

"No—no!" Gottlieb interrupted; "I write—I write to-night; I show you dat letter; I come over to-night—Katrina."

"All right," Katrina answered, and as he turned his back upon her and leaned against the post, she bent toward him and spoke more persuasively.

"See—Gottlieb; *I* haaf to ged married, *too;* to plough—to make in de crops—to milk und make de butter—und den to make de house clean—to vash—to sew—dat is too much."

"Yes—yes," he interrupted, eagerly, "dat is too much."

"I do it," she said, "but I don' like; und now—Hans—he ask me twice alretty; but—but den," she dropped her eyes, "I—I like you better."

"Ha—ha!" crashed Gottlieb, and at the sound her face hardened into its old sardonic smile as she said, banteringly:

"I am not in—*loofe*—like you. *Loofe*—vat is dat?"

Gottlieb chuckled sheepishly, seeming to recall certain episodes wherein he had met this derided passion and had not found it quite contemptible.

"I hear a voman say once," Katrina proceeded, "dat she vould die vor her man; I don' believe dat. Ven you like some man pretty val—den you vork vor him; you make de house clean; you make his dinner—vat he like; you do chust so val as you can—*sure—sure;* but you don' *die* vor him; O—*no;* O—*no.* I don' tell you—Gottlieb—dat I am in *loofe* mid you; vat is dat—*loofe*—hey? Is it *money*—or *varm*—or *house?* Dat *Lena*—she got no *money*—hey?"

"No—no," said Gottlieb, hastily.

"She is a *little* girl—you tell me alretty; she is not so strong; she cannot work—so much. Den vat she do out here?" with a sweeping gesture. "Let her stay in de old country—she vind a man dere; but she come out here—she cannot vork—she get sick—she haaf no money. Den vat is dat—*loofe*—hu?" she seemed to blow the obnoxious sentiment from her in deepest disdain.

"All right—all right," Gottlieb answered with decision. "I write to her to-night; I come over und show you—den ve ged married?—hey? you promise me once—*I don' write no letter!*"

"Val—I promise you," said Katrina, stretching her red, work-hardened hand through the fence to him. As he took it in his big palm she seemed to note his doubtful look, and she said, coaxingly: "Don' you tink

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notting 'bout dat little girl, Gottlieb; let her stay in de old country—by her volks. Vat she make out here—dat little girl? You und me—ve *vork—hard;* ve haaf big *varm;* ve ged more *cows*—more *horse*—ve ged new *vagon*—new *reaper.*" He laughed delightedly. "But dat little girl—*she* cannot help you—like me. Und vat is dat—*loofe*—dat is notting."

"All right, all right—I come to-night," and Gottlieb turned away to his work; but he neither whistled nor sang any more that day. The blue eyes that watched the rich brown mould of the river-bottom turn away in smooth folds from the point of his shining ploughshare were troubled and vaguely anxious.

Some four years before Gottlieb Schneider had come out to the Dakota prairie with his team, a few tools and a very little money. His neighbors had helped him to build the "sod house," in which he still lived, and he had settled down hopefully to win a home and a competence from the quarter-section of good land in the Sioux Valley which, as a citizen of the United States, he might claim by living on it.

Just in the nick of time had the legacy come; not too large, but an Aladdin wonder to him. He felt it would effectually smooth the path to wealth and consequence which he was ambitious to tread.

He had been obliged to make a trip to his native land, and there he had met and fallen deeply in love with a slender, pretty girl, whom he had known as a child.

He had labored to induce Lena to come to America with him; and she, for her part, asked nothing better of fate than to be permitted to follow him—anywhere. But alas!—a heavy chain of duty bound her to an invalid mother whose tender conscience and loving, peevish exactions were, to her heart, a law which must not be set aside.

They must wait; and so Gottlieb left her—weeping and yearning after him; the little yellow curls blowing about her pretty forehead; her slender hands clasped tightly across her aching heart that seemed to rise and choke her as she strained forward for a last look at her stalwart hero.

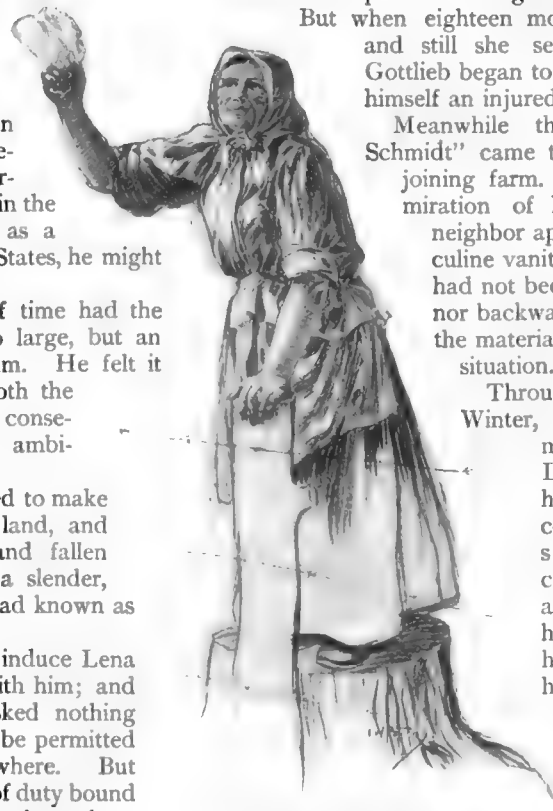
This had been two years ago. The old mother still lived—still kept her daughter fluttering on the chain—torn between love and duty; hoping, and rebuking herself for her unfilial hopes.

The first year Gottlieb had been content. He dreamed of Lena as he plodded behind his horses or smoked his black pipe in the solitude of his hut, after his rude cooking and dish-washing were done. He spent many hours with a carefully cherished three-inch pencil in his hand, drawing lines on the blank leaf of an old book and rubbing them out again; planning the little house he would build for his bride. She would come with one of these parties of emigrants some fine day.

But when eighteen months had passed, and still she seemed no nearer, Gottlieb began to fret and consider himself an injured man.

Meanwhile the rich "Vidda Schmidt" came to live on the adjoining farm. Her evident admiration of her comely, jolly neighbor appealed to his masculine vanity at once; and she had not been slow to perceive nor backward in pointing out the material possibilities of the situation.

Through all the long Winter, wherein there is much leisure for the Dakota farmer, she had kept him almost constantly at her side; she had cooked and washed and mended for him, and flaunted her wealth before his dazzled eyes.



"AN INVITATION WHICH THE MAN SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND."

It was an enticing picture that she spread before him—of their possible achievements in the years to come, with the united farms, his money and hers, and the capacity for unremitting toil which was her birthright as well as his.

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Gottlieb's mouth watered as he looked, yet he hesitated long. The name of Lena had been deeply written on his simple heart; time and absence had dimmed it a little, but in his quiet hours it still shone, the star of hope for him.

It was inevitable, however, that the reiterated appeal to his avarice—that terrible pathetic avarice of the peasant—reinforced by cunning depreciation of the slight, town-bred Lena, with no money—no land; unable to toil—like Katrina—longer and harder every day than any horse, should have its effect at last.

So on this bright Spring morning Gottlieb had yielded, yet not without a qualm. He carried about with him all day a dreary sense of loss; he sighed often and heavily as he smoked his evening pipe beside his dirty, soft-coal fire; nevertheless, he put the pipe away after awhile, and set himself to write the promised letter; and having labored through the necessary statements, he set out across the fields to show it to Katrina.

He found her sitting beside the shining cook-stove in her clean-scrubbed little kitchen and handed her the letter in silence.

"Val," said she, after slowly reading it, "you send him to-morra? But if you don' like"—she made her gesture of indifference. "Hans"—Gottlieb pricked up his ears at once—"he vas here to-night alretty." She watched him slyly, her chin uplifted, her small eyes half closed: "He vant to ged married — to me — nax Soonda." Gottlieb jumped in his chair and put on a portentous frown. "He haaf all de folks—he vant to ged married to me—in his house—nax Soonda."

Gottlieb started up. This was Katrina's red rag, and well she knew how to flaunt it before his jealous eyes.

"*N-o-o!*" he shouted with a very expressive German oath. "*Ve ged married! No. Gif me da letter vonce!*" He stretched his hand for it with a certain dignity.

But Katrina withheld it, while she said, soothingly: "No, Gottlieb—no; dat makes notting. Hans—I not ged married to him; I ged married—to you—nax Soonda!" and seeing a dawning hesitation in his face, she added, slyly: "Ve ask Hans to dat veddin—hey?"

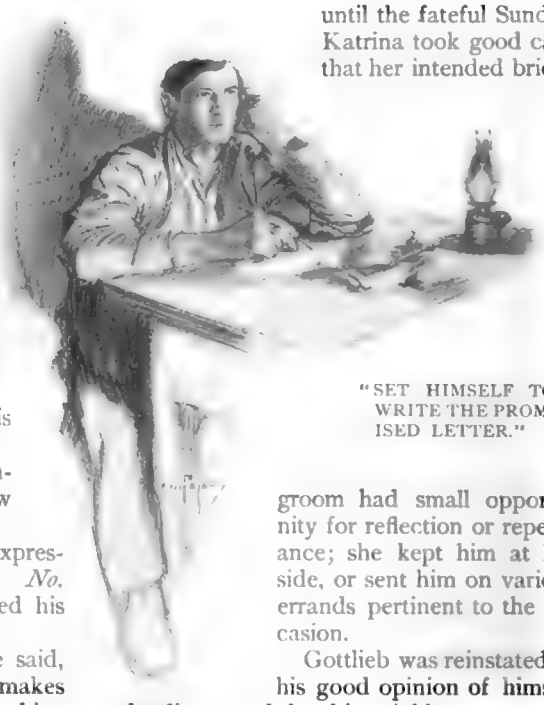
The suggestion delighted Gottlieb. He roared and slapped his leg and flung his cap upon the floor, showing his thick hair, which stood erect upon the crown of his low, round head.

Katrina swiftly pursued her advantage.

"To-morra," she said, slipping the letter beneath her apron, "I go to de store; I buy someting to eat—much; you ged some beer—hey? Und I tell de folks"—she named the farmers within a radius of five miles, ending with Hans Vogel, at which Gottlieb roared again.

"I make de house clean," she continued. "I buy some tings—not too much. Ve ged married—afternoon?" and without waiting for his assent, she launched into a discussion of the needs of the farms, setting forth the advantages of buying new tools and more stock with their combined capital, filling him with admiration of her shrewdness; and when he closed her door and stepped out into the cool night his head whirled before the visions her words had invoked, and Lena was for the moment quite forgotten.

From that evening until the fateful Sunday Katrina took good care that her intended bride-



"SET HIMSELF TO WRITE THE PROMISED LETTER."

groom had small opportunity for reflection or repentance; she kept him at her side, or sent him on various errands pertinent to the occasion.

Gottlieb was reinstated in his good opinion of himself as he discovered that his neighbors approved his conduct, admired his dexterity in stealing a march on Hans, and envied him his good fortune in securing the rich widow, the matrimonial prize of the little community.

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Sometimes, indeed, when he awoke in the stillness of the night, broken only by the murmur of the never-resting wind, the thought of Lena came with a rending pang, driving him from his pillow with the cry: "No—no—I cannot," but, invariably, the thought of the letter laid him low, and as he groaned in perplexity he fell asleep; and in the morning—but things look quite different in the morning.

Sunday came, and after allowing ample time for unwonted cares of the toilet, Katrina, alarmed at his prolonged absence, walked over to the sod house in search of her bridegroom.

She found him sitting beside a small fire, reading and burning letters from a pile on the table; where lay, also, a faded photograph and a little housewife, worn and soiled.

Looking at him a moment in silence, and with difficulty swallowing her resentment, she said, gently:

"Gottlieb—if you don' vant——"

Gottlieb rose and with a muttered oath flung the poor relics upon the fire: "Vy she don' come?" he cried, fiercely. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stared gloomily at the blazing letters. "Val," he said at last, roughly, "t'ain' no use; come on," and he strode moodily away.

The wedding was a noisily hilarious affair, and the festivities were prolonged far into the night. Beer flowed freely, and Gottlieb's loud laugh rang out more and more frequently under its accumulated effects.

He sat down at last in the new armchair Katrina had given him, and loudly addressed the smouldering fire—explaining, apologizing, and gesticulating; then the cold morning light showed him Katrina's plain face and open mouth on the pillow beside him; but she was soon awake and full of bustling plans for the day.

In the afternoon the newly married man drove over to the little store and post-office, and when the postmaster handed him a letter, saying: "From the old country, Gottlieb," his heart turned over. He recognized the fine, thin writing on the envelope at once.

After he had climbed to the high spring-seat of his wagon, and wound the lines around his wrist, with a yell to his horses, he tore the letter open and read it with staring dismay. Lena was coming!—she was even now on the ocean; she must have started before his letter reached her.

The mother had died suddenly and friends had hurried her away to her lover's care. She lamented this haste with loving remorse and tender regrets for her mother; but through all burned the vivid ecstasy of her joy: she was coming to him—they would never be parted more.

Poor Gottlieb! He groaned, he cursed, he gnashed his teeth, and savagely flung his cap upon the bottom of the wagon. He shouted to his astonished horses, sending them along the road at breakneck speed.

As he turned into the yard his wife came out, wondering at his bare head and his wild-eyed face. He threw the letter to her without a word and turned away to his deserted house.

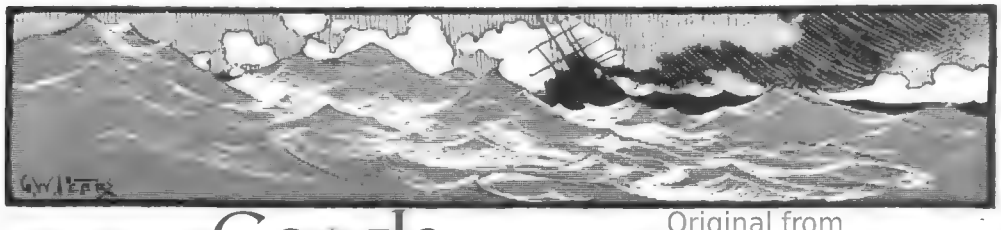
Katrina was stunned at this undreamed-of complication and frightened at her husband's manner. After waiting all the afternoon for him to reappear, she ventured over in the chill twilight to the little hut and peeped in at the open door.

Gottlieb sat beside the table, his head bent upon his folded arms. From time to time, as she watched, he lifted his face and drew it across the sleeve of his rough coat, and Katrina saw almost with terror that he was weeping.

As she made some slight movement he sat up quickly and stared stupidly at her. She could think of nothing to say, and she quailed before the despair that looked so childishly out of the dark-rimmed blue eyes.

"Gottlieb," she said at last in a low voice, "I didn't know—I—didn't mean——"

Gottlieb rose at once, pushing the table away with a great noise and looking impatiently about him.



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"Vere is my cap?" he asked, fretfully.

She handed it to him, and he slapped it upon his head and, pushing rudely by her, walked sullenly away.

Through all the long night Katrina pondered and planned. How could she keep this little marplot out of her husband's sight? She would write to her sister, she concluded at last. This sister lived some fifty miles to the eastward on the line of the railway. She would tell her the whole story and ask her to entice Lena from the train. She could tell the girl that Gottlieb would come for her to that place; once the train had left her there, she must be told that her lover was married and out of her reach.

"Better she *keep* away den!" Katrina muttered vindictively, all the virtuous indignation of the wronged wife burning in her heart and shutting out every thought of Lena's wrongs.

Slowly the days passed, and through them all Gottlieb was strangely silent. He worked early and late with feverish energy; he said little, and he laughed no more.

His silence cowed Katrina much more effectually than any denunciation could have done. She could but wonder what his thoughts were. Was he, too, planning? But there was nothing more that she could do.

At last came the telegram from the "agent" in New York, and word was passed around that the emigrants would come on the daily train from La Crosse on the morrow.

Long before the hour on which the train was due, wagons began to pass along the road to the station, and Katrina's heart sank as she saw her husband drive out of the yard and turn in the same direction.

She knew it would be prudent for her to stay at home and avoid prying eyes. Her neighbors probably had an inkling of the situation, and at any rate they would, she knew, display a relentless interest in any tableau that might be offered on the occasion; but this prudence was beyond her and almost against her will she found herself on the road soon after her husband, and taking a short cut across the fields to the same destination.

There was a crowd on the platform as the train pulled slowly in; the platforms and steps of the cars were crowded also; men with tumbled hair beneath flat caps, and long pipes hanging over their chins; women with shawls over their heads and thick petticoats rounding out over their hips; children clinging to their elders and staring curiously about. Handkerchiefs were waving and shouts of recognition greeted the weary pilgrims as they thronged eagerly from the dirty cars.

Suddenly above the babble of the crowd Katrina heard a little cry and saw a pale, golden head, from which the shawl had slipped, pushing through the throng.

The slight figure of a girl swung out from the lower step of a car, the pale, weary face flushing with joy, as with a cry—"Gottlieb—a-ah, Gottlieb!"—she flung herself from the step before the train stopped.

In that dizzy moment of recognition Gottlieb forgot everything save that voice—that face. With an answering cry of "Lena, mine Lena!" he rushed to meet her.

She flung her arms about his neck and looked up at him with a smile of ecstasy as he clasped her close; but in a moment she seemed to fall heavily against him; her head slipped from his breast to his arm, and her long, thick braid of fair hair fell over his wrist to his knee. He, vaguely alarmed, tried to raise her, but she dropped limply in his arms, and the station-master called to him: "Bring her in here, Gottlieb—she's fainted."

"No!" cried Katrina, beside herself with jealous rage, and laying a heavy hand on the girl's shoulder, "you come home, my man."

Gottlieb brushed her aside and, raising Lena in his arms, he carried her into the little waiting-room and laid her gently down upon a table which the station-master pushed beneath an open window.

The slight hands fell loosely; the boisterous prairie breeze whirled the pale little curls about her forehead; upon her face was the smile of ecstasy with which she had recognized her lover.

The wife of the station-master, who had come down "to see the emigrants," sought water and camphor, and bade the women chafe the limp hands.

The moments dragged slowly by, while the women whispered around the table. She did not come back to consciousness, and the smile seemed to slowly freeze into the soft young face.

When at last the doctor was summoned, he lifted the little hand, only to drop it at once and turn away, saying: "She's dead; heart failure, probably."

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"Da-a-de!" roared Gottlieb. "Na-a—she's vainted!" He caught the doctor's arm in a grip that left it lame for many a day. "Do someting once!" he hoarsely cried; "do someting for her."

"Gottlieb," said the young man, soothingly, as he looked at the convulsed face and wild eyes, "I can't do a thing. She's dead, Gottlieb; that's all there is of it."

Gottlieb stood a moment staring; then, with a frantic gesture of appeal and a strangled sob, he stretched his hands to the still figure on the table, turned away, and, rushing from the room, clambered into his wagon and drove furiously homeward.

Katrina, meanwhile, had heard the doctor's verdict with a shock of wonder as to what this appalling blow of fate might signify—to her. She had a vague feeling that this was punishment—swiftly, mysteriously meted out to her; although she had, in all her machinations, felt no particular sense of guilt.

The whole matter was, indeed, inexplicable to her. Gottlieb's passion for the girl; the fierce pangs of her own awakened jealousy; and now this mysterious death. Before these rending passions and tragic happenings which had invaded her plain, sordid life poor Katrina stood bewildered and dumbly anguished.

The only practical conclusion she could formulate within her dazed brain was that it behooved her to hurry home and—watch.

A dreadful fear chilled her as she ran over the ridgy, ploughed land.

"O—now—" she panted, "now—he kill himself—like my fadder. O Gott!—mein Gott——"

Running, stumbling, falling, her hand upon her side, she came at last in sight of her house and stopped, astonished. Gottlieb was ploughing. The horses were walking very fast, while he impatiently slapped them with the lines, which hung loosely about his neck; his voice reached her, harsh and unfamiliar, furiously driving them onward.

Katrina drew a long breath of relief at this sight, and turned toward the house. It was now nearly noon; she would hasten dinner; she would cook his favorite dish. "Her man—O, if he would now forget! She would be so good—so good a wife." Tears fell upon her hands as she pared the potatoes with trembling fingers.

Katrina had been prepared to fight for her rights as Gottlieb's wife, but this prompt intervention in her behalf frightened her. Then that awe of death which subdues the ignorant, superstitious mind, even upon the topmost peak of passion, fell upon her.

"I did not mean—I did not vant——" she murmured in helpless protest. "Now he hate me!" she cried, feeling that she could not face him yet. She set his dinner upon the table, and, after calling him from the field, crept away to her own room.

The days lengthened and grew warmer. Spring melted into Summer, and settled with brooding quiet upon the growing life of the prairie.

The rosy purple of the wild phlox was thrown out upon the shaded greens of wild grasses, tall weeds and creeping Buffalo-bean. The scent of wild roses was on the evening air.

The Indians across the river, obeying an imperative instinct, forsook their little houses and set up their ragged, smoky "teepees," close to the water's edge.

The vivid, tender green of the growing wheat was spread like a carpet over the field where in the early Spring Gottlieb had ploughed and laughed, and sung his songs of the fatherland.

To Katrina it seemed that the light-hearted, easily entreated Gottlieb was gone forever. In his place was a grave, silent man who toiled early and late, ate without comment whatever she set before him, and every night repaired to his sod house alone.

He was not unkind to his wife except in ignoring as far as possible her presence and all her efforts to please him.

For the first time in all her bustling, self-important life Katrina felt herself a cipher in her own house. She moved about in her husband's presence with a deprecating, soft-footed servility and a perceptible anxiety to please which might have melted a much harder heart than Gottlieb's.

But he seemed not to notice the change in her manner nor to observe the paling of her brown cheek, the unusual prominence of her high cheek-bones, the thinness of her work-hardened hands.

Meanwhile, in the little cemetery on the river's bank, a new white headstone had been set, marking the grave of Lena. Gottlieb had ordered it, but for a long time he could not find courage to look upon the little grave. He wished to ask a neighbor to set some blossoming plants upon it, after the beautiful German custom, but he dared not

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trust himself to speak. Some time, he thought, he would do it.

One warm Sunday afternoon in early August as he strolled, idly smoking, along the footpath by the river, his eye caught the gleam of a white object rising above a clump of bushes a little farther down stream. The low rays of the afternoon sun seemed to play about this object, to insist upon it, and to magnify it to his dazzled eyes. At first he idly wondered at it; then with a thrill he knew what it must be. Should he go nearer? He hesitated; but the gleaming thing seemed to smile an invitation, and he kept on.

Bushes hid the little mound from his sight till, stepping around them, he stopped and stood staring. The grave was a mass of delicate pink and white blossoms; geraniums and fragrant white alyssum.

Gottlieb's face quivered as he looked at the dainty things, tossing their heads against the white stone above that innocent dust.

He stooped and picked a spray of the sweet alyssum and remembered the fragrance of her hair as he dropped his face upon it. He put it to his cheek and thought of the little hands that had clasped his neck.

Something hard and alien melted out of Gottlieb's heart at that moment, and with a long sigh he felt the flow of warm, human feeling coming back to him.

A choking sound, half sob, half sigh, caused him to turn quickly. Katrina was standing behind him, with a large watering pot in her hand. An expression of awkward embarrassment struggled with some deeper feeling on her worn face as she stared at the flowers.

"You make dis, Katrina?" Gottlieb asked, in a low voice.

She nodded and turned away.

"Dat is nize," he said, quietly, and turned to look at the grave again. But at the sound of the falling waterpot and another stifled sob he turned again, to see his wife, her hands folded one upon the other and outstretched to him in entreaty, her face convulsed by her piteous efforts for speech.

"Gottlieb," she said, in a strange, husky voice, "I—I—loofe you—I—*too*—Gottlieb."

She covered her face with her apron and turned away, utterly shamefaced.

Gottlieb looked at her sadly.

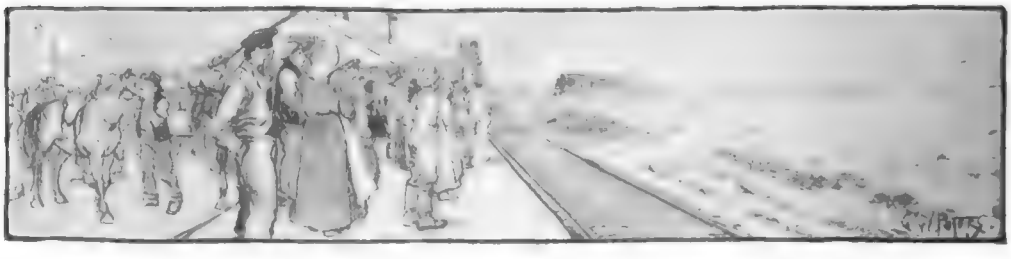
"Val," he said, slowly, "das all right."

He came near, drew the apron away, and, clumsily, with his open palm, smeared her tears across her face.

"Vat is dat—*loofe*—Katrina—hey?" he asked with quiet dignity; triumphing a little, yet sadly, and not unkindly.

As she shrank and made no answer, he gently drew the light shawl she wore about her neck and said, kindly: "Come—it is cold; ve go home now—Katrina."

He took his place at her side, and husband and wife faced the level rays of the setting sun—together.



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The Coming Queen of Comedy

Aspirants to Succession in the Merry Dynasty of Lotta

By JAMES L. FORD

TWO theatrical managers stood in the lobby of a well-known theatre discussing the merits of a young woman who was playing an important part in the musical comedy that occupied the stage that night.

"Yes, she's clever," said the older of the two men thoughtfully, in assent to the remark of his friend. "Pretty, too, and dances well, and she has a 'fetching way with her,' but for all that take my advice and don't try to make another Lotta or May Irwin out of her. She lacks the very quality that made both of them successful."

"I know what you're going to say," replied the younger man, impatiently. "You're going to say that she doesn't make friends with her audience, but you're wrong. She seemed to me to be on almost intimate terms with them."

"You're mistaken," interposed the older man, who happened to be the wiser. "She was simply on a confidential footing with a handful of her personal friends who are here to-night helping to boom her. That isn't reaching over the footlights and making friends with her audience. On the contrary, that sort of thing hurts her with everybody else in the house, because they've all paid the same price of admission and think they have a right to their share in whatever fun is going. As I understand it, you're looking for a funny woman of marked individuality to take her place in the line that began with Lotta, who was succeeded by Rosina Vokes, who was succeeded in her turn by May Irwin. Each one of those women filled a unique place on the American stage, and the question of who's to come next is really important to the world of playgoers. Each one of those three women was absolutely different from the others, but there were two qualities they all had in common. They were all funny women of the kind that could make you laugh whether you wanted to or not, and each had the gift—almost as rare in

LOTTA.

women as that of creative humor—of being able to reach out across the footlights and take an entire audience—not a bunch of personal friends down in front, but the whole house from the stage boxes to the last row in the gallery—into her confidence. Lotta did this in a marked degree. Vokes did it, but in a totally different way, and as for Irwin, you might almost say that she took the audience into her lap and talked to them like a big sister. Their successor must have these qualities."

Just now a great many persons interested in amusement matters are discussing the matter of succession in the merry dynasty that began—at least so far as the present generation is concerned—when John Brougham set the seal of New York's approval on the California girl, Lotta, by calling her the "dramatic cocktail." Funny men the stage has always had in plenty, but the gift of fun-making, like that of musical composition, is seldom found in the gentler sex. The funny woman, therefore, is not merely a female comedian, but a person of enormous consequence in comparison with the male of her species.

Lotta came to New York in the flush, feverish Civil War period. A child of the Cal-

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ifornia mining camps, she had sung, danced, and laughed her way into the hearts of the reckless, brawny Argonauts, for underneath all her gayety the chord that she struck with the firmest touch was that of their love of distant home and kindred. It was in this way, perhaps, that she learned that magic art of reaching out beyond the footlights and laying siege to the hearts of her audience. This was her mainstay in the theatres of the East, where she appealed to the refined humorous sense rather than to those primitive emotions on which she had played so effectively in the California gold-fields. By virtue of her genuine humor and a personality whose charm very few could resist, Lotta won the crown and sceptre of the royal office of special entertainer to the American people, and held them, unchallenged, until she retired from the stage.

ROSINA VOKES.

These same qualities—an ability to make friends and then to make those friends laugh—placed Rosina Vokes next in line of succession. Known previously as one of the gifted Vokes Family and purveyor of a strictly British brand of humor, it is as difficult to define Miss Vokes's peculiar charm as to convey an adequate idea of Lotta's personality and talent. Of both it may be said that they were literally idolized by the feminine part of their audiences. Women listened, wet-eyed, to Lotta as she sang "The Sweet Bye and Bye," and then went forth ready to stake their lives that the actress who had thrown so much feeling into her voice was thoroughly *good*, and if she did wear her skirts at her knees it was simply to look "cute."

LOTTA LOOKING "CUTE."

This sense of her personal worth Miss Vokes also conveyed to her audiences. Although she never enjoyed so broad a popularity as Lotta, her success with audiences of a higher intellectual average was greater.

There were, of course, other funny women on the stage during the Lotta and Vokes reigns, and some might be classed as aspirants to the throne. The most persistent and widely advertised was Minnie Palmer, a graduate of the variety stage of thirty years ago, who in certain unimportant respects successfully copied Lotta, danced nimbly, sang after a fashion, and tried to look coy and cunning.

Another aspirant was Nellie McHenry, the moving spirit of a mausoleum of variety jokes and ancient knock-about acts called Salisbury's Troubadours, the very first, I believe, of the modern crop of farce comedies.

I am not considering in this connection our exponents of legitimate comedy. The crown must go to some woman who stands completely outside the conventional lines of

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ALICE HARRISON.

MINNIE PALMER.

comedy and can back up her humor with a distinctive and winning individuality. Miss Ada Rehan, for example, is a strictly legitimate actress whose exquisite humor is marked by an undercurrent of sentiment and melancholy which, by the way, is the almost invariable accompaniment of humor in its highest form. This, combined with her great technical skill, more than her power as an emotional actress, has made her one of the most accomplished and finished artists of our time, or, as Mr. John Hare once put it, "One of the five great actresses of the world."

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert also possesses a perennial fund of genuine humor and the artistic skill necessary for its proper expression. Miss Blanche Ring, Miss Hattie Williams, Miss Edna Aug, and those other girls who are trying to lift themselves professionally, might spend an evening profitably in studying the manner in which this accomplished and experienced actress renders her comedy scenes, and I particularly commend to their attention the quiet work which she does while other members of the company are acting and talking. She is never obviously waiting for her cue, nor looking out to see who may be in the audience. She has completely mastered the fine art of listening, and listening is about two-thirds of acting.

A greater gift than either Miss Rehan's or Mrs. Gilbert's was that of Georgie Drew Barrymore, a strikingly original actress and brilliant woman, whose untimely death left vacant a place that has never yet been filled. Born of a most distinguished theatrical family, daughter of Mrs. John Drew, sister of John Drew, wife of the clever, if erratic, Maurice Barrymore, and mother of the beautiful Ethel Barrymore, she might well have aspired to the crown. She and Edwin Booth are the two members of the profession who have passed away within recent years for whom no successors have been found. An accomplished comedy actress in the highest sense, Mrs. Barrymore had also the power of creative humor. In the apt vernacular of the variety stage, she was a "producer," by which is meant a player who originates new lines and business and occasionally enlivens a scene with an impromptu joke.

Another woman who fairly deserves mention in the list of the really great humorists of the stage is Mrs. McKee Rankin, known in her younger days as Kitty Blanchard. Her clever work in the part of the boarding-house keeper in "The Girl and the Judge," is still fresh in the minds of theatregoers.

Agnes Booth, though generally identified with emotional parts, has also genuine comedy talent.

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The farce comedy craze of twenty years ago is responsible for grave crimes against humor, but it also served to bring into favorable public notice a number of clever people whose reputations had been made on the variety stage. An English entertainer named Kate Castleton was among those who won popularity at this period. She appeared in a loose-jointed piece called "Crazy Quilt," in which she played a demure Quaker maiden —a rôle that gave full play to her slender but genuine vein of humor. Her singing of "For Goodness' Sake, Don't Say I Told You" is still remembered by theatregoers of her day. A promising career was cut short when Miss Castleton died.

In the midst of the Lotta reign, or about the close of the seventies, Edward Harrigan's Mulligan dramas established Mrs. Annie Yeamans as a genuinely funny woman. In the part of Cordelia Mulligan she kept New York laughing for years.

MRS. BARRYMORE.

KATE CASTLETON.

Another woman of distinctive personality was Miss Alice Harrison, who was second only to Geistinger, the German actress, in point of versatility. Miss Harrison had her training in the old-fashioned stock companies which frequently followed a week of sombre tragedy under McCullough or Barrett, with a Sunday night of rollicking comedy. She seemed able to play anything she was cast for, but she is especially remembered by her Hiawatha, her Gabriel in "Evangeline," her "Libby Dear" in "The Mighty Dollar," and the part that she played for so many years in the farce comedy "Photos." She was also the original Yum Yum in Sydney Rosenfeld's production of "The Mikado." Her humor was of a kind that eludes analysis, and although dead many years she is still held in loving remembrance by playgoers as one of the funniest and most entertaining actresses of her time.

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MAY IRWIN.

MARIE CAHILL.

The untimely death of Rosina Vokes in 1894, at the very zenith of her powers, left the throne of humor vacant. Although there were many aspirants, it was not until Miss May Irwin, a well-known variety actress and a member of the comedy companies maintained by Augustin Daly and Charles Frohman, appeared in company with Peter F. Dailey in "A Country Sport," that it became evident another really humorous star had appeared. By virtue of immediate popular recognition Miss Irwin straightway came into the kingdom, and demonstrated, by her marked individuality, her finished art, and her inexhaustible buoyancy and spirits, her fitness for the crown. From that time until last season Miss Irwin remained the one distinctively funny woman on the American stage. It may be noted that Lotta was American, Miss Vokes English, and Miss Irwin of Scotch blood.

A candidate whose claims to the succession will be seriously regarded by a great many women is Miss May Robson, who, unfortunately, is lacking in both the essential qualities. She is not a true humorist, but rather one who seeks to entertain by grotesque make-ups and certain tricks which are merely pieces of theatric mechanism. To the unthinking, a woman with a bald wig and two very black curls is a fit subject for laughter; but the real humorist is handicapped rather than aided by such meretricious accessories. The late John W. Kelly, one of the truest humorists that ever trod our stage, was noted for the complete simplicity of his attire, which was that of a well-to-do artisan in his Sunday clothes —straight hanging frock-coat, shoestring tie and queer high hat. He used no "props" whatever except a pair of spectacles, which gave an added thoughtfulness to his serious face. It is so seldom that women commit the common masculine sin of queer make-up that Miss Robson's ruthless sacrifice of her good looks to the supposed demands of humor has won her a distinctive place in her profession.

The most accomplished artist among all the aspirants surely is Miss Fay Templeton, whose succession might almost be taken for granted but for the fact that she has confined herself exclusively to the difficult art of caricature or burlesque, in which she is absolutely without peer in this country. But the crown of popular stage humor can no more be worn by an artist of this type than can that of humor of the pen be won by a satirist—the literary counterpart of the stage caricaturist. Fine and clean cut is Miss Templeton's art, subtle her technique and unequalled—at times even startling—her gift of characterization, but it is not the sort of fun-making that fits one for the place in the public heart once filled by a Lotta, a Vokes, and an Irwin.

Another genuine humorist whose skill has

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recently been directed into a channel contiguous to that of Miss Templeton is Miss Louise Allen, whom a single season in the company of Messrs. Weber & Field has established firmly in metropolitan favor. Though in no sense an imitator of her associate, Miss Allen has also devoted herself to burlesque and caricature, and with so much success that she is qualified to step into Miss Templeton's place should the latter retire or seek other fields of endeavor. No other artist on our stage has shown greater improvement in her art or developed more rapidly than has Miss Allen since she first appeared in New York in the autumn of 1900 in "On the Quiet."

Miss Blanche Ring's popularity with what is called the "Broadway Public" is merely

FAY TEMPLETON.

JESSIE BUSLEY.

a matter of six months' growth. She is the breezy maiden who, at the opening of Mrs. Osborn's Play House, bounded into favor with a song, "The Belle of Avenue A," which she sang with infinite spirit and humor. Of the wreck of "Tommy Rot" she was the sole survivor, and she is now fairly embarked on a prosperous career in one of Mr. Lederer's musical comedies. Miss Ring comes of theatrical stock, and for years prior to her appearance in the violet-scented atmosphere of the theatre that was "opposite Sherry's" was a prime favorite with burlesque and variety audiences throughout the country. Indeed, it is to her credit that with her professional experience her stage work should be so free from vulgarity and offensive suggestion as it is. She is breezy, jolly, exuberant, and has an infectious laugh which never fails to put her on good terms with an audience. There is much for her to learn in the matter of technique and many bad habits to overcome. There is no hope for her aspirations to the throne until she gives up the luxury of private laughs while on the stage. A theatre audience pays for the privilege of being amused, and is apt to resent the conduct of the comedian who, although unable to amuse his auditors, interrupts the play by "breaking up" the leading lady with whispered witticisms. Miss Ring possesses a real hu-

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morous gift, however, and if she will take example of Miss Allen in the matter of intelligent work and study, she will eventually prove a claimant worthy of serious consideration.

Miss Mabel Fenton is unquestionably funny, especially in burlesque. Perhaps she is rather more boisterous in her methods than is necessary, but she is never vulgar, and is nearly always amusing. Miss Mollie Fuller has talents of the highest order, is a true humorist and comprehends something of the magic art of reaching across the footlights, in which she is the superior of Miss Fenton. She is withal a woman of uncommon intelligence, who is by no means to be regarded as out of the race.

Miss Hattie Williams, of the Rogers Brothers company, is Irish to the core, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred means the possession of humor. This is a dark-eyed, vivacious girl, extremely bright and pretty of face, from whom much may be expected. Another Irish girl is Miss Ada Lewis, who leaped into local fame in a single night by her personation of a San Francisco hoodlum in "Reilly and the Four Hundred." For many years thereafter Miss Lewis's "tough girl" was so well known to the theatre-going public that her managers would never let her appear in anything else.

BLANCHE RING.

HATTIE WILLIAMS.

There is also Marie Dressler, a woman of undoubted humor who astonishes us now and then with some remarkably clever work, who sings coon songs admirably, and in some respects reminds one of May Irwin. If it were not for an unfortunate coarseness which frequently mars her best work and awakens repugnance instead of amusement in her auditors, Miss Dressler might obtain serious recognition of her claims to the leadership. I have sometimes thought that Miss Maggie Cline, of "Throw Him Down, McClusky" fame, was a woman of undeveloped powers, and that if she had not been content to remain a mere singer might have won still greater fame as a comic actress. Miss Josie Sadler and Miss Edna Aug are also deserving of mention in the category of humorists, and both have the knack of getting on confidential terms with their audiences. Deserving of a place beside them is Miss May Vokes who recently won renown as the lodging-house "slavey" in "A Fool and His Money."

A woman of true temperament is Miss

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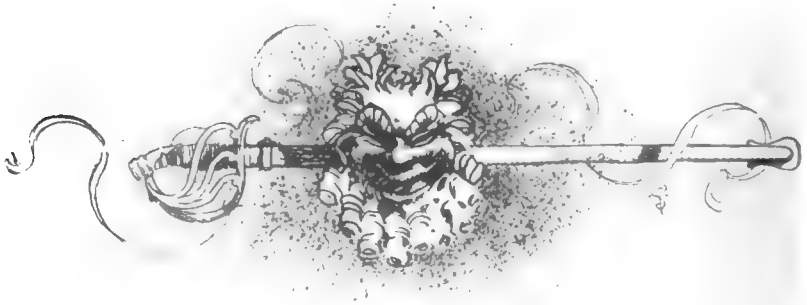
Jessie Busley, who has done exceedingly good work in "Hearts Are Trumps," "Sky Farm," "The New Clown" and "The Girl with the Green Eyes," and is likely to blossom out any day into theatrical stardom. She is sincere and convincing in her serious work, and has great skill in delineating the rapidly changing moods and tenses of feminine nature. She is a humorist, too, and makes people laugh by legitimate methods.

MRS. GILBERT.

A candidate whose aspirations are undeniable is Miss Marie Cahill, whose turn has certainly come, if nationality is to count, for she is as Irish as that band of just and discriminating dramatic critics, the Clan-na-Gael. Miss Cahill is a graduate of the Hoyt farce comedy school, where she was known as a nimble and graceful dancer and a pleasing singer. She does not dance much now, but she sings coon songs. Although not in any way an imitator of Miss Irwin, who was, after all, inimitable, she renders these ditties quite as effectively as did her predecessor. It is not her fault that people say as they leave the theatre, "She's a new May Irwin." These admirers of hers do not mean to intimate that she is unoriginal, but rather that she has a quality that the other possesses. It is true she is blonde and fat and wholesome-looking and makes her audience laugh, but it takes something more than all that to place a woman on a throne which has been occupied by such women as I have named.

The quality which Miss Cahill possesses is the same as that which lifted Lotta, Miss Vokes and Miss Irwin far above the level of their contemporaries. It is the power of making friends across the footlights, of addressing herself individually to each and every auditor. There is genuine humor behind it, the ability to make people laugh without the aid of grotesque make-up or violent physical exertion. Miss Cahill makes her points quietly —a little too quietly some think—and conveys the impression of a reserve force of entertaining qualities that she can draw on at will. But more important than all is this rare gift of making her own distinctive personality felt even by those in the very last row of the gallery.



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Toilers of the Home

A College Woman's Experiences as a Domestic Servant

By LILLIAN PETTENGILL

[Shortly after graduating from Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, in 1898, Miss Pettengill took her first step toward a practical inquiry into those social questions that had for some time been vexing her independent mind. She went into domestic service. While the relation of her experiences pretends to the solution of no problem, it is yet full of suggestions for both mistress and maid. Miss Pettengill's conclusions in this, the last article of the series, are based, not only on the experiences already recorded in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, but on services in several other families which are narrated in full in her forthcoming volume.—EDITOR.]

IV

AFTERTHOUGHT

I DO not work in the homes of strangers any more; but it may be that having once done so, I am still a "living-out girl." Be it so.

I remember my life as "Eliza" as a time of honorable toil, though I cannot feel in it very much of professional pride; my failures from stupidity, ignorance, and physical inadequacy were too many. The blackening of the Barry range was but one of the many things I wanted to do and did not do. Other things, like the washing out of the ice-chest, I left undone for a longer season than was desirable, merely because the need of doing them did not occur to me. Mr. Scharff did not enjoy the mackerel which Mrs. Scharff had provided for his Sunday morning breakfast because I insisted upon waiting until he rang for it, as it was the habit of womanfolk to do when ready for the second course. Instead of ringing after he had eaten his cereal, Mr. Scharff got up and went off, believing he had reached the end of the menu. I had been with the family long enough to have noted this difference in habit, even if Frieda had not jabbered so earnestly about it. I confess to some density. But Mrs. Scharff's recital of the anecdote in my presence to a tableful of guests did not endear her to me. And lastly, I forgot. I did not always remember from the first telling everything that was or was not expected of me.

My experiences are now remote enough for a rational perspective. The stress and strain of them, the hurry and worry, the dread and the anger, then so real and so wearing, are but pale memories. Wherefore, I am enabled to give the honest opinion that Mrs. Scharff's tempestuous outbreaks were not so much a matter of disposition, or "nerves," as of theory.

Mrs. Scharff wanted to go constantly to New York; she wanted her house in order for the most impressive reception of Miss Emilie's friends, and she did not care to take what she considered the risk of employing, when she was not there to watch, a woman from outside to assist me with the work. So she was forced to drive her chambermaid as fast and as far as she would go without openly rebelling, and that under bearing and language of high excitement, and in the knowledge that she was demanding too much.

That this was Mrs. Scharff's case I have her own undesigned testimony. Women should learn not to talk about other women who are at work just beyond an open door, even in low tones. The attention of the worker may be unaccountably arrested, and her hearing acute beyond expectation.

"I've talked rather hard to her, harder than was necessary, harder than I wish I had," admitted Mrs. Scharff.

"Why?" queried Mrs. Rauston.

"Because—you can get more work out of 'em that way."

"But wasn't it too much to expect—all the cleaning in ten days?"

"They got through with it," said Mrs. Scharff, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"They—oh, the cook helped?"

"Some, yes; but the other one did most of it."

"But wasn't it too much for the girl?" persisted Mrs. Rauston.

"Well, yes, perhaps it may have been in this case; I don't think it would have been for an older and stronger girl."

The visitor disapproved openly.

"Oh, I shouldn't try it again, I shouldn't dare," admitted the hostess. "I don't be-

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lieve it would work again. I didn't hear a word said in objection, but there were signs——"

"But do you think it pays to act in that way?" urged Mrs. Rauston.

"I sha'n't think so, if the girl leaves me because I did so; but I don't think she will. I think I can find a way to keep her right along, now that she has stayed through so much."

Surely an extraordinary method with one's employees! Upon what curious understanding of human nature is it founded! Mrs. Scharff's theory appears to me to be that held by our late slave-drivers. To dream of it in connection with free labor, of a class for which the supply cannot begin to satisfy the demand, savors of insanity.

That notion that a housemaid must be every minute at work is such shortsighted business policy! The enforcement of such a rule must influence to deceit, dawdling rather than thoroughness, lack of ambition or desire to improve, and the widening of that deplored and deplorable "chasm between mistresses and maids." There is no real gain in the total quantity of work done; the severe and needless strain upon the worker's strength cannot be other than detrimental to her health and temper; and the reaction is not likely to be in the employer's favor.

For just how large a portion of their domestic troubles the saner women are in debt to the unreasonable housekeepers nobody can tell, but one is led to believe that it is for no inconsiderable one; a girl cannot fully lose the influence of her last place, and so she goes to the next perverted or improved according to that last place and the time she was there. Wherefore, the greatest good to the greatest number, a scab list of the impossible mistresses, and the boycotting of the same, would seem a wise provision.

But the domestic problem I perceive to be not entirely one of personality, else I had not been dissatisfied to stay with Mrs. Wakefield, or else I would even now hold to the idea of going back to the Wetherlys', or else I had not refused to consider other domestic openings offered in plenty.

I do not regret the past year. I do not think of it as a time of unusual hardship even. The experience brought me better health, greater strength. In place of a strong distaste I gained something of interest and liking for domestic tasks. I came to enjoy manual labor. The other workers with whom I was associated proved a source of interest and enjoyment, not to say comfort and wisdom. Had I worked at my first and poorest paid place as many consecutive weeks as I worked at all five together, I should have had more money to my account by $13 than my best efforts could save from salary payments amounting to $1,200. Life in one kitchen, at least, turned out to be more attractive, more congenial, than in any one of the four boarding-places I have had. Between three of the women whom I served and myself, no shadow of unpleasantness ever fell. They were sufficiently kind, and when I left each of them it was with more or less of sincere regret.

Yet I would not at all like the idea of settling down to that life of domestic labor for any length of time. The prospects for the worker are too dreary; the attractions are too few and too sordid. In short, as I observed to Mrs. Scharff, the conditions of domestic employ are not to my liking. She said: "Yes, I know what you mean," and thought of spots on the kitchen table-cloth, and of my rooming with Frieda. But those were really trifles.

In my employers, I was on the whole fortunate. I did not meet the woman who required the single maid for the family of five (two being children of the white ruffled variety) to have the basket of clean clothes upstairs by Tuesday noon; a requirement which the maid could meet only by ironing until midnight the day before, and sometimes later. I did not meet the woman who allowed her maid out one afternoon a month, that beginning not earlier than four o'clock. Nor the woman who returned from church Sunday morning to a summary dismissal of her maid, the maid having refused to clean in her employer's absence the windows she had been unable to clean the day before, without neglecting the three small children especially left to her care. Had the maid been intimidated by threats of forcible ejection, had there been no law to protect her, she would have left the house within half an hour without the wages due. Neither did I meet the woman who dismissed her maid, because having mounted two flights of stairs for some direction needed in her work, the girl sank, weak and sick, into a chair by the door, and in the presence of that woman, her employer. Nor the woman who, having ordered the baking of much bread and pastry from her single new maid—who happened to be a

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mature woman of experience and skill—promptly dismissed that maid in the midst of her operations, for incompetence; because having some things already in the oven and others in process of mixing, she could not go upstairs to hang curtains and still answer for the culinary success. I missed also the economical women; one of whom, in ordering, figured the quantity of table provisions so closely that it was only when one of the family refused something that there was anything left for the girl in the kitchen. Another economical woman always kept everything under lock of which she carried the key, doling out the exact amount of each article for every occasion. Going away one morning after breakfast, and being unexpectedly detained until 10 P.M., her maid at home was left to sustain herself meanwhile on a few pieces of dry bread. The woman's return was the signal for the preparation of a hearty meal; but to appreciate the maid's situation one should try the experiment of such a fast, being sure to fill in a long morning with sweeping, washing floors, cleaning windows, making beds and the like.

A personal acquaintance with these women, all resident near the city of my career, was, as I say, spared me; but the doings imputed to them are every one true, being known of and vouched for by personal friends, of trustworthy veracity, and not of the living-out class. Were it otherwise, these stories must seem beyond belief. By no manner of means can I make the incidents fit to my idea of gracious ladyhood, though the seven of whom they were told were accounted within that estate. It was observed, too, that they were loud and continuous in their complaint against the obtainable help, zealous in advertising their own remarkable kindness and the easy lot of a maid in their household. Indeed, my experience and observation go to show that there is a fixed ratio between the complacency of a woman's speech on this matter, the severity of her criticism upon the workers, and her own outrageous management, her incapacity to direct an underworker. It would be fairer to speak of the "housekeeper's problem" than of the "housekeeper's difficulty," since the housekeepers contribute so largely to its bitterness. And the housekeeper's problem would, on analysis, resolve itself largely into the problem of self-government.

But there undoubtedly remains "the servant girl problem," so-called, and with this domestic or household problem come perplexities real and puzzling, of which four occur to my mind: (1) Long and indefinite hours of labor; (2) the lack of incentive from without, or reward, in some degree dependent upon the lack of opportunity of regular business promotion; (3) the lack of variety, which would not be but for the lack of opportunity for a distinct home or social life; (4) the social stigma.

Generally, the long hours rather than the heaviness of the individual tasks, make the strain of living-out too severe. The average length of my own working day was fifteen hours. My rest day, robbed of half its value by the fact that my free time was split by hours of necessary labor, averaged twelve hours. Many mothers do not get even so much free time, somebody has observed; a true enough observation, but why make it in this connection? Do not circumstances alter cases, and is not the difference of compensation all the difference in the world? A mother has a proprietary interest, and works for love, at her own will and in obedience only to a sense of duty. Can a passing stranger know such impulse for three dollars and a half per week?

If there were an ulterior motive, a hope of material reward, a chance of promotion! The esteem of one's old employers is pleasant to think of, but it doesn't draw interest in the bank or properly satisfy one's higher aspirations. The pastures of domestic work offer pretty poor feeding for ambition, it must be acknowledged.

Consider the situation. A "nice girl" who is quick and handy may start at general housework on full wages and inexperience. What she doesn't know in the beginning her employer is willing to teach her, if she really prove "nice"; and in time she is competent for the place. Her work is a familiar routine and her wage no larger than at first, unless it perhaps is raised fifty cents or a dollar, to keep her from going elsewhere. That she began on full pay is nothing—everybody begins that way. The girl has gone as far as she can go in that house, and so far as concerns her advancement in her trade, what time she stays after that point is reached is lost to her.

In the bigger houses a girl may begin to specialize and so get more money. In them, too, one may be offered the position of travelling companion and lady's maid, perhaps; and certain other helps upward may come to

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a girl through personal interest, which are not in the way of regular business promotion. Yet when Mrs. Hollis suggested upstairs work and sewing as occupations which I might find more agreeable than those in which I was engaged, that was the very best she, with all her good will, could do for me in her house, and the wage was not and never would be any larger than that which I was getting.

After my experience at the Wetherlys', had luck favored, I could have served as under cook in the kitchen of a very first family, and then, I suppose, genius my only limit, and luck the only arbiter of my fortunes. I really do not know how great the demand for expensive master cooks may be.

It is hard on the people of moderate incomes, but the great houses and the long purses are the goal of every ambitious housework girl. The big houses offer the best in wages, accommodations, gifts and other perquisites, so nothing remains to be striven for. The many associate workers make lighter work and shorter hours, and they save from monotony and loneliness.

Yet the road to the big houses lies through a series of changes of "places" which may well disconcert a young girl just starting out to earn her way. She may not be ambitious and may feel that a comfortable home and the certainty of being able to save money will atone for the fact that she will never rise in her chosen trade much beyond the point at which she started. And this is where the third perplexity comes in. The nice girl finds that in her mistress's house there is nothing that resembles the home and social life to which she has been accustomed. What she is offered is likely to prove a shelter and a feeding-place merely.

The Wetherly sisters were able to modify my solitary condition very appreciably, but the success of such efforts is entirely dependent on the personal equation, and comparatively few housewives can wisely try such a plan.

It was an intelligent man as well as a good one who was concerned because his Protestant maid did not accept his invitation to attend family prayers.

"While she lives with us we want her to feel that our house is her home—we endeavor to create that atmosphere. Devotions is a family institution in which she might share; besides—we are sure it would be for her good to do so. I wonder seriously whether I ought to insist that she come for the good of her soul," he mused.

The homelike atmosphere, analyzed, might show the element of personal freedom as important a component as any.

"I wish Mrs. L. wouldn't get me into her room and talk to me," a girl complained to a particular friend in the family, but not of it. "I know she is very good and kind-hearted, and wants to be kind and do things for me. But she makes me feel all the time how ignorant I am, so I am afraid to say anything. I never feel comfortable with her."

The more just way and the more agreeable —judging others by myself—would be the arrangement by which the maid might enjoy a family or social life of her own kind and choosing. If the living-out girl did not live out; if she arrived every morning and left every evening, as do so many who are employed in apartments, and as is so often required of Negro help, this might be. It would necessitate arrangement and rearrangement, of course, but, save in exceptional cases—remote country houses and the like—none that might not be made with advantage to both parties.

The family would need to be prompt at meals, of course—a great hygienic gain as well as a moral one, for a dinner ordered at half-past six is a business engagement with the cook, and should be honored as such. The boy, that most difficult of animals to arouse in the morning (also the girl) might learn to meet dining-room appointments as promptly as those of the school-room and baseball field are met. Even the golf-player would, as a matter of course, arrange either to be in time for the family meal or to provide for himself. In some households the extras due to sheer thoughtlessness and unpunctuality fill several hours a week—as pure a waste of labor, and therefore of time, as the open-mouthed listening to ghost stories or over-the-fence conversations during working hours are held to be by mistresses. With care for the time leakage, a day of ten hours ought to suffice for the work of a house, with special arrangements for special occasions. A chambermaid finishing first in the afternoon might be the first to arrive in the morning, to open the house and start the fire; the cook and waitress staying later at night would arrive later in the morning. If an unusually early breakfast should be desired, the master or mistress should be equal to the

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boiling of an egg and the making of coffee. The "undressing" of the bed and the answering of one's doorbell after a certain hour in the evening ought not to be very burdensome, and the moral and physical benefit of even so much active, useful effort might be considerable. If a certain class of women did more of their own housework they would know fewer disorders, nervous and otherwise. Several physicians agree with Mrs. Scharff in this. "I would be better to-day, Eliza, if I did more of my own housework." I believed her, though physically Mrs. Scharff appeared robust and vigorous.

The girl who worked would receive in money the fair equivalent of her living and provide for herself, save perhaps the midday dinner or hearty lunch; and live with her own family, or with nearby friends, or colonize with other girls as do the office-workers and professional women, though necessarily on a cheaper scale. Between her and her employer would never arise the questions of inadequate bedroom accommodation, of the use of the bathtub, of kitchen suppers, of company—of all those privileges which housekeepers cannot or will not grant, yet which the domestic worker should share with other wage-earners. So would be avoided kitchen storms and short terms of service. The girl with the independent outside life would not feel the dumpiness, discontent, and uneasy craving for change which are the direct result of solitude and monotony.

But the domestic worker, you may say, is so much better cared for than any other class of working women. Exactly. She is too completely cared for; she should be caring for herself. Not that she knows this. It may be that more than half those now living out would meet such a change as I suggest as reluctantly as would their employers. They are accustomed to the old way. But the new way is coming, and its coming will be the dawning of the housekeeper's golden age. Non-resident household labor may never be universal, of course, but it is bound to be general. With this comparative freedom of life for domestic workers and the lifting of the social stigma from them as a class, the housekeeping world will begin to count recruits from women whose tastes and fitness for domestic concerns cannot in this generation keep them from crowding the ranks of school-teachers, typewriters, bookkeepers, clerks and operators of all sorts; the very sort of helpers, in fact, that housekeepers seem to be pining for will be at hand.

But there is little danger that such enlightened state will burst too suddenly over our land. Has it not been said that the class prejudice is more deeply rooted than the race prejudice? An industrial change which involves the overcoming of a class prejudice may be depended upon to progress with extreme moderation.

That there is the social ban on the domestic worker is not to be denied. The nobler, the professional toilers, the commercial devotees, accepting each other with the courtesy of mutual toleration, meet under their own standard, which proclaims reverence for ability and accomplishment, respect for those who live by the exercise of their God-given powers, be they ever so humble. Lineage is but an accident; heirlooms and legacies a caprice of fortune; all men are brothers; rank goes by individual worth, and work is a high privilege. This is the creed of thinking democracy.

But let somebody—a relative, for instance, choose to live by the labor of his God-given hands, and behold, it is a time for nice distinction. Creed is seen to be at variance with prejudice, and proves the weaker. Domestic hand toil, when it becomes a fact in the family, is so much less respectable than brain toil; and socially the domestic worker bears the burden of the inferiority which comes to her as soon as her occupation is known. A girl may sew dresses and trim hats in a shop all day for odd dollars a week, and keep her place as one of the people. In her own home, it is true, she may cook, make beds, sweep and dust, or wash and iron, and be queer or unfortunate, according as the motive be of choice or necessity. But the same girl, taking up her abode in the home of another, and doing there for wages the same necessary work she has been accustomed to do for herself, becomes as one of a lower order, a menial, a social outcast. The tie of kindred still holds, but all is not as it was. The family is ashamed; they apologize, they excuse, or they avoid the subject.

"Couldn't you walk down the street with me?" I asked.

"Why, yes, Eliza, of course, I could walk down the street with you the same as with anyone else," said Miss Eleanor Wetherly, whose half-jest had given rise to the ques-

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tion. "I could, only I mustn't on account of what the neighbors would say if they should see me go out with the girl. Our standards of respectability appear to be the same, and if I had met you anywhere outside, not knowing your work, I should have been glad to follow up the meeting to a closer acquaintance, if that were convenient and proved agreeable. But instead of that you come to work in my kitchen, so I can't know you outside of it. It's wrong and foolish" [of the neighbors, of society], "but we have to conform, or where are we? We awake some fine morning and our friends don't know us any more."

"Suppose we had met and been friends for a time without your hearing that I worked out; suppose we just hadn't happened to speak of the matter; then, if someone had told you the truth, what would you have done?"

"Have done? I'd have been mad. But that case never could happen. I suppose nothing is ever said about it, but it is always an understood thing that the lady and the girl do not know each other outside. It's in the air, maybe."

"But *suppose* it could happen, would you know me any more?"

"Well—I—I'd be sorry, but you'd be only a memory, Eliza. It's too bad."

I wonder if Miss Arleen ever would have taken me over the Barry factory as she promised.

An intelligent, well-dressed, and modest-appearing young woman, apparently a teacher in a neighboring school, called at a public library for a book. The attendant made out the record and gave her what she wanted.

"Oh, wait a moment, please," said the attendant. "What is your occupation?"

"I am a house servant," was the answer.

"I'm very sorry, then, but I cannot let you have the book without a written voucher from your employer. It is the rule for children and servants."

"Well, of course; that was a necessary rule, probably. A servant very likely wouldn't know how to take care of a book. They aren't all like you, you know," was the comment of my friend to whom I related this incident.

Even the questions asked me about domestic workers and my experiences are not insignificant. "What *do* those people spend their money on?" is a favorite query; also, "Wasn't it very disagreeable rooming with them as you had to?"

Who thinks of asking how the girls who live at home and work in offices and stores spend their earnings? All the housemaids I have ever known of have used their money as I have been accustomed to use mine—for what was needed or wanted, but my fellow-workers all went me one better in that they had a balance left over current expenses—the reward of working steadily in one place. Frieda had a bank account and a choice lot of garments. Gretchen helped her family and paid doctors' bills, chiefly. Anna had bought clothes and taken a trip across the water, and generally when she came in from an outing she had a magazine of some sort. Tilly was saving against a rainy day.

When it comes to room-mates, I found a double bed for Frieda and me more to my mind than the whole Scharff estate for Mrs. Scharff and me. Domestic workers, in general, I believe to be quite as cleanly as circumstances allow, or as their employers would be were their positions reversed.

Now what is the reason for this universal belief in the inferiority of domestic labor and of those who perform it? The sum of knowledge is not in Latin declension, or in the crossing of Euclid's *pons*, and all wisdom is not in books. I read almost nothing (cook books excepted) during all the year I was a living-out girl; and save that period of infancy when I began to walk, talk, and acquire vocabulary, I have not learned so much of value in any other one year. From people, from books, and from travel, these are three famous ways of acquisition, and the first is the oldest. A housekeeper and her family make very good text-books, and some maids go through a good many different sets, and come out shrewd enough for a third degree. In all seriousness, it seems hardly just, some way, that a woman who understands herself, her work and her kind, who has as firm a grip on what is vital in existence as Frieda and, in fact, as most of the older domestic workers I have known, should be classed as ignorant.

Does not domestic work of itself develop the individual mentality as factory work cannot? And is not the domestic worker given a wider field of observation of life and more chance for contact with people of different sorts? Think of the unending punching of eyelets, always among the same class of

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workers, and its probable contribution to individual development. Yet would an eyelet puncher consider domestic employ? Her friends might look down on her. Gretchen's friends knew her no more when she went to live out, for the social gap between a housemaid and a label paster, a housemaid and a girl who tends store, a housemaid and a seamstress is very wide. It would be comic if it were not so pathetic.

Yet we cannot criticise the label pasters, the storetenders and the dressmaking apprentices for imitating the supposedly more enlightened who, in one way or another, have chosen to discriminate against domestic workers as a class.

There was a time in the olden days when such prejudice had not come to be, if what the books tell us be true; when modest respectability did not apologize for sharing actively in the work of her own house, or commonly excuse its untidiness by lack of a helper.

The well-to-do dame worked with her maidens, who were also the frequent companions of her leisure. Those were the days of "help." Independent, self-respecting, efficient help it was, too, recruited from the daughters of respectable artisans or farmers of the region, and quite worthy of the favorable notice won from visiting Europeans. "The help made part of the family, eating at the same table and occasionally taking part in the conversation." There were no uniforms then, no orders; instead there were requests, and consultations over the work, mutual respect without obsequiousness, and cheerful, willing service.

"The farmers' daughters all teach school nowadays. Occasionally one of them is glad to earn a little pin money by working for awhile in a neighbor's house, but she is there as a friend, not as a wage-earner, and when the special need is over she goes home again," said one farmer's wife.

"A country girl would not work as a regular servant in a village home?" I asked.

"Dear, no! for then she would have to eat in the kitchen and receive her callers at the back door. It is almost impossible for a housekeeper of this region to get help in the village or out of it."

One does not have to seek far for reasons of the social change. Years ago the invention of machinery brought the factories and the big manufacturing cities which line the river-banks. And the coming of these marked a new era in the industrial world. In the factories women, as well as men, found plenty of work, specialized, and easy to learn, within definite fixed hours, with a higher wage, and the one day in seven entirely free. The people who had been making the whole of the one thousand and one things prepared in each household for its own use or for exchange at a neighborhood fair, flocked to the factories to tend machines, doing a single part in the making of any one of those same one thousand and one things. The workers revelled in the greater independence of factory life, the simplicity of the work, and deserted the little shops, the farms, and the single households in such numbers as to cause a help famine, not yet passed in some districts.

With the increasing population came greater business activity, greater wealth, more luxurious ways of living and—the sewing machine; an ever-increasing demand for household laborers, along with the ever-decreasing supply. What would have happened if the great foreign immigration had not set in, it is hard to tell. Enforced simplicity of living, perhaps, less to be deplored than the present lack of it.

But the foreign helpers did come in droves; some with a good home training in the rudiments of housewifery and with a proper respect for the decalogue; some unable to distinguish a chafing-dish from a warming-pan, or to learn the use of either, and holding the ten laws of Moses as too sacred for daily use. These could not go in where our own "help" had gone out. They knew not our ways. But we could learn what they knew—they brought something of the aristocratic European spirit with them, no doubt—and our class distinctions took root.

But there are cheering signs. The leaven of domestic science is working. There is manual training in the elementary public schools. The interest in the cooking-school is increasing. One recent college graduate of whom I personally know, as housekeeper for a good-sized academic school, is applying her domestic science courses with three notable results. During the first year of her experience she saved $200 out of the customary appropriation for her department; and what is more important, students as well as authorities declared with enthusiasm that they never lived so well. And the housekeeper likes her work. I know of two more young college women who are enthusiastic over the work falling to the office of "mother's help."

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Let the educated class show that they hold there is nothing degrading in domestic service; that, on the contrary, it is a profession requiring brains and education, and in which success is honorable, and the social ban will gradually disappear. Then once more mistresses will find intelligent superior American girls willing to work for them and will cease to be at the mercy of the untrained emigrant.

In the meantime the individual employer must struggle with her own difficulties. What plan is best for her she alone knows, or should know. Actual experience of that side of the question, the housekeeper's side, has been spared me. Did I see it coming I should begin to pray immediately for the necessary number of "old family servants," and most cheerfully would I spend my days and nights in the effort to realize in myself their ideals, to be worthy of such rare blessings.

But one's faith in such petitions could not in reason be of the sort that moves mountains. As a housekeeper, then, coping with present conditions, there would be framed in my constitution several unalterable rules:

1. Never under any consideration will I engage an applicant whose face and bearing do not in my judgment declare her worthy. My need for "somebody" shall not entrap me into taking "anybody."

2. Shall I ever fail to remember that the employee is as worthy consideration and fairness as her employer ought to be? I trust I shall remember, the days of slavery being past, that my girl, cook, or other maid is not my property, and that she is entirely free to leave my employ for that of any other housekeeper who will make it worth her while—as free as the wind that blows. Nor shall I blackguard the more fortunate woman who can offer superior attractions. Just why the salaries of all cooks should be uniform any more than the salaries of all private secretaries should be uniform, or just why a domestic employee alone of all workers should not be open to business propositions from other women while still in employ, is beyond human ingenuity to discover. Finite mind can find no rational support for the present strong social sentiment to the contrary.

3. Keeping house with a hired helper is the conduct of important business. All understandings and plans should be on a business basis from the start. The co-operative and profit-sharing scheme proposed by Professor Lucy M. Salomon and tried so satisfactorily by many housekeepers commends itself. Briefly, this involves a system of accounts—a periodical taking account of stock, and a sharing of the balance over the average allowance for provision, breakage, and wear in the different departments, saved by the economy and carefulness of the worker with her materials. It means more work for the housekeeper, of course, but as Mr. Scharff said, "What can you expect when you don't attend to business?" The plan seems to me to supply a needed incentive, and is something of a substitute for promotion in office. I shall also experiment with non-resident labor.

4. I do not take kindly to the idea of educating any possible employees from the kindergarten up, though I should expect to teach them my peculiar preferences with patience and firmness. If there is more than one maid, none but experienced and competent cooks need apply. And certainly I shall not look for domestic excellence in a factory-bred American. The second generation of factory workers is said to be inferior physically and mentally, if not morally; and the third generation the last as well. How can a woman working ten or twelve hours a day in the stifle and whirr, as her mother worked before her, practise, teach, or know aught of practical home-making?

5. I shall ask my employees what they would like me to call them. If the waitress says "Mrs. Strofonowsky," Mrs. Strofonowsky she shall be. One may sometimes say "waitress" for short, as one says "doctor."

I like a uniform for indoor wear on the ground of neatness and convenience. I do not like a livery. Personal service is demoralizing. No one shall be asked to wait on any healthy adult in my house. When I cook messes in the kitchen I shall do so only on the cook's afternoon out. And having satisfied myself of the general character and orderliness of the worker in her workroom, I shall keep out of the kitchen. Frieda said: "Nice ladies come into the kitchen never. Nice ladies always speak with me in the dining-room." I want to be a nice lady.

6. And finally. When I perceive in myself an inclination to fret and nag, or to explode, it shall be a clear sign that I need to retire from business. I shall take a housekeeper, a term of boarding, or travel, or to the simplification of my way of living.

THE END.

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Significant Autobiographies

II—The Member of Congress

IN writing this record of my experiences as a member of the House of Representatives, I have not gone into detail as to my committee work, or otherwise identified myself with the affairs of the House, except in the most general way; not because there is anything to conceal, but because such detail is unnecessary. I have tried to draw with a free hand a picture of the average experiences of the average member from an average district of an average State. Nothing that happened to me was unique. I was one of 357 men. Most of these men felt and acted as I did, and received the same treatment. We early learned that we were simply parts of a great machine, remorseless in discipline, exacting in obligations, and, being human, we occasionally sacrificed some of our finer feelings, and, perhaps some of our cherished ideals as to the legislative branch of the greatest republic on earth.

I was forty-seven years old when I was nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket in a Republican district in a Middle-Western State. Twenty-five of these years I had spent practising law in the county seat of a prosperous county. I went there immediately on finishing college, and was admitted to the Bar, on motion, after I had read law for a year. As a matter of fact, I learned my law after I became a lawyer.

At the time of my nomination the population of the town where I lived was 7,000. It was the largest place in the county, and the headquarters for the county politics. I had grown up with the town. As a young man I had identified myself with the Republican organization. I had been active first in municipal and then in county politics, and, on one or two occasions, had reached out into the Congressional district. I had been District-Attorney for two terms, and had been defeated in the convention for the nomination for County Judge.

I was, and am, a big, robust man. I affected the long black coat, string tie, and broad-brimmed slouch hat generally worn by the lawyers of that section. I had a tremendous voice, and could make a rattling stump speech. I had been successful before juries, and had won several cases in the higher courts. My speech-making ability had made me popular with the political leaders. I usually had been assigned to the principal nominating speech in the conventions. I had stumped the district in every campaign, and, during the three or four years preceding my nomination, had been drafted into the State campaign by the State committee. I had been chairman of the county committee for six years, and a member of the State committee for three.

My participation in politics had cost me much time and considerable money. At the time I was nominated—in June, 1898—my practice was bringing me in about $3,500 a year. I owned a good house, had a few thousand dollars in the bank, and an interest in a farm. My son and daughter were at school. I carried $10,000 in life insurance, and lived comfortably. My practice was as good as that of any lawyer in the county except Judge Sheldon.

At the time of the Congressional convention the State was ablaze with patriotism. There were thousands of old soldiers in the State. Many of our young men had volunteered for the Spanish War. When the news of Dewey's victory at Manila came, I had made a speech from the balcony of the principal hotel that was printed in all the newspapers of the district. Everybody said it was a great speech. In reality, it was a stump speaker's appeal to the excited people. I had talked of the "old flag" and "the glory of our arms," and that sort of thing, and the crowd had wanted to carry me home on their shoulders. Before the Congressional convention met, one or two of the county papers mentioned my name in connection with the nomination, and my home paper had formally nominated me.

I went to the convention not an avowed candidate for the nomination. The chairman of my county committee was a shrewd country politician. He had gone over the situation carefully. There are five counties in my district. The man then serving, who was from the eastern county of the district, had not been of much use and controlled but two

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counties of the five. Another man had two other counties. My own county was unpledged, but had decided to cast its ballot for Judge Sheldon, with the understanding that his name should be dropped at any time, and to await developments. My political manager, the county chairman, figured there would be a deadlock. At the proper time, he thought, my name could be proposed, for he did not believe the delegates of either of the open candidates would desert their favorites.

He was right. There was a deadlock in which more than six hundred ballots were cast, the five men from my county voting for Judge Sheldon. After a week of this sort of thing, and no signs of a change, my manager came and told me he thought there was a chance for me provided I would give him proper assurances. I asked what he wanted. He said he would expect to name all the postmasters for the county and would take a hand in naming those for the district. This seemed a rather exorbitant tax demand, and I took time to think it over. I talked with my wife about it. She told me to promise anything. The glamour of Washington was on her.

Finally, I made the pledge. Then there were conferences and caucuses. It was pointed out to the other delegates that there was no chance for their men. I was held up as a great orator who would bring credit to the district. One afternoon I was called before the convention. The delegates wanted to hear me talk. I made them a speech so full of spread eagles that I have never had the nerve to read the reports of it. Then the roll was called again. My county started off with five votes for me. In five minutes I was nominated and was again brought before the convention.

That was the crowning moment of my life. Three months before I had not thought, except in the most general way, of going to Congress, and there I stood as good as elected. I made them another speech. Then I went back to the hotel and found my wife crying for joy and pride. She was already planning the dresses she was to wear when participating in the great social functions at the Capital.

We went home. The people met us at the station. I made another speech. Before I went to bed I was fully launched as a candidate, for the chairman of the district Congressional committee came around to the house and told me that the committee would assess me $1,000, and I found a telegram waiting for me from the chairman of the State committee which said I should contribute at least $100 to the State campaign. I spoke all over the district and made several trips into the State. I was elected by the normal majority. My wife realized certain little feminine ambitions. Her claims to increased prestige were recognized, and she swept into the social leadership of the village.

My mail increased enormously. I was deluged with applications for increases in pensions, and with petitions from patriots throughout the district who wanted to be postmasters and government clerks. Although my term did not begin until March 4, 1899, everybody in the district who wanted anything, and it seemed as if everybody wanted something, thought it well to get in his application early.

I went to Washington in February to look around. I was cordially received. The members of my State delegation greeted me warmly, and introduced me to the leading members of the House. I was invited to a dinner or two and watched the workings of the House with great interest. When I came to leave I was staggered by the size of my hotel bill, but calmed my fears by thinking that I could find a cheaper place when I came back to serve in the House. Besides, the $5,000 a year I was to get, the $1,200 allowance for a secretary, and the stationery and mileage allowances, brought my total yearly stipend up to more than $6,500, and that seemed wealth to me.

We went to Washington during the last week in November. The children were left at home with a relative. My wife had spent the summer in getting her dresses ready. They took a lot of money, but I didn't grudge it, for she was happy in the thought of the new life she was about to lead.

I knew little of the hotels in Washington and went first to the one where I had stopped when I was in the city during the closing days of Congress. It was a fashionable place. There was an orchestra and all that sort of thing. My wife thought it grand. I made inquiries about the prices for regular boarders and was told a parlor, bedroom and bath would cost between $250 and $300 a month, exclusive of meals. After much searching, we found a place where we could get two rooms, a bath and board for $250 a month, and made a contract. That left me

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less than $150 of my salary to live on, for I had decided not to draw on my savings. A little later I hired a young man for $40 a month to help me with my letters. That gave me a margin out of the $1,200 I received for clerk hire. My mileage was about $100 and my allowance for stationery was $125. The first thing I learned about Congress was that I could commute that stationery allowance if I desired. I did commute it and used the money for my personal needs.

Congress met. Henderson was elected Speaker with a whoop. Like every other lawyer of the majority in the House, I wanted a place on the Judiciary Committee. I didn't get it. Through the influence of some of the older members of my State delegation I was given one good committee assignment and one inconsequential one. I met the Speaker several times. He seemed to be a good fellow, and said he would do what he could for me.

The first few weeks of the session were illuminating. I found that the rules of the body put the control of legislation in the hands of three men who represented the majority on the Committee on Rules, and that if I were to accomplish anything I must curry favor with those men. I had had some lofty ideas about the individual in politics and the personal force of an upright man. Congress did not deprive me of those views, but I confess I adopted some amendments to them before I had been there long. I learned that I could introduce bills until I was black in the face, but that there was no hope of passing any of them unless I had sufficient influence to get favorable committee reports, and could fix with the Speaker that they would be considered. As for my personal legislative functions, I discovered that all I was expected to do was to vote with the party on every proposition; that my work, except so far as it related to my own district, was mapped out for me, and that if I was good and "regular" I might get a chance or two to make a speech. That, as nearly as I could figure it after some careful inquiry, about let me out.

I protested to some newly made friends in the cloak-room one day. I thought it humiliating to be simply a cog in the wheel. That night one of the oldest and most experienced men on my State delegation came around to my hotel to talk with me. He said: "I hear you've been talking some in the cloak-rooms about the gag-rule of the House and all that sort of thing. I want to give you some advice. Don't get it into your head that you are a statesman. You are not. All your statesmanship will be provided for you. If you act right and show ability you will be taken up in time. Remember that the new member of the House has no influence and no claims on anybody. He must prove what he can do. I know just how you feel. I have been through it all. Don't make the political mistake of trying to be 'independent.' That is all right in theory, but it doesn't go in practice. What you want to do is to attend to your district. Keep your own people constantly in mind. Do what they want you to do. Get things for them. The Government will be looked out for. Don't worry about that, and if you make yourself indispensable to your own people you will eventually get a chance to take a hand in some of the bigger affairs. A man's influence in Congress depends on the length of his service and his proved regularity. Quit talking and get to work for your own people."

I thought it all over. I knew he was right, although it took a lot of the glory away from my position. Then I buckled down to my district. Inside of a month I had learned exactly two things. The first was that the rock on which most representatives split is the post-office problem, for there are always five candidates for every place, and the second was that nearly every human being who had anything to do, even remotely, with the Civil War, wants a pension, if he hasn't one, and those who have pensions demand increases. I laid out my work as systematically as possible. Half my time was taken up with running around to departments. I had to go to the Pension Office, to the Post-Office, to the Interior Department and to the Treasury Department nearly every day.

About sixty per cent. of my mail was about pensions. Thirty per cent. was about post-offices and the other ten per cent. about every conceivable thing under heaven. I had a dozen men in my district who wanted to be consuls and ministers, and fifty who wanted to be clerks and doorkeepers. Every man in the Congressional convention that had nominated me demanded a place for voting for me. The chairman of my own county committee, with whom I had made the bargain about the post-offices, demanded his pound of flesh. He came to Washington and camped on my trail. The department

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errands were exasperating and tiresome, but I had to do them. I sat up late at night writing letters. I discovered a yearning for government publications and free seeds among my constituents that the whole Congressional supply would not allay. Until I got matters systematized I was worried almost to death.

Meantime, Congress was booming along. Roberts, the Utah Mormon, had been deprived of his seat. This didn't seem just right to me, but I discreetly kept quiet and voted with my party. Far was it from me to offend the Christian sentiment of my district, whatever my personal opinions were. The big fight of the session came on the Porto Rico tariff question. President McKinley had said in his message at the opening address of Congress that it was "our plain duty to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets." That seemed a perfectly proper and just thing to do. I approved of it. Pretty soon, however, the high protection influences began work and the President reversed this declaration.

There were thirty Republicans in the House who were in favor of free trade with Porto Rico. I couldn't see why a country that is a part of the United States should not have free trade with all other parts of the United States, and I said so. Some of my colleagues came around and told me it was a matter of party expediency to keep up some kind of a tariff for a time. I protested and stood with the thirty "bolters."

It was a tremendous struggle. Littlefield, McCall, Heatwole, Crumpacker, and two or three others of the Republicans led the opposition to President McKinley's reversal. There were columns in the newspapers about it. My name was mentioned as one of the men who would stand out until the last. I had talked vigorously in private about the matter, and one of the correspondents who had a newspaper in my State printed an interview with me. I had a few letters from home commending me, but more—these from politicians—telling me to get in line with the party.

One day a House leader came to me and told me the President would like to have a chat with me. I had seen the President several times, formally, and I rather swelled up at this. I went to the White House. The President received me in his office. I shall never forget that interview. He asked me how I was, talked about my district, spoke of some of the former representatives with whom he had served in the House, and then came around to Porto Rico and the tariff. I told him what I thought. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: "I know, I know, but this is a matter of grave party concern. We are all Republicans, and the majority must rule. Now, my dear Mr. Blank, I depend on you to go back to the Capitol and help me in this pressing hour."

He talked in that strain for some time. I came away with the impression that I was especially picked out by the President to get that Porto Rico tariff through. As I walked down the street I felt that my importance and influence had been recognized. The President had sent for me. He had made a personal plea. I was a big man. I went back to the House, looked up the correspondent who had interviewed me, and told him that for "party reasons" I would vote for the tariff instead of free trade. The older members congratulated me on my stand. The bill passed. There were but seven Republicans who stood out against it. I wonder how many of the other twenty-eight who were originally against the bill thought they, too, were the personal representatives of the President?

Meantime, our social affairs had not been going well. No particular attention had been paid to us. My wife had made the acquaintance of a number of wives of representatives who lived at the same hotel with us. She had found it was her duty to call first on the wives of the Senators from our State, and had done so. These ladies came around in carriages after a while and left cards for her. We went to the New Year's reception and to the reception to the diplomatic corps at the White House. The pleasure of the last occasion was somewhat marred by the fact that the wives of one or two of my colleagues stood "behind the line." My wife didn't see why she was not there, and I couldn't explain it to her satisfactorily. She went with some of the other ladies in the hotel and called on the Cabinet women at the regular Wednesday afternoon affairs. As she told it, none of the Cabinet women got her name right, and all of them asked her, "How do you like Washington?" and let it go at that.

The tragedy of it all came in February. My wife decided the proper thing to do was to give a reception. She sent out home for her sister to come on, and invited one or two

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of the ladies in the hotel to assist her. It was announced in the local papers that "Mrs. Blank, wife of Mr. Blank, representative from Soandso, will receive at the Dash Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon."

There was a fever of preparation. My wife had a new gown that cost me $65. We bought some flowers, had a big bowl of pink punch made, fixed up a tea-table, and when the fateful day came that was to mark our real plunge into society we were all nervous and fretful. I had to go to the House on some pressing business. I left the ladies at two o'clock putting the finishing touches on the decorations. The hotel parlor looked very pretty.

At five o'clock I came back. I walked jauntily into the reception-room and found my wife and her sister sitting forlornly in one corner. The other ladies had gone to their rooms. The punch was untasted. When the women saw me they cried. Not a woman had called that afternoon. Not a person had crossed the threshold. I do not exaggerate when I call it a tragedy. We didn't forget the humiliation for months.

The House adjourned in June. I had become popular. The leaders had overlooked my protest on the Porto Rico matter. Several of my private bills had been passed. I had my fair share of private pension bills. I had made two set speeches. My wife came down to hear the first one. It was a good speech, but it was an hour long. I only had fifteen minutes. Then I got leave to print. My wife said it made her sick to see me talking there with not a soul in the House listening to me. However, I "extended" my remarks in the Congressional Record and sent the speech broadcast over my district in franked envelopes. Out there they thought the Nation had been hanging spellbound on my words and I didn't try to disabuse their minds.

The county chairman kept his promises as I kept mine. I let him name the postmasters in our county. I played politics well, also, and when the time came for the Congressional convention I had no opposition and was unanimously renominated. I went that year as a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was re-elected by a larger majority than I had received before.

I had succeeded in cutting down my campaign assessment to $500. At that I found, when I had cast up my accounts, I had been able to make but $1,200 at the law instead of the $3,500 I had previously made, and that I had spent this and my entire salary, together with some $300 I had drawn from the bank. I came to the short session firmly resolved to be more economical. I made the weary rounds of the hotels again and then took my old rooms.

I was a full-fledged representative when the second session opened in December. Instead of protesting when the $60,000,000 River and Harbor bill was proposed and prepared, I joined with the rest and got $100,000 for a puny river in my district that was mostly dry, except in the spring and fall. I considered that "pork" legitimate. My people wanted it, and what they wanted I wanted. I was active in getting pension increases through, and ran errands to the departments day after day. I made several speeches, one of which was good enough for a short quotation in some of the big papers of the country, and all of which were sent out by the bale to my constituents. I suppose they were eagerly read. At any rate they were eagerly sent. I kept my mind and hands off general legislation. I voted with the party. I was at work getting things for myself. To be sure, I rather envied Cushman of Washington when he made his speech against the River and Harbor bill, not particularly because it was a good speech, but because I found out that, on account of his protest, he got more for his State than he would otherwise have done.

I devoted the summer to trying to recover my fast disappearing law practice. I had spent too much money. Living in Washington had been expensive. After many tribulations my wife had established a calling list, and carriages and flowers and other requisites, to say nothing of new dresses, ate up a good deal of my salary and income. We had been invited to several dinners and had to return the hospitality. All the time, too, there was that drag of $250 a month for two little coops of rooms.

In December, when the Fifty-seventh Congress began its first session we decided we would move to a better hotel. I don't know why. Really, we ought to have moved to a tent somewhere. Still, I was fascinated with the life and so was my wife. It looked as if I should stay in Congress for years. My district seemed satisfied. We thought we could find the money some way. I resolved to get some legal connections if I

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could. I knew that other lawyers in Congress had such connections. I looked around. There was no opening that I could find.

In these investigations I discovered many things. The most important was that the great bulk of the American Congress is honest. There are dishonest men here and there, but the talk of "lobby" and "graft" is largely exaggerated. I do not know ten men who could be successfully approached with an offer of a bribe. The "lobby," as it exists in Washington now, is made up of a lot of cheap thieves who get money from fool promoters for their supposed "influence." The real lobbying is vastly different. The times of big dinner-parties and that sort of thing are past. Nowadays, when a measure is up in which some corporation is interested, the president or general attorney of the corporation drops into Washington, sees the party bosses and goes away. Then the party bosses send word that the bill in question is "all right" and should be passed. The money paid goes to the boss, and, usually, into the campaign treasury. The discipline is so strict in the Republican party that the individuals generally do as they are told. Nearly every man will do for politics what he would not do for any other inducement. He will vote for a bill because the "party" wants it, when nothing else would get him to support the measure. This is not dishonesty. It is "regularity." Of course, there are private claims and other similar jobs that are promoted by individual lobbyists, but the average member of the House takes no money for working for such measures. He does what he can for friendship or from a hope of political rewards to come.

We had a new President to deal with when Congress opened in 1901. McKinley had been murdered and Roosevelt was in the White House. My record for party regularity was clear, and I was given a better committee place. I began to have some slight influence. The members of the State delegation talked to me instead of telling me what to do. I was still overwhelmed by requests from my constituents for all sorts of things, and had formulated a plan to get a public building for the little city that was the metropolis of the district.

The great event of the session was the fight for reciprocity for Cuba. President Roosevelt had insisted upon it in his message. There was a sentiment among the Republicans in favor of it. Some of the House leaders had decided against it. Added to these were about forty members from States that raise sugar beets, who were aptly characterized as "insurgents." They wailed that if there were reciprocity with Cuba an "infant" industry would be strangled. My instincts were all for Cuba. I thought it would be plain right and justice.

The leaders eventually came around to the reciprocity idea. Pressure had been exerted on them from the White House and elsewhere. I had one beet-sugar factory in my district. It was a small affair, but the proprietor of it and the farmers who sold their beets to it were howling night and day for "protection." I joined tentatively with the "insurgents." The fight went on through February. The "insurgents" held out manfully. I did not do much active work, but everybody thought I was for the sugar beet and against Cuba.

While this fight was going on I was having personal troubles in my district. The county chairman who engineered my first nomination had collected all the post-offices in the county except one. That was the best one at my home village. I wanted my brother to have it. The county chairman had selected it as his own particular perquisite. He wanted it for himself. I thought I had done enough for him and told him so. We had a row, and he went away vowing vengeance. I looked over the district and decided I could fight him, and I had my brother appointed. This was the crowning mistake of my Congressional career.

When the reciprocity fight got down to its last stages my name began to appear in the newspaper list of the "insurgents." One day two House leaders sent for me.

"John," said one of them, "I understand you want a public building for your district."

I grew enthusiastic. I explained the project, told them why the appropriation should be made, and went into details. They listened attentively,

Then the most powerful of the two said: "John, how many beet-sugar factories are there in your district?"

"One," I said.

"And, John," he continued, "how many people will use that public building?"

I told him the population of the city was about fifteen thousand.

"Well, John," he said, impressively, "which

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would you rather do, please one beet-sugar manufacturer and a few farmers, or 15,000 people? Think it over, John."

They left me. I thought it over. It was a plain proposition. If I kept with the "insurgents" I couldn't get my public building appropriation. I said nothing, but when the bill came to a vote I voted for the reciprocity clause. I justified myself by remembering that I had always felt that Cuba should have reciprocity, but I was heartsick when I saw the thirty-three Republicans stand fast, vote with the Democrats to amend the reciprocity clause by abolishing the differential duty on sugar, and thus kill the whole project. I hated myself for having been coerced. Still, I got the public building appropriation.

Shortly after this I heard "Uncle Joe" Cannon make a remark that brought me back to my own troubles. He came out of the Post-Office Department one day as I was going in.

"What's doing?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I've got my post-offices all settled, and I don't think I have lost more than 2,500 votes."

I had all my post-offices settled, except one. That one was to be my undoing. I paid little attention to the business of the remainder of the session. My brother wrote to me that there was a movement on foot, engineered by the county chairman who had formerly been my manager and with whom I had split on the subject of the post-office given to my brother, to defeat me for renomination. By this time I had become so fond of Washington life that I ardently desired to return to Congress. My law practice had gone by the board and I needed the salary if there were no other reasons.

The county chairman was shrewd. He kept his plans to himself until he had perfected his campaign. He induced a rich man in another county than mine to become a candidate. He controlled two newspapers that called attention to my flop on the Cuban reciprocity question, although they said nothing about the public building. The other candidate spent money lavishly. I didn't have it to spend. As it was I went in debt several thousand dollars. I was beaten. The county chairman of my county got the delegates away from me, and the rich candidate captured two other counties with his money. That gave them three out of five, and they nominated him, although the other two counties stood loyally by me.

I was inclined to run on an independent ticket. My friends persuaded me not to do that. So I pitched in and helped the other man in his campaign. That summer I practised law assiduously. When the time came for the short session of the Fifty-seventh Congress I returned to Washington. My wife was heart-broken and would not go back. I lived at a boarding-house this time and saved what money I could. I left official life on March 4th last.

To sum it all up, I received $20,000 in salary, $4,800 for clerk hire, $400 for mileage and $500 for stationery, or $25,700. I am now referred to in the newspapers as the Hon. Blank, ex-member of Congress. I lost the greater part of my law practice, but I can get that back and some more with it, for my reputation in the district has been increased, as a whole, by my service at Washington. Financially, I am several thousand dollars worse off than I was before I was elected. I can get that back, too. The feature that bothers most is that both my wife and myself, after our experiences at Washington, are dissatisfied with the humdrum life in our country town. We had things and saw things at Washington that are beyond our reach here. It is hard to settle down.

Consequently, I shall be a candidate for the nomination for the Fifty-ninth Congress, and I am hopeful of getting back to the Capital.

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The Imperturbable Moores

Extraordinary Financial Achievements of Two Chicago Lawyers

By WILL PAYNE

GOING along Monroe Street, say from the Palmer House to the First National Bank of Chicago, you still see, midway of the block, the sign W. H. & J. H. Moore, Law Offices, repeated in large gilt letters on eight windows of the third story of the American Express Building. Behind the windows lie a suite of large rooms, the first with a bank counter through the middle, the next with a desk and chairs like a lawyer's private office, the third with a table and more chairs, like a directors' room.

There are several cases filled with calf-bound volumes, and there is a tradition—doubtless well founded—that once upon a time this was, as the windows still allege, a law office where pleadings were drawn, briefs examined, and the calf-bound volumes studiously thumbed. But that time—if there was such a time—belongs back in the preface and need not concern us now. What we are concerned with is the time when the importance of the suite was signified by the ticker that stood in the second room rather than by the law books; when, I think, the hinges of the law book-cases would have creaked from long disuse, if anyone had thoughtlessly attempted to turn them.

For several years this soi-disant law-office was, in fact, the sanctum of high finance in Chicago, matched in importance only by the suite under the clock tower—whose clock was seldom right—at 444 North Clark Street, where Charles T. Yerkes planned and carried out the great local transportation improvements for which the press is hardly done damning him yet.

If the Monroe Street windows had borne the sign W. H. & J. H. Moore, Trust-makers, a vulgar prejudice might have been offended. But in the history of the great movement for industrial centralization which gets itself so much talked about as the trust question this "law office" is a very notable landmark. No other office in the West is so notable in that respect, and perhaps none in the country aside from that of J. P. Morgan & Co. Here the Moore Brothers conceived and accomplished industrial consolidations, with accompanying stock flotations, involving a total capitalization of some $300,000,000. It is true that, in mere size, this does not look as imposing as it did two years ago, when the Messrs. Moore ceased their activities in this field. But if they were not actually the Moses's of the new concentration movement, they were, to say the least, as much Moses as anybody else can claim to be, and it is a fact that they were the pioneers of the United States Steel Corporation. It is another fact, the significance of which should not be overlooked, that as a reference to stock market conditions and movements will show, they not only knew when to jump into the industrial combination business, but also when to jump out.

They had had an ample experience not only of trust-making but of stock markets before the new movement set in. As far back as 1889, which is about on the border of the traditionary period when the law-office was a law-office, they helped the Diamond Match Company transform itself from a Connecticut corporation with $3,000,000 capital stock to an Illinois corporation with $6,000,000 capital stock. The match company was a large user of strawboard, the material of which match-boxes are made, and six months after the match deal the Moores organized a strawboard combination, capitalized at $7,000,000, and in 1890 a combination of Eastern cracker factories, under the style New York Biscuit Company, capitalized at $10,000,000. They were leading spirits in the management of the match and biscuit companies, to which they gave most of their time.

Early in 1896, Diamond Match stock then selling not much over par, negotiations were begun that looked promising, for the purpose of introducing the patents and processes of that company in England, France, and other foreign countries. It was believed that this American company could make matches so much cheaper and better than any European

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manufacturer that immense profits would result from the adoption of its machines and methods. Some English capitalists were tentatively interested. The idea was, ultimately, to list Match stock in the London market, where, paying 10 per cent., it would command a price of $250 a share. The Moores formed a pool to buy Match stock, intending to finally turn over part of their holdings to the Englishmen. Numbers of the solidest business men in Chicago became members of the pool. The "street" was ready for a new deal. It had had three years of continuous depression following the panic of 1893, and this was before the free silver campaign began to play bogy-man. The pool bought, the public tailed on, and "Match" went up like a balloon. The public was so ready and the stock responded so quickly that the Moores formed a sort of collateral pool in New York Biscuit. The speculation grew wild. It became a local craze. Match went up fairly without a break from 120 to 248, Biscuit from 70 to 108. Meantime the foreign negotiations moved slowly and the Presidential campaign was coming on rapidly, with more and more certainty that the Democrats would declare for free silver and other things calculated to give capital fits. It grew worse as summer advanced. Money became scarce. Then some thoughtful members of the pool began unloading—taking up stock at the pool price of 163 and selling it back to the Moores in the open market at 225. Some brokers who were long of Match and Biscuit for the Moores threw an anchor to the windward by going short for themselves. The tailers-on sold out. In fine, the brothers were holding a bag which grew bigger and bigger and heavier and heavier every day. They hung on bravely —certain friends encouraging them by cheer-

WILLIAM H. MOORE.

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ful words, and quietly adding to the load. William H. Moore was in the East trying the best he knew to raise more money—but that was in August, 1896, and to ask for money on any account was a sort of insult—when, one Monday night, James H. Moore carried the bag down to P. D. Armour's residence, where everybody in or related to high finance was assembled in council of war, and there formally dropped it. The inventory showed that it contained several millions of liabilities. The Stock Exchange was shut up and the financial world braced itself against the shock. That ended the first chapter.

The brothers were both in the Monroe Street office the day after formal announcement of the failure, which left them millions worse off than nothing. William H. Moore was then well passed forty years old, a large man in all dimensions, but not stout, with the full, solid sort of head which looks first of all as though it were built for service, and a smooth-shaven face expressing at once power and good-humor. He looks important and at the same time ready to laugh about it. His manner and conduct that day after the failure was probably as good a test of a man's temper as could be found, and none of the many callers at the Monroe Street offices could have told from the "Judge's" appearance or manner that a Waterloo lay just behind him. Of course, it was not a joke, but "Judge" Moore took it with a perfect coolness and absolute good-humor. The brothers are alike in this firmness of temper, this constitutional determination to play the game through whatever vicissitudes with complete good-nature. James H., the younger, is different from his brother physically, being shorter, stouter, and ruddier. Temperamentally there is also a difference which may be roughly expressed as consisting in the younger's rather jollier outlook upon life.

The smash had happened, and there was no time for reminiscences. The brothers set to work to get the wreckage untangled. And they addressed themselves to this coolly, rapidly, intelligently, with clear minds for the thing immediately in hand, just as they had done everything else. Day before yesterday it had been the promotion of a company. Yesterday it had been a big stock speculation. To-day it was clearing the wreck. Whatever it was, was all in the day's work, a job to be done collectedly and competently.

There is no doubt that this composed, good-humored attitude of the brothers had its effect in the reshaping of their fortunes. They took their failure so exclusively as a mere incident that other people accepted it in the same spirit. It was plain to everybody, even that first bitter day, that they had lost nothing but their money; that they had not lost their nerve; that their confidence in themselves, their firm, hearty competent grip upon life was unimpaired. I have never heard repeated a word which indicated that their readiness for the game ever wavered.

Yet they had not only lost all their money, but were "in the hole"; and the hole looked like an artesian well. Moreover business was depressed, the times were exceedingly gloomy, especially in Chicago. Bryan seemed to be having his own way. There was a question, after all, whether everything wasn't going to pot. Yet immediately after the failure it was the common expression that "the Moores would be up again."

Success and money have an initiative of their own. To win with the heaviest battalions is no great credit to any man. But the Moore Brothers won out of defeat and insolvency. They owed several million dollars with little in the way of free assets. But nothing could prevail against their cool, rapid intelligence and imperturbable good-humor. In such a situation as had here arisen, creditors are proverbially inclined to be ill-natured. There seems to be something in the mere statement: "Liabilities so many millions, assets nothing," which sours their tempers. It is the disproportion of the thing, in violation of the natural tendency to seek a balance. But in this case the debtors had good-nature enough for both sides. The story is told of one gloomy creditor in a small amount, a minor broker who, sleepless in importuning the firm for orders to buy Match had been accommodated shortly before the smash, and who was now even more importunate in demanding a settlement of his account—to whom James H. finally said, "Why, I don't know what I can do to satisfy you, Mr.——. You couldn't be happy until I gave you some of this business, and now that I have given you some you seem to be more unhappy than ever."

But this creditor was one of a very few exceptions. With practically all an arrangement was soon made, and the terms of this arrangement were, in substance, "Just let us alone, and we will work out after a while."

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Hundreds of dollars, perhaps millions, was simply written off the books, with the understanding that the brothers would "make good" in their own time. They were not formally declared insolvent or put into bankruptcy. The settlements, in fact, were on the debtors' own terms.

William H. Moore, especially, has that gift of power upon men which no one can quite analyze or define. He has a remarkably able mind and a remarkable facility of movement. He is at once quick and sure, urbane and firm. He can laugh and yet give as little as a rock. But all that, with a photograph thrown in, doesn't explain why, if you come in contact with him, that about eight times out of ten you will find yourself doing as he wishes you to rather than his doing as you wish him to. That is his gift, and naturally it helped out in the difficult days of untangling the wreckage. But above all else that ready, competent, imperturbably good-humored attitude of both the brothers counted. It seemed so inevitable that men whom failure could not daunt must again command success.

The Moores resigned from the Match company, where a majority of the directors were threatening to sue them for money which the company had advanced to buy its own stock. It may be noted in passing that, the same year, the Match company *did* introduce its machinery in England, building a factory of its own at Liverpool, and that in less than five years this American company had driven its English competitor so hard that the latter accepted a consolidation on terms not only very profitable to the Americans but which put them in a dominant position in the English field.

JAMES HOBART MOORE.

However, William H. Moore continued as president of the New York Biscuit Company,

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their consolidation of Eastern cracker factories. This consolidation had alarmed Western cracker makers, who had formed a combination of their own, entitled the American Biscuit and Manufacturing Company. The two trusts had had a fight some time before 1896, and were then working under a treaty of peace which was not entirely war-proof. The Moore failure had hurt the credit of their biscuit concern, which was known to be carrying a large floating debt. The rival concern was in tip-top shape. The two companies began making faces at each other; then it was a toe over the chalk-line, wriggled derisively, and so on by the usual stages to a reflection by one on the other's parentage and a punch on the nose. This came early in 1897, when the New York Biscuit Company announced a twenty-five per cent. reduction in prices. The ensuing trade war raged until well into the fall. Crackers were sold below cost, a company financially weak fighting one financially strong. But Judge Moore had first taken the precaution to put his concern on a stable war footing by persuading Pullman and Armour to agree to carry its floating debt and to advance what further funds might be needed. Thus assured that there would be no lack of ammunition, he proposed to keep up the fight until peace might be arranged on a satisfactory basis. This peace was secured by the formation, very largely through his efforts, of the National Biscuit Company, which took over the rivals and several smaller concerns.

This company was about the first of the new so-called trusts, and practically all that followed have been organized on the same lines—the salient features being incorporation under New Jersey laws, an issue of preferred stock to represent the tangible property, and the issue of a like amount of common stock for "good will," the subscribers paying par for the preferred and receiving 100 per cent. in common as a bonus, and a goodly amount of common being set aside to pay the promoters. Later, however, the Moores and other promoters improved upon the Biscuit model by taking proportionately twice as much common for themselves. In the case of Biscuit $6,000,000 of the common stock went for promotion, a fair share of it to the Moores. Thus, eighteen months after the failure they found themselves well up toward the top of their hole. It had taken hard work to get the underwriting for Biscuit. Boom times had not yet fully set in. The public temper was still dubious, and a $55,000,000 capitalization looked big to a business world which still had acute remembrance of the era when 55 cents in real money was a sum worth considering. But from the start the new company was a great success. The American Biscuit and Manufacturing people, who were the real cracker makers, took the management and displayed great ability. From the beginning the company earned seven per cent. on its preferred stock, four per cent. on its common, and a good surplus besides. The stock was readily bought, and in a short time advanced to par for the preferred and fifty for the common. So the men whom the Moores had induced to go into the underwriting found a profit of fifty per cent. to their credit. There was large trading in the shares. Brokers earned fat commissions; their clients made profits; the Moores had won back all their prestige. They promptly followed up the advantage.

The Biscuit Company was organized in February, 1898. In December of the same year the Moores brought out the American Tin Plate Company—taking $10,000,000 of common stock this time, for had they not the Biscuit success behind them? It was no trouble to get all the underwriting they wanted. This, too, was at once a success. In February, 1899, they followed with the National Steel Company, and in April, 1899, the American Steel Company. The share capital of these three companies, all brought out within six months, was $140,000,000, and they were all successes. The Moores themselves had more money than ever, and they had made millions for their followers. All of these companies, as the name implies, were consolidations in the steel trade and each played into the hands of the other, altogether forming a single "system," as they say of railroads, and with the same management. By this time the brothers knew thoroughly what centralization meant in that trade. They had the courage of their victories. They were rising to the idea of the present United States Steel Corporation.

In May, 1899, they had actually arranged to bring out the Carnegie Steel Company, taking over the great properties which are famous under that name, and issuing $100,000,000 in bonds, $250,000,000 in 6 per cent. preferred stock and $275,000,000 in common stock, a total of $625,000,000. But the time was not yet ripe. Such a huge capitalization staggered financiers. The Moores

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tore up their prospectuses, let their options go, and forfeited the option with their usual good-nature. Next spring they brought out the American Sheet Steel Company with $49,000,000 capital; and a year after that—namely, in March, 1901—they made the one failure which stands against their five successes by introducing the American Can Company, with $88,000,000 capital. This showed itself lame from the beginning.

But meanwhile time was marching on, and the good economic reasons which, in May, 1899, had induced the Moore Brothers to attempt to bring the great Carnegie properties into the concentration movement had grown so urgent that early in 1901—about the time the brothers were engaged on the Can combine—Mr. Morgan had taken up the United States Steel Corporation combine, to include the Carnegie plants. About $500,000,000 of the capitalization of the Steel Corporation went for the Carnegie properties. The scheme was on a different basis to the Moore Brothers' proposed capitalization of $625,000,000, for that had included some new cash and the properties were not altogether the same. Next the Steel Corporation took over the four Moore companies—National Steel, Tin Plate, Sheet Steel and Steel Hoop—giving therefor $101,000,000 of its preferred and $118,000,000 of its common stock. The Moores dealt with Morgan as with their other opponents in the past—with absolute surety and boldness. They obtained better terms than anyone else who entered the combination. The position they held in the several corporations they had organized is suggested by the fact that when the calls were made for the stockholders to deposit their shares in exchange for Steel Corporation shares, stockholders and directors—from six to a dozen—signed for the other institutions; but in the Moore companies the calls were signed simply, "W. H. & J. H. Moore."

The brothers were now in a commanding position. Their steel promotion represented a big fortune. Their prestige, great before, had been heightened by the favorable terms they had secured in Mr. Morgan's consolidation. They were regarded as past masters in the field of industrial consolidation and promotion. The "Judge" was a director in the Steel Corporation. After such a success almost anything seemed possible in the line in which lay their experience and prestige.

Then they paralyzed the Street by buying the Rock Island Railroad. This huge deal was put through so simply, so expeditiously, so silently, that it had almost an air of negligence—of something "dashed off in an idle moment" like a spring poem.

It was quite against precedent. The Rock Island was one of the great roads of the country—a property to be treated circumspectly and with deference. Its stock was publicly traded in on the great Exchanges. Anybody might come in and buy a share, or a hundred shares, or a thousand. But that anybody would come in and buy the whole road, out of hand, without, as you may say, asking its leave, seemed so improbable that officials of the Corporation pooh-poohed the early rumors that spread from New York that the Moores had bought Rock Island and proposed to take possession in the spring. It was true, however, and later it developed that the brothers were decreasing their holdings of industrial stocks and increasing their ownership of railroad—that they had just stepped over from the one field to the other.

In the spring they took possession most completely. The Rock Island became as much a "Moore" road as the New York Central was ever a "Vanderbilt" road. The personal name in both cases is more than a mere convenience in designation; it means more than that somebody of that name holds a large amount of stock. It means that a real man has impressed his personal character upon a great property; that his mind runs through a vast physical organization. And as soon as the Rock Island became a Moore road it "got up and dusted" in quite the manner that might have been predicted by anyone who had followed the history and knew the character of the man at its head. At once things began to happen. The Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf was bought outright and added to the system. The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern (partly owned by the old Rock Island) was leased within a few months. Rock Island mileage had doubled—that is, increased from less than four to more than eight thousand miles. When the Street heard that the St. Louis & San Francisco system—some 5,000 miles more—had also been taken in it did not doubt. It believed the report. The possession of this property puts the Moore crowd in control of the greatest system, in point of mileage, in the United States—meaning by "system" lines operated completely by a single management and constituting a unit financially.

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Such success as this becomes more than an individual characteristic. It develops into an organism. It has its followers. It grows on the human side as well as on the physical, so by this time we hear of the "Moore crowd" rather than the Moore Brothers. The chief, undoubtedly, is William H. Moore, but a number of able and daring men besides his brother J. H. are included in the crowd. One, Mr. Leeds, is executive head of the Rock Island. The crowd was formed during the steel promotions, and in a business way there is a sort of family likeness among its members. They are all nervy men, and when they say they intend to make the Rock Island one of the very biggest things in the railroad world, there need be no doubts of their ability or power to execute their intentions. They are speculators, as among us bold men with large ideas and plenty of confidence in themselves are pretty sure to be—as, in fact, most of our big builders have been. It is true they have now reached that distinguished financial condition which enables them to speculate in whole properties rather than in so many shares of stock representing a part of a property, and the former style of trading on one's faith in the future has always, for some reason, been considered very much more proper than the latter. Yet the Moores, in all their transactions, have kept the stock market fairly in view. The more cautious element even yet is only half disposed to accept this enormous success as permanent, and the Rock Island stock conversion scheme which increased the capital of the road by $125,000,000 made some who were not so cautious shake their heads. It might be said that the cautious are never more than half inclined to accept anything and that there was the same shaking of heads over the increased capitalization of the Biscuit Company, which everybody now knows to be an eminently sound concern. Men like the Moores always move too fast for conservatism—which, however, to give it its dues, does occasionally get the chance to say "I told you so."

The energy, daring, and resourcefulness of this Western Moore crowd are now so well impressed upon the Exchanges of Chicago and New York that any rumor of a new stroke of theirs receives respectful consideration. Their remarkable facility of movement is well understood. When they suddenly left the industrial field, in which they had made such tremendous winnings, and turned to the railroad field, the "Judge" casually explained to a friend:

"Why, we looked over this railroad business and decided that we'd like it, so we went into it."

Men who incidentally decide that they want a great railroad system, and forthwith buy it out of hand, are to be reckoned with.

Unqualified

By MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

HE bought an instrument of wondrous tone,
Whose secret heart he failed to make his own;
He raised it to his lips and sought to blow
The common airs of life, that all men know;

No music came to him who had no dreams,
Only the murmur as of frost-bound streams;
Baffled, he heard the far imprisoned strife
Of sounds he would release, and woo to life—

So rare the music of this subtle Thing
None but a master touch could make it sing.
By soft cajolings, then by harsh abuse
He tried to tune it to his daily use;

Until he broke it with his clumsy hand,
And wept—the man who did not understand.

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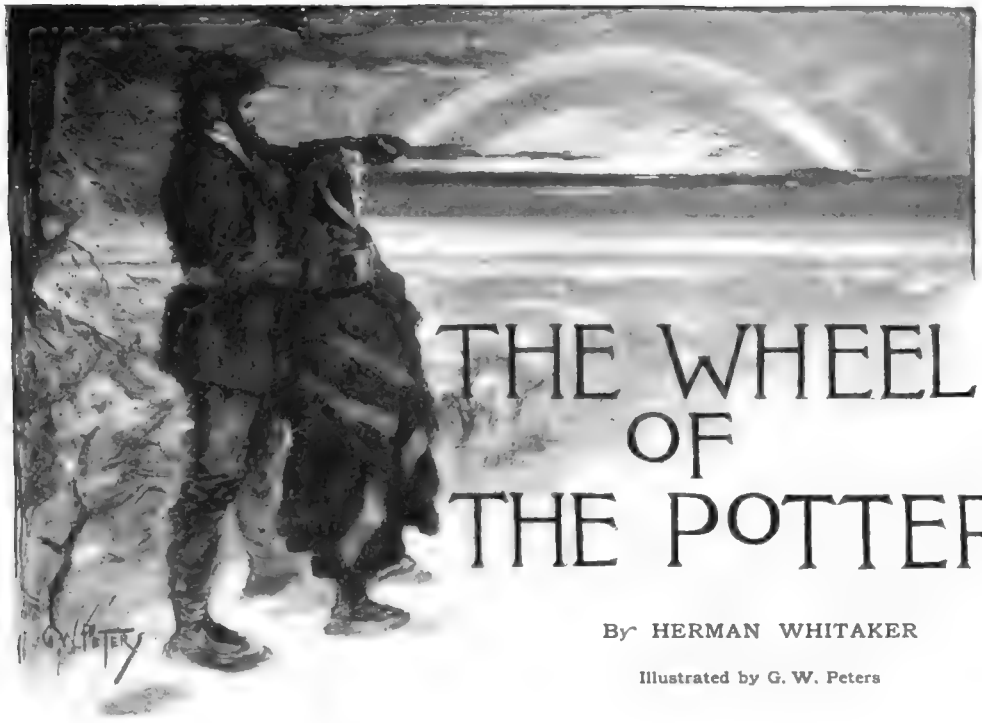

THE WHEEL OF THE POTTER

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Illustrated by G. W. Peters

THE Adjutant rose from the card-table and looked down on Captain Casserly. They were alone in the officers' mess; the play had been high, and both were a little flushed.

"Funny way you have of playing," remarked the Adjutant. "I don't understand your game." Casserly gazed steadily on a fifth ace and observed a discreet silence. "Of course," the Adjutant went on, "it's my duty to report this to the Colonel, unless . . . Say, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but don't you think you'd better sell out?"

Casserly studied the ace and thought he had. A few days after his commission went to the brokers, and the Captain himself went to the dogs. For a time he was seen flitting like a red ghost on the outskirts of his old haunts, a miserable figure; then he faded into the *terra incognita* that extends from the shores of Britain out. All of which goes to prove that four aces are enough for any pack, and that a conservative game pays in the long run. Those who think otherwise are at full liberty to experiment along their own lines, though it is advisable that they be single and unattached. Casserly was not, and his disgrace struck down his wife and child.

She had always been a creature of conventions, and it was not to be expected that her love could survive so notorious a breach as the discovery of a fifth ace up a gentleman's sleeve. She returned to her father, a retired Colonel, and died some ten years after. The boy was sent to school. Years slipped by. At intervals news of the black sheep drifted into the officers' mess. Fortesque ran across him while potting big game north of the Canadian lakes; Herrick, who served on the general staff during the rebellion of the Metis, heard that he had built a fort for the Hudson Bay Company among the wild tribes of the far north; and Major De Wende knew that he afterward left the company's service. Some matter of a girl, he understood. Had the bad taste to cut out the High Commissioner. Was said to be ruling a tribe of red devils up toward the Arctic Circle. Didn't know exactly how he came to be in full command, but rather thought he married the headman's daughter. So Casserly was heard of in divers places, but always beyond the pale, in lands where a man's morality is measured by the weight of his hand. Thus time flew by. The boy grew up, left school and went to college.

On the young man's twenty-fifth birthday

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his father and a young girl stood side by side on the north shore of the Lake of Amisk. Before them, white, infinitely white, level, glittering, mailed with ten feet of ice and a foot of wind-packed snow, spread the great lake. Behind stretched the forest of the Makwas—a wilderness of dark-green spruce and soaring pine, of leafless poplar and silvery birch, straggling along the edge of frozen waters.

About the pair sparkling forest-prisms filled the air with a dun cloud through which hill, forest, and jagged shore-line loomed smoky yellow. From the midst of a double circle of flashing color the low winter sun shot his pale rays. Blue, green, violet, rosy red, these circles waxed and waned and flushed again to deeper hues. Nor was this all. High overhead, as far as the distant stars, a third ring flamed like the iris-eye of an angry god. Between this and the horizon a rainbow girdle girt in the pale sky, while from the zenith lacy filaments radiated and strung out over the edge of the world.

"Wonderful!" whispered the girl.

"The Wheel of the Potter!" muttered Casserly. "But once have I seen this. The winter your mother died. It is said by the Makwas to portend death." Though he spoke in English, it was with a quaint touch that told of long usage to barbaric tongues.

At this time his years numbered close on fifty, but the free life of the forest had saved him from decay. His eyes were blue and hot, his nose large and fleshy. His hair was fiery red, and down the great chest which would have burst the armor of a Goth, spread a tawny beard. The girl was very like him, only with her the red mane toned to dullest gold. Great masses of it swung below her waist, startlingly contrasting with black eyes and a light bronze skin.

"Gaze your fill," said Casserly, "for there comes the wind and it will soon be gone."

As he spoke the north wind breathed in the dead forest. With yawns and groans and doleful creakings it awoke and tossed skeleton arms to the breeze. Behind the pair a great poplar bowed down and paused, awaiting a return swing that never came. Ten years of dead rot had eaten through the stump, and now, without a warning crack, it crumbled into dust.

With the swing of a leviathan it bowed over the pair. A twig struck Casserly's upturned face; the tail of his eye caught the shadow. It was too late to jump, but his arm shot out and struck the girl from beneath as he vanished in a welter of thrashing branches. Instantly she sprang up. Outlying twigs had lashed her face, otherwise she was unhurt; but from beneath the trunk Casserly's face protruded, ghastly pale within its fiery aureole. On his lips bubbled a red scum; his mouth gasped, entreating breath.

Seizing Casserly by the shoulders, the girl pitted her desperate strength against the tree. Foiled, she glanced wildly round, then throwing back her head gave forth a long shrill cry. Soon a faint answer travelled down the wind, the snow crunched beneath a flying moccasin and an Indian slipped from the timber. A second quickly followed, then a third, and a fourth, until finally a dozen were hacking among the branches of the poplar. Out of these they built a litter which the girl covered with the blanket from her shoulders. On this they placed Casserly; then, bareheaded and bare-armed, the girl followed through frost and snow to the Makwa village.

As the litter entered the jumble of huts and smoke-blackened teepees that formed the village a strangely twisted man hopped alongside and raised the blanket. Then, chuckling, he turned and barred the path of the girl.

"Well, Muhekun," she said, "what is it?"

His eyes were freely roaming over her neck and shoulders, and suddenly laying his finger on a dead, white spot that marked her breast, he growled: "The Frost Devil, too, loves the soft flesh."

She flushed and struck his hand sharply to one side. "For this, O Muhekun," she said sternly, "a bowstring of shaganappy shall bite your back!"

"Ahie!" he laughed, shaking his huge misshapen shoulders, "this is brave talk! But listen, Daughter of a White Devil! There shall be no more whipping of bowstrings among the Makwas. Soon he"—waving his hand after the litter—"follows the Dark Trail that leads down to *Kakeka Iskootao*, the Plains of Fire the missionary tells of. Then shall I, Muhekun, the Shaman, sit in the Black Teepee and rule the Makwas, and thou——"

"Let me by," she sharply interrupted, stepping to one side, but he again barred her path.

"There was a tall woman," he went on, "that pleased me well; but he took her to

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bring children to his teepee. The White Devil took her because he was strong as a buffalo. But when he walks the Dark Trail, then thou—a woman taller and straighter than the woman who pleased me well—shall sit with me in the Black Teepee."

Once more he put out his hand to touch her breast; but stooping, she picked a dead limb and struck fiercely. If the blow had landed the Makwas would have lacked a Shaman; but Muhekun dodged and shambled off at a surprising speed. For a moment she hesitated, as though minded to follow, then dropping the stick, she ran swiftly after the litter.

That night, by the light of an oil flare, the injured man indited a rough scrawl. It was conceived in agony, written in pain, and blotted with sweat and blood.

"Bring the Heron!" he said at length, falling back.

The girl slipped out, and returned with a long, lean Makwa. He was moccasined, trousered in blanket stuff, with naught but a red handkerchief to save his ears from searing frost.

"Among the Makwas," Casserly began, struggling to his elbow, "it is said that Mookowoosew is the swiftest of the young men."

"It is rightly said."

"To Cumberland House, how long?"

"For a horse three days. For Mookowoosew two."

"Good!" murmured Casserly, then went on: "Take thou these my words to the Factor of Cumberland. If on the fifth day Mookowoosew again sets foot in this cabin he shall have of tobacco five plugs. Now go."

By sundown of the second day Mookowoosew, the Heron, made the last mile of a hundred and fifty and passed in between the gates of Cumberland. He was smoking hot; an inch of frost crusted his clothing; but he finished fresh and strong. Within the hour the Factor's wall-eyed shaganappys were hitting off the south trail at a twelve-mile gait while France Dubois ran behind the jumper. Three hundred miles in five days France made, for the trails were good, and he caught the eastern mail coming into Winnipeg. Across a continent, with hiss of steam and clang of bell, through two thousand miles of ragged forest, travelled the cry of the dying man. An ocean greyhound snapped it up and coursed over wintry seas, by gleaming bergs, through sullen, white-capped waves, and pitched it to a fast train that landed it in London—nineteen days from Arctic snows.

"'LET ME BY,' SHE SHARPLY INTERRUPTED."

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Meanwhile the Captain lay in his cabin retching up his heart in convulsive spasms. Weeks passed and he was no better. Between pains he would talk with his daughter, and always of her brother. To be sure, they were not of the same mother, but no son of his would take notice of that—at least, so thought the Captain; the girl was not so sure of it.

"He will be strong and big like you?" she asked one day.

"Yes, lass—what else?" the Captain answered, casting a sad glance at the crushed limbs that were once so powerful. "A son of mine?"

"That will be good," she mused. Her hands were folded over her knees, where they could conveniently hold in place a rebellious skirt that insistently crept up from her high-laced moccasins. The dull gold hair fell mantle-wise about her; her eyes were soft as the deep black pools in which one may read the future. "And he is to take me," she went on, "to England? And make me fine, like the Factor of Cumberland's wife?"

Casserly laughed until his vexed spirit almost tore loose—the Factor's woman was good, but dowdy, fat, and also stumpy.

"Yes," he answered, "finer than the Factor's wife."

"But you laugh?" she objected. Then, while her eyes pleaded for contradiction, she added: "That is because they will scorn me and my black skin."

"Black?" he answered. "Olive, my girl. And not so dark as a Spaniard. Many a well-grown man will long for my Jeannette."

"Perhaps," she sighed, and smiled. The waters of Amisk had told her the same in the summer season. In their depths she had seen a haughty face framed in dull gold hair, a swelling bosom and lithe, rounded limbs; the reflection had smiled in her face until, shamed by its naked beauty, she had turned away. "But, father?" she finished. "I will not leave you."

"No need, child," he said, quietly. She understood, and broke into a passion of weeping. "What, crying?" he whispered, stroking her hair. "My daughter? Hush, then, I will live. . . . If I can," he added beneath his breath.

One February morning, about a month and a half after the despatch of the Heron's message, France Dubois poked his nose from the door of Cumberland House. It was instantly frozen. By the time he had finished swearing at the cold, a far-off sled took up the plaint. It groaned along the south trail. Raising his badger-mit to his eyes, France stared. A half-mile down the trail a black speck moved. Soon it rounded a distant bluff, and through the dun frost cloud France made out the figures of two running men. In five minutes they stood beside him—an ill-matched pair, one unusually tall, the other exceptionally short.

"A cold day, sir!" saluted the smaller.

"*Cold!*" growled the other. "Curse it, man, can't you find a stronger word?" He himself poured forth a rich volume of expletives while he fumbled through his pockets. "Ah!" he exclaimed, pulling out a flask, "here it is! Have one with me, sir?"

France led indoors, and while the flask went round a half-dozen men rose from before a huge mud fireplace and helped to peel the strangers. Stripped of their wraps, the small man shrank still smaller, but his mate stood forth big, brawny, ruddy as a fox and heavily bearded.

"Herr Gott!" muttered Max, a company's freighter, "this vhas the pea dot grow mit Red Casserly once on der same stalk." Then his eyes opened wide, for the big stranger's first question seemed like an echo of his thought.

"Any of you chaps know a man named Casserly?" he asked in a voice that matched his body. The men looked from one to another, then nodded to France.

"Well, yes," he answered; then with a glance that did justice to the stranger's vast proportions, he added: "An' you, m'sieu, are his son?"

"*Me!*" roared the big man. "*Me!* That's rich!" Laying his hand on the small man's shoulder, he thrust him forward, and went on: "Allow me, gentlemen—the Reverend Mr. Casserly."

The men stared. A pipe dropped to the floor and was allowed to lie. Was it possible? The same idea was striking all. Could this spectacled little parson have sprung from the loins of the red giant of the Makwa forest?

France was the first to recover. "M'sieu," he said, "is ver' welcome. We know his father, yes. An' we are please to make of his acquaintance."

But that night, when sound snoring came from the bunks along the wall, France, being inquisitive, and something of a philosopher, detained the big Englishman by the fire.

"He is small, this Reverend Casserly!"

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observed France, reflectively. "His mother to be sure was a discreet person?"

The Englishman replied that she was reputed by her son to have been a saint.

"Ah, so?" France sighed, shaking his head. "But one might have known! This will be a great blow to the father—a great hunter, who loves a strong man. An' the Reverend Casserly is to—" The shrug with which France finished asked volumes.

The big man puffed out a huge *gout* of smoke. "Expects to convert the old man, I believe," he said, grinning, "and bring his whole lot of bloomin' savages into the fold."

France whistled.

Next morning France's thirst for information led him to interview the fledgling minister.

"Your friend is a big man, m'sieu," he began, "an' doubtless good as he is big?"

Turning, the minister surveyed him coldly through his glasses. "On the contrary," he replied, with asperity, "he is very bad indeed! I engaged him in London. He brought excellent references, but I have since discovered that he wrote them all himself. All of them!" he decisively added.

"This was bad," murmured France.

"After sailing," the minister went on, "I found that he was a deserter from the army. Plucked at Sandhurst when he applied for his commission, enlisted in the line, tired of it, and deserted out of pure deviltry. Really, I'm afraid that I—technically, you know—that I connived at his escape!"

"But m'sieu still employs the man?" he suggested.

Weak fury flashed from the minister's glasses. "To tell you the truth," he burst out, turning to France, "I—I—can't get rid of him! H—sh! Here he comes."

And this was about the truth of the matter. Weak of will, slight of body, feeble of soul, the little chap was being hustled along independent of his own volition.

II

For six long weeks Red Casserly wrestled with death, refusing to let life go till his eyes had seen his son. But it was decreed that this last pang be spared him. On the third night of the sixth week after his accident, the night following that on which his son set foot in Cumberland, he crossed the divide.

By order of the Shaman, preparation was quickly made for the disposal of the dead. Ten feet of frozen soil mailed the earth—the great mother had fastened her bosom from her erring child—wherefore the Makwas dragged down two young pines and slung the body between the tops. At dark on the following evening, amid howls and cries, and noise of drums and conches, the trees were freed and heaved up their burden to the skies. To and fro, in the light of the funeral fires, they slowly swung, casting long shadows athwart the snow. Jeannette stood beneath, sad, anxious, oppressed. Until the last fire burned to a glowing coal she held her frozen vigil; then drawing her blanket close she walked through the sleeping village. On the threshold of her own cabin she paused. A silver moon hung in the tree-tops and the snow shone brightly; but before her, like a wide black mouth, yawned the open door. From within came the reek of the dead. This she did not mind; but she thought she sensed a living presence. She hesitated. As she stood, half minded to retreat, a hand shot suddenly from the blackness; a blanket stifled her sudden cry; she was lifted over the sill and the door banged to.

For a moment sickening dread paralyzed resistance. She stood still until the grasp relaxed, and a chuckling laugh sounded behind her. Then her temper fired. She slipped her knife and slashed viciously toward her unseen foe; but a heavy fist struck the knife from her grasp; invisible hands slipped a cord about her elbows, and though she fought hard, twisting, turning, kicking, it was drawn taught and knotted. Then she was shoved forward. She heard the bars laid across the door, and even detected a heavy breathing.

Presently a match scratched; the blanket was jerked away; and she stood winking in the light of her own flare. Over it bent the Shaman, trimming the wick. His hand held the end of the rope that bound her hands. The struggle had enraged him. His eyes glittered redly, his mouth was twitching, his crooked body trembled with a fury of passion.

"So?" he snarled, pointing to a strip of horsehide that hung on the wall. "Muhekun was to be whipped of bowstrings? Waugh! Here is a cord that thirsts for the red blood—but first a smoke."

On the table, beside a cake of tobacco, lay the dead man's pipe.

"Ugh!" Muhekun grunted, picking them up. "Here is tobacco, good tobacco, fit for a Shaman that is to take a wife."

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While he filled his pipe and smoked it his tongue threw off the silence of years. He talked quickly between puffs. It had been a long tracking, but the wolf springs the fiercer after the long run! The White Devil had taken the tall woman that pleased him well, but Wee-sue-ha-jouch, God of the Makwas, a good god, had sent him a better!

When the pipe was finished the Shaman rose and reached the cord from its nail and wound a turn about his hand. It was thin, hard, with edges of glass. He whirled it on high, then paused. Again he swung it but stayed his hand. He was playing with her. He had thrown off the mask of stoicism. His eyes scintillated sparks of black fire, his mouth writhed with the pleasure of anticipation. Again and again he made to strike, and she could see that passion would soon master cruelty.

At last he leaned forward and grasped Jeannette's shoulder. The thong rose and whistled through the air; but as it fell she wrenched loose, tearing her dress from throat to waist, and sprang to the end of her rope. Snarling like a balked beast, he followed. As he seized her, a dog barked furiously. He paused. Then a whip cracked and rapid hoof-beats approached the cabin. Dropping the lash, the Shaman crushed the girl to his breast and covered her mouth. She moaned and writhed in his grasp, then bit his fingers to the bone.

"Hullo!" a voice cried on the outside.

Within the cabin went on the silent struggle. The Shaman now had her by the throat with one hand and the thick of his other arm was drawn tight across her mouth.

"No one there, Coop!" said another voice. "Come on!" The whip cracked, frosty runners groaned; then, nerved to desperation, she threw forward, broke the Shaman's grip, and fell screaming to the floor.

"Whoa!" the voice on the outside roared. A heavy body banged against the door and sent it crashing from its hinges, and Coop stumbled into the cabin. In one glance he sized the situation. Seizing the Shaman, he threw him against the wall, caught him on the rebound, then tossed him in the corner.

"Lie there!" he said, "till you're wanted." Then raising Jeannette, he added: "What's all this about, young lady?"

She stood before him, panting like a chased hare. Her dress was in disorder, her long hair had loosened and swung down. Shaking it about her shoulders, she slid a hand beneath with a deft feminine movement and fastened the dress at the throat. But when she tried to speak her words came in painful gasps.

"Sit down," said Coop, "and take your time."

He thrilled from her grateful glance. For a fleeting moment he saw himself in her pool-black eyes, then turned on the minister who had just entered. As he stood looking about him, he was the very image of mild, spectacled surprise. From the Shaman to Jeannette and back to Coop his inquiring gaze persistently travelled. He would have spoken but for the courier's warning hand.

Presently Jeannette's breath returned, and she began to talk, telling of her father's death —establishing at the same time, though unconsciously, the relations which obtained between her and the minister; and the more he heard the more the latter's narrow conventions rose in arms. In the few letters which his father had written—even the last—he had made no mention of a second marriage! Then this woman was born out of wedlock! Illegitimate! Half savage!—wholly unconverted!

"So," questioned Coop, when she ceased, "you are the daughter of Captain Casserly?"

"Yes," she eagerly replied, "and you, sir, are surely the brother of whom he talked so much?"

Coop drew back from her outstretched hands and shook his head. "Wonder how he'll take it?" he thought. "If he dares?" His fist clenched, and he turned on Casserly a threatening and very eloquent eye. "This," he said, "is your brother."

"But," she pleaded, shrinking, "he was to be big, and strong, like—like——" She did not finish, but her eyes told whom.

The minister winced. He had just been weighing her in the feather balance of his contracted mind, and in the very moment of judgment he bumped solidly against another standard. The unconscious contempt in her tone stung him to reply.

"Tallness," he answered, "is an accident of birth; but all may be good. I suppose my father had you——" christened, he was going to say, but all this time the Shaman had been awaiting his chance. A little at a time he had drawn his legs beneath him, and now, like an eased spring, he shot for the open door.

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"SAW HIMSELF IN HER POOL-BLACK EYES."

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"Stop him!" Coop shouted. "He'll rouse the village!"

Too late! Muhekun was speeding over the moonlit snow with grotesque shambling bounds.

When for the first time a man looks death in the face he sees, as in a mirror, his real self. Stripped of conventions, he stands for his own inspection and that of his fellow-men. It was so now with Casserly. Quick as the Shaman shot through the door, the minister followed right upon his heels. The Cree driver outside, sat like an image of bronze.

"Drive on!" yelled Casserly, springing up beside him. "Drive on, I say!"

Over his shoulder he cast a fearful glance. The village had swarmed into sudden life; from hut to hut the Shaman shambled, screaming his war-cry. High over the forest sailed the brilliant northern moon, the snow shone silver, the trees sparkled with cold diamonds.

"Drive on!" screeched Casserly, shaking the Cree's arm in a fury of terror. "I hired you! Drive, confound you, drive!"

Over the snow came the leading Makwas, but the Cree shook off the fear-crazed man and sat coldly calm until Coop dashed out of the cabin. He had waited to wrap blankets about the girl.

"Let her go, Jimmy!" he yelled, springing in.

As the ponies jumped a dozen spears twitted by—two struck the jumper, one pinned a tuck in Coop's fur coat, and a fourth grazed a pony. Crazed with pain, the beast shot forward and tore off down the trail. Looking back, Casserly saw the Makwas dwindle to small black specks upon the snow.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

"Plenty soon," grunted the Cree. "Makwa got pony, heap pony. Bimeby he come."

He was right. For ten miles they sped through black forest, dashing in and out of pools of filtered moonlight; then, of a sudden, the trail jumped on to a mile-wide lake. As they topped the other bank of this the Cree looked back.

"There!" he growled. "See 'um?"

From the bank they had just left, a black patch broke loose—the Shaman was coming. For another hour trees and lakes and sloughs flew swiftly by. Jeannette lay in the courier's arms—just as they mounted the sled; occasionally she looked up at him, and always met an answering smile. The third lake they crossed showed a gain for the Makwas, and Jimmy began to cast dark glances over his shoulder. And presently he arose and did the thing which made him free of bread and blanket throughout the northland.

"Ponies too much tired," he grumbled, putting the lines into Casserly's hands. "Plenty run." They were passing beneath the branches of a great pine, and he sprang suddenly, caught a lower branch, and swung up into the heavy foliage.

"Hold on, Casserly!" the courier yelled. "Hold on, I say!" But Casserly lashed the ponies, and before Coop could free his arm they had run too far to turn. "Too late!" He groaned "Poor devil!"

Relieved of Jimmy's weight, the ponies made better time, and the next lake marked a slight gain. But Casserly's senseless driving more than offset the advantage. In half an hour the Makwas began to crawl up, while Jimmy's ponies flagged beneath the whip. Coop saw that they must soon give out. Bending over, he whispered in the girl's ear, then turned to Casserly, whose whip-arm was moving with automaton regularity.

"Listen!" Coop said, shaking him. "This sleigh has to be lightened. I go after the Indian. Remember, if you pull through, that this woman is blood of your blood, and as you deal by her—may God deal by you!"

While speaking he was peeling his fur coat, and now he stooped and wrapped it about her; then he sprang from the moving sled. As he did so Casserly's whip cut the ponies along the flank; but as he raised for another blow, Jeannette grabbed the lines and pulled the ponies to their haunches. The action aroused him from his lethargy of fright.

"Let go!" he screamed, struggling madly.

Raising his whip he cut her across the face.

"Go! Go!" Coop shouted.

"Not without you!" she called back. "Come you, and throw this dog priest to the Makwas!"

"Go! Go!" he cried, running toward the sled.

"I will not," she answered. Stepping from the sled, she ran to meet him. "Go you," she said. "The Makwas will not kill me."

"They will do worse," he groaned. "Go——" Just then his eye caught the sled. "Casserly!" he thundered.

For the moment the girl was clear of the sled the minister had cast one frightened

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"'SOON,' SHE WHISPERED, 'THEY WILL BE ON US.'"

glance over his shoulder, then cut the ponies. Relieved of weight, they sprang forward, and as Coop called out, vanished in the shadows of the forest.

Jeannette timidly approached the courier. "I could not leave you," she pleaded, standing before him with downcast eyes. "Let us die together."

He held out his arms and she nestled in. "Soon," she whispered, "they will be on us. Here!" Slipping the knife from his belt to his hand, she pressed both to her breast. "Here!" she whispered again.

They waited. A minute passed, two—ten! In the east the black-blue sky faded to morning gray; the copper moon dipped low to the woods. It was the birth of day, the time when all things project themselves vividly upon the quickened consciousness and man sees life with sudden clarity of vision. Though Coop felt the warm blood rioting through his veins, he knew that red death was racing through the sombre forest.

So they waited and waited and waited, and while they waited the Makwas were holding a consultation under Jimmy's tree. Unseen he heard their talk. The Shaman's pony had given out, and lacking his presence, there was none to push the chase. Anyway, what profit would they have of the Shaman's kill? Theirs would be wounds and death, his the fat eating! Thus they reasoned, and finally turned their backs upon the trail.

Jimmy watched them go. And long after the great red sun peeped over the horizon at the lovers, Jimmy came walking down the trail and ordered them to Cumberland.

When Winter Comes

By FREDERIC BRUSH

When winter comes
The music of the woods, save some far-echoing cry
From out the wildest deeps,
Sinks suddenly into an icy sigh
And nature sleeps.

When winter comes
The wandering rivulet, that all the summer long
From 'neath the hill
Sent up unasked its cheerful, warbling song,
Is hid and still.

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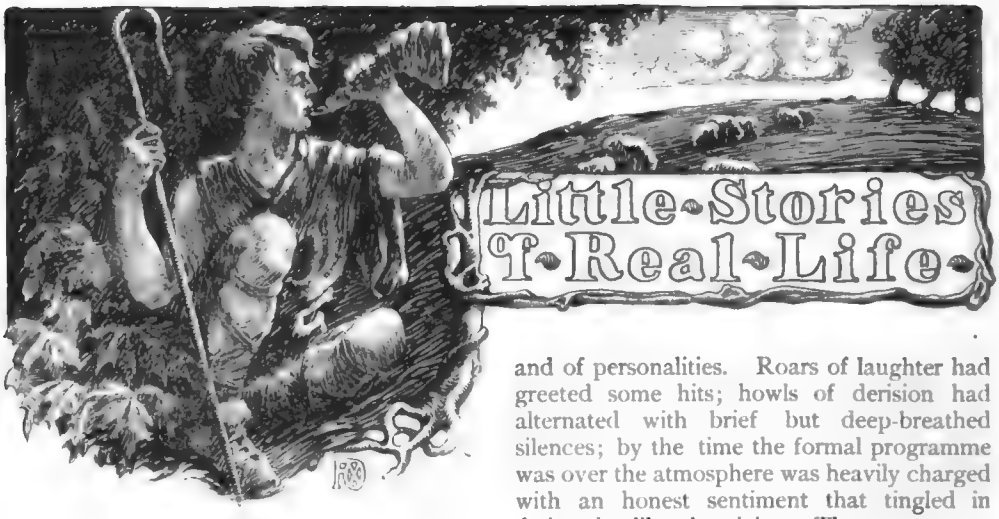

At the End of His Course

By Susan Sayre Titsworth

THE Commencement festivities were nearly over, and the graduating class had deserted its families and friends and was gathered in the gymnasium for the class supper, the last meeting before as a class they turned their backs on the gray walls of the college. The day before, during their Class Day exercises in the presence of their enraptured relatives, they had disported themselves with an irresponsible abandon that kindergarten babes might have envied; on this very morning they had listened as young Sauls at the feet of the aged Gamaliel who came from his famous pulpit to stand sponsor to the new alumni; and in the afternoon and early evening they had been as socially active as necessity demanded, but finally they had withdrawn in a body, resolutely selfish in their isolation. The supper had prolonged itself far into the night, though few of them were conscious of what they were eating; they were far more keenly aware of the fact that this was the last time they should meet on common ground, with mutual interests, and a feverish anxiety to make the most of it gave a poignancy and significance to the most commonplace remark.

The formal toast list had been even better than they had hoped; the men had spoken from full hearts, and, aided by circumstances, had played on the feelings of their comrades by adroitness of reminiscence, of forecast, and of personalities. Roars of laughter had greeted some hits; howls of derision had alternated with brief but deep-breathed silences; by the time the formal programme was over the atmosphere was heavily charged with an honest sentiment that tingled in their veins like electricity. The toastmaster, who knew his men, aimed a cigar at the valedictorian, and demanded a song. The men clutched at the idea as a reprieve from hurrying Time.

"Song! song!" they yelled. The valedictorian had a voice like a crow, and had never before been allowed to sing; but to-night his protests were in vain, and in obedience to their freakish humor, he was lifted struggling to his chair, and still struggling, was further hoisted to the table, where, standing among the glasses, he was compelled to warble at their pleasure. Then the fun grew fast and furious and indiscriminate, and man after man, endeared to his class by some achievement or characteristic, was hauled up to a position of prominence and suffered the penalty of his popularity. Finally someone yelled above the din of pounding glasses and loud personalities:

"Page! Page! We want Page!"

The room resounded with the hearty response. "What's the matter with Page? Put him up!" Everybody turned toward the end of one of the long tables, where sat a Negro boy, shaking his head emphatically at the howling mob. It was not until the toastmaster told off a committee of five of the strongest men in the class to persuade Mr. Page, that he yielded to necessity and stood up. He was tall and athletic, and had led the 'varsity teams to victory more than once; he sang the mellowest tenor on the Glee Club, and could mix a better punch than any of his class; but his skin was black as a raven's wing. He had won first the grati-

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tude and respect, next the admiration, and finally the affection of his class, but during the Commencement days he had been holding himself rather aloof; now, as he stood up before them, a sudden hush of vague apprehension fell on the riotous crowd, a sense of something beyond the gaiety of the moment, and the toastmaster groaned inwardly, seeing the end.

Page stood silent for a moment, his hands at his sides, his eyes travelling over the hundred or more faces turned expectantly toward him.

"Fellows," he said at last, and there was a note of infinite tenderness in his voice that thrilled them—"dear old boys, I made up my mind to say nothing to-night, for I don't want to spoil our last hours together by whining. And please God! I won't whine, but since you make me, I can at least tell you what this night means for me. It's a commencement for you—of course, it's an end, too, but still what it really means is that you are going out, each of you, to be a man among men, to claim your birthright of equality. But for me, it means just the end of all that. Here in college I have been a man, too, thanks to you, as I shall never be again. You have never stung me by your condescension, or insulted me by your scorn—you have simply accepted me as one of yourselves, and from the bottom of a very sore and very grateful heart I thank you. It has meant so much to me that I can hardly make you understand, you fortunate fellows whose faces are as white as your hearts, but whenever you look back at your college days, will you not remember that somewhere—God knows where!—there is one man who is profoundly, passionately grateful to you all, and whose whole life is made worth while by the memories of these four years, when, by your help, he has realized what it is to be a man among other men."

He flung out his hands toward them with a gesture that spoke more eloquently than his words, and sat down. There was a breathless hush; the toastmaster rose, glass in hand, choked, and stood silent. Somebody sobbed aloud, like a child; more than one head went down on the table, unashamed. The toastmaster found his voice.

"Boys," he said, "it's nearly dawn, and our Commencement is over. And I don't know how we could have any better benediction than we've just had. So let's go home."

Two Little Edens

By Amelia Hamilton McAllister

"Oh, Ned, *who* do you s'pose has a baby?"

"What a question, Mollie! *We* have, if you mean that."

Mollie's face softened at the thought of their diminutive Ned upstairs.

"Don't be silly, Ned, but who do——"

"Don't repeat that idiotic question, dear; who has?"

Mollie's eyes snapped.

"Of all women in this ridiculous world—Addie! I knew you'd jump—isn't it awful?"

"It may bring a vestige of sanity into her wildly dishevelled brain; and Jack——"

"Pooh! Jack doesn't count; listen to this:

"*Dear Moll:* If you'd take the trouble to run over to our cabin I'd show you a little bunch of clothes I've got—the doctor calls it a daughter, and Jack agrees—but then if I'd presented my old man with a chimpanzee and told him it was the proper thing, he'd believe it! We've had it for a month, but kept it dark, till it was a bit less repulsive looking. You have one yourself, so you know just how ugly they can be——" (Mollie's voice took an indignant note at this backhanded hit at little Ned.)—"Now, my dear, if you think it's worth your carfare, do come over! (I shouldn't care to pay the eighty cents admission, myself; but you're a dear soul, domestic and all that!) I suppose you can talk baby lingo like a native—but this kid sha'n't get any of that rot from me. So long! Addie.

"P. S.—I feel like a sneak letting you treat yourself. I'd enclose a ticket only I suppose Ned would kill me! By the way, how's the pocket edition? My old man sends love—he's awfully maudlin about it.

"A."

Mollie looked up. "Isn't it *rich!*"

"I think it's disgusting!" with vehemence.

"I know you don't approve of her, but there's lots in her—really there is, and the baby may civilize her."

"It won't; she's as wild as a Yahoo!"

"I think I'll go over and spend the night. I can leave baby with the Jewel" (she was the latest thing in nurses), "and you won't mind, will you, dear?"

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"Yes," said Ned, weakly; "I cannot tell a lie."

Mollie went over to him and put her arms on his shoulders. "You old love! I'd have killed you if you said no." And then followed what Ned called "a little demonstration."

An hour later they were boarding a New York train, provided with suit-case and umbrella.

"You look as if you were going to stay years," said Ned, miserably. "Your grip bulges fearfully."

"Years—with *that!* Why, it'll only carry me a day, Silly; besides, there are some baby things for Addie."

At the ferry they parted company. "Don't," said Mollie, sternly, as her husband evinced signs of "a little demonstration."

"Hang bad form!" he laughed, but he raised his hat instead, and Mollie watched him swing ashore with a little ache of longing.

"What a goose I am; I can't bear him out of my sight a minute. If anything should happen to him——" Her heartstrings tightened at the suggestion and she caught her breath sharply.

Two hours later she stood in Addie Brandon's erratic mansion; the latter breezed in "as the sirocco sweeps the desert."

"Why, Moll, you're a rock! Why didn't you waltz right up?"

"I thought I'd wait in the parlor till you knew——"

"Don't you dare call it a parlor! I haven't such a beastly thing in my shanty! They're all dens——" she waved her hand majestically. "I hate order and gilt chairs!" with vehemence. "Isn't this lovely?"

"Yes—if you like—this sort of thing!" faintly.

The room resembled a comfortable junk-shop—books, pictures, painting utensils; an easel with an unfinished sketch upon it occupied the centre of the floor; paint tubes and palettes were scattered promiscuously. Books reposed on chairs, while flower-pots reigned supreme in the bookcases.

Mollie drew a long breath as Addie led her out of chaos; on the first stair-landing she paused.

"Oh, Addie, I haven't told you how glad I am for you, dear. Ned and I——"

"All right—all right, Moll, it's awfully good of you, but you really needn't look so terribly serious. There isn't a death in the family!"

She led the way to the nursery.

"Here's the coop where our chickabid lives. Look at it—it's a little brick if I *do* say it."

Mollie bent over the small object with complete absorption.

"Don't look so awfully—holy, Mollie! It's only an ordinary kid."

Mollie was lost in contemplation, thinking of little Ned.

"She's got Jack's eyes, Addie. Aren't you glad?"

"I don't know. If it's got to imitate one of us in that respect, I'd rather it had mine than the old man's. They're my one accomplishment, you know!"

"I wasn't thinking of it in that way. I was so glad when ours had Ned's."

"Mollie, you're mushy! You're horribly gone on him, aren't you?"

"Yes," assented Mollie, "I am—horribly."

Addie whistled, and received a like response from the downstairs region.

"That's for Jack," she explained, amiably. "He's varnishing the dining-room. We're disgustingly poor, you know!"

There was no bitterness in this speech; for a moment Addie's eyes were almost moist.

"What does it matter?" questioned Mollie, softly.

"It doesn't—a rip!" Addie laughed. "Come in, old man, here's Mollie. Good gracious, you look like the mischief!" as Jack entered enveloped in a pair of dilapidated overalls, a paint-brush in either hand.

"She's come to see It, Jack. I won't believe it'll ever grow into a She or a He till I see it in trousers or petticoats!"

Jack smiled indulgently. "Isn't it a dear, Mollie?" his face reddened. "I'll—I'll show it you if you want."

"Goose!" from Addie, "she's seen it!" but Jack was lost in contemplation of his daughter.

"She's wonderful!" said Mollie, sympathetically.

"Isn't she?" breathed Jack, rapturously, lifting the little red hand in his own. We both think she's got each other's eyes."

Mollie smiled comprehendingly. "Ned and I always think that, too!"

"Oh, come away, you two proud mammas!" called Addie's sweet contralto. "The arrival of Jack's heiress has turned his brain. By the way, speaking of heiresses—do you know what she's to inherit?"

Addie was perched on the bed darning a sock of her lord and master.

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"She *does* do womanly things," thought Mollie, gratefully. "What?" she said aloud.

"All Jack's old paint brushes and a couple of dried-up tubes—(and a darned nice old disposition)!" Mollie heard her add under her breath.

Jack laughed. "Why not an artistic taste, I'd like to know?"

"You *have* a talent for varnishing, dear."

Addie's head inclined to one side as she squinted at the tortured hole in the heel of the sock. "Is that too bobbled?"

"Not a bit of it!"

"I believe if I mended 'em with court-plaster you'd grin and bear it!"

Jack laughed. "You make me out an awful fool, Addie!" he said, beating a retreat.

"I do—sort of," acknowledged his wife. "But I'll tell you in confidence, Moll, he really has quite a will of his own, only he er—lets me control it. Now about naming the kid. He wanted it *Adeline*, but of course I sat on *that;* then the cockles of his heart warmed to *Alice*, after some antediluvian old thing he discovered on the top roost of his family tree! I guess *not!*"

"I agree with Jack—she ought to have your name, dear," championed Mollie.

Addie paused. "I think it'll have to get acquainted with Robinson."

"But it's a *girl!*"

"Well, who cares? That's its granddaddy's dear old handle, and I love it—besides it's going to live in trousers till the law positively forbids."

Mollie groaned.

That night she wrote to Ned:

"*Dear Old Boy:* It's really awful—they're going to give it a *man's* name! Jack hates it—but dotes on her so that he won't stop her. I've a good mind to run away with it to a clergyman and get it fitted out with a decent name—it would be so thankful in after years!

"They're poor, too, Ned, awfully—have no maid, and Jack has to give up his art to—paint floors! It's too pathetic. Addie's really fond of him, though, and doesn't mind their poverty a bit. But then who *would!* I'm sure we're not Crœsuses ourselves, old love!

"I can't make up my mind about the baby's influence on Addie; she treats it like a toy. Jack's dear about it. Seems if things were twisted—he mothers it and Addie fathers it. It would be funny if it wasn't pathetic.

"To-night I got a glimmer behind the scenes, which makes me feel hopeful. I went upstairs on tiptoe—thinking it was asleep (Addie had told me she was going in the kitchen to get tea), and as I passed the nursery I peeped in—and there was Addie with the small thing in her arms, positively crooning to it. When she saw me she went as red as a lobster, and dropped it in the cradle like a hot coal. I ached to tell her not to feel that way about it; but I fled—and she never mentioned it afterward; only called it all sorts of names—a 'dear little devil' and a 'darned little brick'—imagine! Jack winces, but smiles like a man undergoing surgical treatment from a loved hand.

"Addie would say I was waxing 'mushy,' and I guess I am.

"How is our Bunting? I'm simply jealous of you and the Jewel; he'll know you two days better than me! As for *you*—well, Ned, you know—and what is the use of 'vain repetition?' Meet me at the 4.30, dear old boy——

"MOLLIE."

Glad Tidings

By Mary Stewart Cutting

SHE was in a street-car at noon, going home, when she heard the news called out: "Battle on at Santiago! Fighting begun!" The headlines stared her in the face. The woman beside her—a new acquaintance made this morning at a Red Cross meeting—was talking of her anxiety about her son, who, as a recruit, had just left for one of the camps near the city. Her motherly heart foreboded all sorts of dangers for him: it looked like rain, and if Willy got his feet wet, or had to sleep on the damp ground — "And what camp did you say your husband was in?" she asked of the young wife, suddenly aware of the demands of politeness.

"My husband isn't in camp; he's at the front."

"At the front?" Mrs. Ford looked perplexed. "Do you mean Chickamauga?"

"No." Rosa's lips quivered slightly, but her brown eyes were steady and her voice even. "He's at Santiago—he's in the battle."

The other woman stiffened with the sudden recoil.

"You don't mean he's fighting *now!*"

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The soldier's wife nodded, with a white smile: "Yes."

"Heavens above!" said the older woman. Her restrained emotions sprang forward with a bound as she looked at the fragile form beside her. "My dear *child!* Why —" Her handkerchief went up to her eyes with one hand while the other closed capaciously over the slight fingers of the new friend, regardless of conductor or passengers. "Now, don't you worry a mite," she protested in a husky and broken voice. "He's coming out all right. Don't you worry one mite. This lady's husband is out in Santiago," she announced to the carful, "and he's fighting this minute, but he's going to come out all right. I just know it!"

Rosa went her solitary way out to her suburban home with her head held high. She had wondered how a woman might feel when she knew her dearest, away from her, in danger of death. Now she was learning. It was as if she herself were wounded—bleeding to death at heart, yet with a strange excitement that held her up in lieu of strength. Her husband was so strong, so brave—impossible not to believe that he would dominate fate; yet so daring was he, so tall and fair a mark—how might he escape?

It was horribly hot as she walked up the shaded street. She was a newcomer in the neighborhood, but the people she met knew her as the "soldier's wife," and looked at her curiously. A group of women were leaving one of the piazzas as she passed, and she could see that they were whispering: "Her husband is in the battle now. I wonder how she feels."

A lady from across the street impulsively ran down the path with outstretched hand.

"I can't let you pass, Mrs. Askell," she said, "without speaking to you. We—we all know the Captain's in the battle, and we feel"—her handkerchief went up as Mrs. Ford's had done—"we're sure he's going to come out all right, Mrs. Askell."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Askell, with that smile of hers, which served to show more plainly how white her face was. Her head was so light that it was quite easy to smile. She smiled when her two children, a boy and a girl, ran out to meet her, with little flags in their hands, talking eagerly about the battle. She walked up the steps, a child on either side, under a waving shadow that fell across them—it was the shadow of the broad flag above, hung out there the day he left the house.

She smiled also when she greeted the friends who rallied to her from further places. Only with one, who had known sorrow, whose husband was dead, did her face change. She hid her head for a moment on the shoulder of the one who had been long stricken; but afterward she smiled as before at those who watched her so anxiously. They said to her, one and all: "He will come out all right!" to hear her echo: "Oh, yes, I know he will."

But while they reassured her they whispered fears among themselves. If he were killed—or if he were wounded—how would she stand the news—who would tell her? She was not very strong—there was some trouble with her heart.

How hot the sleepless night was, with a clinging, damp heat, in which the soul touched nameless things that made the flesh creep! When she came down to breakfast, smiling, there seemed to be a wan, ghostly halo isolating her. The friends who came were even more cheerful than before, but she knew when they whispered. And all that hot, long, long, unreal, whispering, dizzy, glaring Sunday there was no news. She had slipped down in the early light before anyone else was astir to get the morning paper where it lay outside the front door; but there was no news in it—only the same old headlines as in the extras of the day before, repeated in every varying form, to tell that her husband's regiment was in the field. Would they never, never, never stop the fighting?

When it was again night, before her friends went away, she held the Woman Who Knew aloof from her by both hands and looked at her.

"If I could only *see* him for a little while," she said in a voice that was hardly a voice—the breathless longing of the spirit! "If I could only see him for a little while—for ten minutes—five—*one* minute even, just *now*, I could bear the rest"—and forgot in her pain that she spoke to one for whom this hope no longer lived.

When they had gone the Lady Across the Street sent her husband over to ask how Mrs. Askell was, and to say that everyone thought of her and was sure that the Captain would be all right. And then at last she was left alone with her children.

That night while the children slept—that

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night, so hellish hot, with the moist, dark leaves drooping together on the branches by the window and the dark flag hanging down motionless over them—that night, all silent to the ear, but to the agonized sense crowded with the sounds of death and dying—that night the soldier's wife was on her knees with her arms spread out upon the bed, and her eyes straining upward into the hot gloom. She shed no tears, for she was praying, praying, praying for his life. She was looking at what seemed to be a plain in some strange country of the night, on which lay huddled formless shapes in the darkness. Once there was the noise of cannon in the distance to usher in the Fourth of July, and then she saw the shot and shell rain down upon the plain. But mostly there were only the shapes, distorted and forgotten. Some were not dead. Wounded and lying forgotten, and moaning for water! And she on her knees here only *praying!* And when for a moment, worn with the torture of vigil, her head sank upon the bed in those fragmentary, phantasmal waifs of dreams, she was always carrying water to that darksome plain and searching for her own. But when the summer dawn grew and lightened she could only see him dead.

The Lady Across the Street had accompanied her in spirit all the night. As the day broke her anxiety grew. She heard the steps of the boy who left the morning paper, and she slipped out of bed and ran down to the door barefoot, and opened it and pulled the paper in. And at the top she saw the words "ALWYN ASKELL." She did not know she screamed, for her hand was on her heart, and she had fallen against the wall. Then she saw the next line and breathed.

"He's wounded, not killed," said her husband's voice, as his arm held her up. "He's in the hospital."

"Yes, I know—now. It was a terrible shock to *me*." She gasped a little yet. "How will she—— Wait——" She opened the door an inch and looked at the house opposite. "Her paper is there. She hasn't seen it yet. She *mustn't!* She *mustn't!* They say a shock would kill her! I'm going across the street to tell her."

"Amelia! You just barely *know* her; you——"

"Don't you say a *word!*" she raged at him, up in her own room, pulling out clothes from the closet and putting them on in unnoticing haste. "She sha'n't see it—that way!"

"But what are you going to say to her?"

"I don't *know*—I haven't time to think."

She was down the stairs and across the green-shaded street before he knew. Her skirt brushed the scarlet geraniums wet with the dew on them; the flag waved lazily in the early breeze.

A knock came at the door when the soldier's wife was at last lying out on the bed straight and still, because he was lying dead.

The maid's voice spoke. "Mrs. Askell! Mrs. Askell! The Lady from Across the Street is here. She says she has good news to tell you—news you'll be *very* glad to hear!"

The soldier's wife was on her feet at the first word, though trembling, with a wild light in her eyes. What did it mean? *Good news!* He must be coming back. Oh, had he *come!* The cheery tones from below met her half-way down the stairs.

"Mrs. Askell, *good* news! Such good news! There's been a *splendid* victory, and your husband's only wounded in the shoulder! His name is in the very *first* list. Read it and see for yourself."

She thrust the paper into Rosa's hand. "It's just what I'm telling you, only better, for he's in the hospital. The shoulder, the left shoulder! The very best place he could have been hit! It was such splendid news I couldn't wait to come over and tell you!"

As the lady recrossed to her own side of the street, avoiding the milkman's wagon, she became suddenly and overpoweringly aware that she had pink worsted slippers on her bare feet, a soiled white duck skirt above her nightgown, an old shawl around her shoulders, and a white lace bonnet surmounting her streaming hair.

"Well, you *are* a sight," said her husband, with a loving admiration for the kind deed that betrayed itself even through his words of scorn. "What do you suppose she thought of you?"

But the soldier's wife sat all day with that paper clasped in her hands, her eyes shining. The joy with which she had been reclaimed from death clung to her. A blessed hand had helped her back from the brink of the black river. Something very good had happened—that rose-colored atmosphere enveloped her whether she would or no. The dark plain of the night was gone—the scarlet geraniums blazed in the green lawns, the flag waved its red, white, and blue length in the

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warm, sunny breeze here, as it waved over the hospital where he lay. He was safe with that wound in the shoulder—it was the very best place in which he could have been hit. He was in the hospital with everyone to wait on him.

And even in those wild moments when that quick, loving anxiety and longing tore at her heartstrings she got her breath again. The first glad thought of the good tidings still cast its glow around her. It was almost as if for a little while—one minute perhaps—even not for those five or ten—but for one minute—she had seen his face!

Melvina's Divorce Paper

By G. W. Ogden

Blue Mound prided itself on Melvina Smith. Melvina's hair was red, the red of a new flannel shirt, her nose expressed continuously a sniffing contempt for the world, and nature had bunched her, like a tumbleweed, close to the ground. But she was the only divorce widow in Blue Mound.

Hiram Smith married her when she was twenty. He stayed until there was a smaller edition of Smith, to whom he gave his own name; then he went to Texas to look around. Melvina waited patiently six years for him to finish his reconnoissance, then she secured a divorce on the grounds of desertion. The document which annulled that other—the one with two doves at the top and Cupids and grapevines around the border, the one Melvina had cried over in the long evenings she sat in the porch gazing in the general direction of Texas where H'arm was looking around—was the centre-piece about which the thought of the community's feminine population revolved. Deeper interest never before focussed on one piece of paper, barring, probably, the Magna Charta. It was the solemn, determined aim of every matron, and the growing ambition of every maid, to see Melvina Smith's divorce paper.

Women called in droves, excusing themselves for so doing by the most unreasonable pretexts. Those who had seen it returned again and again with their friends. The habit grew upon them like opium. Melvina's mother was in a constant, expectant, loquacious flutter. In her fifty-five years she had never before been connected with such a lasting sensation. She grew tactful in her manner of handling the curious callers and adept in the art of teasing their appetites, working carefully around the subject at heart and putting it aside for the climax, like a gourmand conserving one choice morsel for the triumphant finale to a delicious menu. The weather, the chickens, the crops, the children, were all discussed, and the real topic was repressed until the visitors were ready to go into spasms with delightful anticipations. At the proper time Melvina's mother would stop rocking suddenly, as if arrested by the recollection of a neglected duty, and say:

"Show'em your *de*-vorce paper, Melviney."

The tension would relax in sighs, and Melvina, blushing and enjoying the ripple in the placid current of her life, would go to the clothes press and get the paper, which she had wedged between the side of the press and some shirts Smith had left behind when he went to Texas to look around.

Blue Mound was agitated from the Baptist Church on the east to the cabin occupied by old Ike Dagley on the west, when invitations were given by Melvina's mother to the infare supper in celebration of Melvina's marriage to Henry Dorman. Some criticised Melvina for undue haste, and others discussed the coming event resentfully, just as they would have the announcement of the intended removal of the church or any other landmark. How much would the community suffer when dwellers in distant parts could no longer say, "They's a de-vorce widder livin' over to Blue Mound."

Preacher Williamson married them, and twenty guests sat down to the supper. Henry and Melvina were at the head of the table, facing the door that opened on the porch. Melvina's mother and the Tweddell girls were waiting on the table. Melvina's mother came from the kitchen with a dish of fried chicken, and stopped to help the bride and groom. As she placed the platter beside Melvina she looked down the long table, straightened up suddenly as if she had a pain in her back, and tapped the bride on the shoulder.

"Melviney, look a-yander," she said.

Melvina followed her gaze. In the open door, the light of the hanging-lamp beneath which he had courted her falling on his face, she saw Hiram Smith, rugged, rough, bewhiskered and grim. His blue flannel

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shirt was open at the neck and his broad-brimmed hat was pushed insolently back from his forehead. Melvina's face grew white.

"Howdy, folkses," said Hiram, clumping into the room. "This here looks like a infare supper," he commented, turning to Melvina's father. "Didn't know you had airy other gal left."

Knife and fork fell from Henry Dorman's paralyzed hands and he felt a fiery wave spread over him, which died like a flash and left cold drops on his forehead. He passed his palm over it to brush them away. The touch made him think of a jug of cold water on a July day in the harvest field. Hiram looked at Melvina.

"See here, what does this here mean?" he asked, gruffly, striding down the room toward her. Henry's heart sank so he thought it was going to drag him under the table. He grasped the edges of the board to hold himself up.

"So you're the bride, hay?" asked Hiram, angrily. "Thought ole Hi Smith was dead, hay? Well, he ain't. Now, you get up from the side of that lout an' come with me."

Melvina trembled, looked appealingly at Henry, the guests, her father, then started to obey. Her mother pushed her back into her place.

"You jist sit right there, Melviney," she said. Turning to Hiram she threatened his whiskered face with a large, red fist. "You march outen here, H'arm Smith, you tramp," she commanded, vehemently.

"Not without my lawful wedded wife," he answered, "my lawful wedded wife and child. Yes, my child. Where is my child?" he demanded, as if that asset had until that moment been overlooked in the inventory. "Give me my child! Don't try to sep-a-rate me from my wife an' boy!"

Melvina's mother leaned over the bride's chair. "Show 'im your *de*-vorce paper, Melviney," she said.

When Melvina returned with it her mother thrust it into Hiram's hands.

"Read that, you varmint, an' then skite outen here," said she. Hiram glanced at it.

"How d' I know," he said, "'at it ain't bogus an' a humbug? How d' I know it ain't a forgery?"

Down the table the men were leaning over, putting their heads together and talking. Peter Keroher pushed his chair back and faced Hiram, his big hands spread on his mast-like thighs.

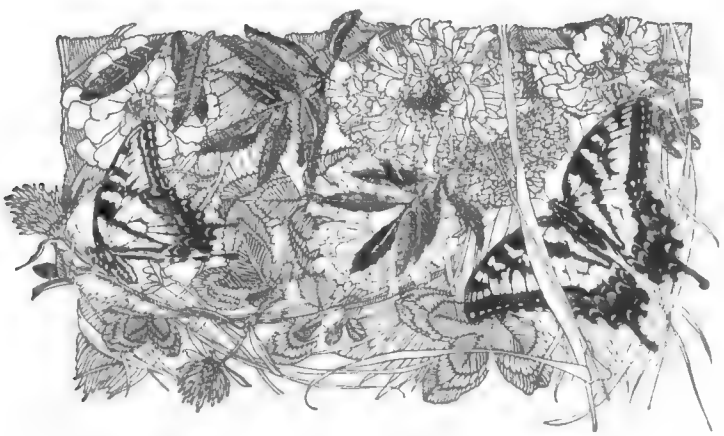
"Did you git done lookin' around down yander in Taixas, H'arm?" he asked.

Hiram looked at him a moment doggedly, then dropped his head. "No," he replied, "I don't reckon I did."

"Then I 'low," said Peter, "'at you'd better go 'long back an' finish."

Hiram threw the divorce paper on the floor, tramped noisily to the door and disappeared. Melvina laughed nervously as the curtain of night interposed itself between her vision and the back of Hiram. At the sound of her voice Henry started as one awakened from a sleep and swept the room with a bewildered stare. Then he threw his head back and laughed until the table trembled.

Melvina's mother took up the platter. "Will you have some of this here chicken?" she asked each guest as she passed down the table.



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With the Procession

This is an incidental review of the happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events which are making history—informative but entertaining. Contributions are invited.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GHOST

THE recent discussion of Spiritualism, in which we are told that the ghost of Henry Ward Beecher has appeared to a former friend, and confined himself in his message to complaining that a certain coin, known as "the widow's mite," had not been returned to him, reminds us of an interesting incident in Mr. Beecher's life while he was still in the flesh. The great preacher was in England, as the story goes, and was being entertained by a gentleman who believed in Spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the séance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with a twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is, that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has I shall be a stark-naked fool." When one considers the high and noble purposes to which Mr. Beecher devoted himself while on earth, and the things on which his mind seems to run now, we are constrained to recall this incident.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, PHILOLOGIST

MR. J. P. MORGAN, not content with his kingship in the commercial world, has entered the domain of philology. He has invented a new phrase. In a recent interview he cheerfully declared that the financial world need have no fear that the "undigested securities" will put prosperity in danger. These "undigested securities" in Mr. Morgan's phrase evidently meant new stock or bonds of transportation lines merely, many of which do represent doubling of track and greater terminals needed to handle the crops and the manufactures of the country, as Mr. Morgan said.

A grateful public has accepted Mr. Morgan's phrase and widened its significance. "Undigested securities" are simply stocks that people will not buy or will buy only at very low prices—for instance the shares of Mr. Morgan's own transatlantic shipping combination, which sell for less than fifteen dollars a share. Such securities remain in the hands of their promoters. The term has no application to such solid issues as new bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad intended for increased terminal facilities. If all the mergers and industrials now issued could be fed to the public at anything like their par value, there would be such an inflation of actual values as to repeat the history of John Law's Mississippi bubble. Prosperity does not depend so much on the people's assimilating the more doubtful "undigested securities"; but in refusing to accept them at all.

DAVID R. FRANCIS'S FUTURE

THE Chicago Exposition was famous for its Midway; the Pan-American for its fairy splendor of glowing lights; the St. Louis Fair will be remembered for "Dave" Francis. It would be a novel turn of the political wheel if service as head of an Exposition were to lead toward the White House, though Tom Johnson stumped Ohio for gubernatorial honors with a sort of circus accompaniment, and Mayor Jones, of Toledo, is Mayor by grace of the fact that in a way he is a circus himself. Yet Ex-Governor Francis, who went so far afield as to visit European potentates in order to make his Exposition the greatest of all World's Fairs, has made himself a national personage by his management. Moreover, the Presidency of an historic World's Exposition holds more dignity than spectacular Ohio campaigning.

The Fair, with its acreage far exceeding that of any Exposition ever held, with its model city, its garden planted to make a map of the country, its international games, its old-time steamboat race from New Orleans, its air-ship trials for prizes, has been assured of success by David R. Francis.

Mr. Francis came out of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet with sufficient reputation to make him one of the few available Democrats mentioned after Bryan's defeat as large enough to be the candidate of the next Democratic convention. His splendid executive management of the Fair has brought him again before the country. Judge Parker is practically unknown outside New York. In a year Governor Francis will be a familiar figure to every American citizen. Mr. Olney is cold. A royal good fel-

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low is Governor Francis, says everyone, from the German Emperor to the New Yorkers he dined with on his return. Tom Johnson and Carter Harrison are of Bryan's school. The rejuvenated old-time Democracy would welcome an ex-member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, and the West and South could not look askance on a son of "Missourah." From World's Fair executive to Presidential candidate is far from a seven-league step.

HOW "UNDIGESTED SECURITIES" ARE TREATED AT THE HOME OF THE TRUSTS

A SHARP object-lesson for "undigested securities" was given by Governor Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey. In April he wiped out 1,000 Trusts, aggregating capital of at least $100,000,000, by declaring their charters revoked for non-payment of taxes. The Fish Trust, capitalized at $10,000,000, was destroyed; the Flour Trust, capitalized at $25,000,000; the National Light and Power Company, and hundreds of others dubbed Trusts by such titles as "National," "American," and "United States." The charter law declares the executive may give extensions of time for tax payments, but Governor Murphy declined to extend further mercy, and the aspiring monopolies, many of which were moribund already, were thus peremptorily dispatched. Trusts are not infallibly money-makers. Investors, directors, and managers of great combinations soon learn, as did the Amalgamated Copper Company managers, that monopoly is a very mettlesome horse. Not every financier can ride it. However, Governor Murphy's thunderbolt had a salutary effect.

THE FREAK DINNER

IF Lucullus had been "bid" to such a dinner as that of C. K. G. Billings at Sherry's in New York, where the diners made merry from seats on horseback, eating from tables on the saddle pommels, he would doubtless have sent regrets. Nor would the sort of dinner given lately to Santos-Dumont in Paris have reached his ideal of luxurious ease. The waiters walked on stilts; and the guests sat in high chairs about an elevated board, occasionally dodging a toy air-ship which swooped about the room. The Seeley dinner with its unsavory notoriety is not forgotten, and Harry Lehr's monkey dinner will doubtless never be repeated while the smart set keep their sanity up to its normal level.

Dinners where children emerge from colossal pies, as at James L. Breese's dinner where a girl leaped out of a pie and danced, or at a dinner of the De Reszkes, Nordica, Emma Eames, and other operatic stars, where a naked pickaninny lay under the pie-crust, have some excuse. They represent far-fetched notions of acquiring nourishment, but they do not shock a sensible public.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., however, gave a dinner where the guests, getting out of hand, are said to have speared the decorative live gold-fish on the table with their forks. This would have delighted the Emperor Commodus, who had a taste for such sport. James Henry Smith once imitated Sir Conan Doyle's *Raffles Haw* by giving a mid-winter dinner at Sherry's, beneath a rose arbor in which birds sang and flowers grew, and the diners luxuriated in all the delights of summer; they even plucked growing grapes.

The freak dinner is a symptom resulting from a mixture of money and brains in undue proportions. In such matters good taste is usually at a discount.

MR. CARNEGIE'S VERSATILE GIVING

THE ceaseless generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie becomes daily more picturesque. Not content with offering a water-filter to Cornell, as preventive of another typhoid scourge, and a $50,000 Watt Memorial to Greenock, Scotland, coincident with libraries hither and yon, and a gift of $5,000,000 for research in Scottish universities—all this since January—he proposed to take a hand in international politics by paying Venezuela's debt to Germany, and also he presented a "Palace of Peace" to the Hague Tribunal. Besides, he paid his personal taxes in New York, instead of "swearing off" his $5,000,000 assessment and giving the city a "present," as the other multi-millionaires have done. This, by contrast, is also generosity. It may be questioned, of course, how far such indiscriminate giving as his results in pauperizing communities. His recent gift to Edinburgh University checked a larger grant coming to the institution, and his library donations, without doubt, stifle such commendable public spirit as has dotted Massachusetts with libraries built and supported by the people. Yet since Mr. Carnegie has the wealth—something like $300,000,000 in United States Steel Corporation bonds—it is hard to see to what better or wiser use he could put

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it. His benefaction of $600,000 to Tuskegee, was one of the most commendable acts in recent philanthropy.

THE RACE SUICIDE ENDLESS CHAIN OF DISCUSSION

THE race suicide discussion begun by President Roosevelt's Spartan comment on the reluctance of the working girls to marry, disclosed originally by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, continues to run its varied course. President Eliot gave it a fillip by showing that Harvard graduates have on an average but two children—which one meditative citizen declared is due to the ordinary college graduate's financial inability to marry until he reaches the grandfather age. From the lucubrations of the sociologist to the epigrams of the wise Mr. Dooley, comments have been made on the subject all round the world and back again. A Pennsylvania legislator wished to check the devastating influence of "race suicide" by offering gold medals for large families. The bachelor tax movement gained fresh vitality; advocates of a shorter college course were thankful for a new argument: the youth must hurry feverishly through college—even a co-educational college where lack of haste might conceivably give more speed—that the little home might sooner be prepared. If the nation was not saved by the President's letter, it has certainly been made more cheerful.

THE PROSPERITY STRIKE HABIT

PROSPERITY has lasted so long that a strike or a threat to strike in April or May is as regular in some of the trades as spring fever in us all. A steel strike, a coal strike, or a general railroad strike—the only kind that seriously menaces the public at large—we were mercifully spared, but sporadic minor strikes on street railways, in the building trades, in practically every craft have been more numerous than ever before. Even the longshore-men on the lakes, whose contentment under the contract and arbitration system was exploited as model at the Civic Federation's annual conference, went out for a better contract—indicating that the contract system, most excellent as it is, is yet no labor panacea.

Prosperous times are always strike times. In days of depression a workman thankfully clings to his job, but with the yeasty rise of prosperity, the workmen clamor for a proportionate share of the increased wealth of the country. If good times continue, next spring will usher in still more strikes.

Two widely divergent phases of this year's labor situation, however, have a bearing on each other that should not be ignored. In the middle West an anti-union organization of workmen began to show a little strength. In New York City one union of carpenters and painters went out on strike against another union, the culmination of a long and bitter quarrel. The absurdity of an anti-union union should be palpable enough to discourage "free-labor" organizations, but the New York strike suggests a graver objection.

A strong anti-union organization means simply two unions in the field. And if employers are harassed by a single union, verily, as the New York squabble shows, with two they are between the deep sea and the devil. The most promising feature of the spring's strike fever, however, has been the willingness of employers to avoid trouble through compromise.

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES

MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, one of the youngest and cleverest of contemporary writers, has produced a capital novel, exposing the methods of titled foreigners seeking fortunes in the American marriage market. The fabric of fact upon which the story is embroidered is far from pretty. Of course, like the little colored boy who replied when caught with pockets full of stolen eggs, "Why, what's a boy agwine ter do w'en eggs is laid right in his pocket," the American heiress who marries a title may say, " He was nice, and he asked me—to wear a coronet;" but again, it is not pretty, especially when the nobleman demands a definite *dot*. This spring beheld two brilliant society weddings, Miss Neilson's to Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, and Miss Thaw's to the Earl of Yarmouth. In one, the young couple, who had known each other long, were married in more or less democratic fashion, and doubtless will live happy ever after. In the other, an English Earl, in line of succession to a marquisate, ushered a Pittsburg heiress into a rank in the British peerage above which only three American heiresses have climbed. That the Earl had an income, it has been said, of but $1,500 a year, may or may not have had anything to do with his choice.

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A BLOW AT "MORGANIZATION"

"MORGANIZATION" received its first serious set-back and the Sherman Anti-Trust law its greatest vindication when the United States Circuit court, sitting in St. Louis, declared the Northern Securities Company, with its $400,000,000 capital an "illegal combination in restraint of trade."

When the High Priest of the Gospel of Stability, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was called in to end the bitter fight for transcontinental traffic, between Mr. James J. Hill and Mr. E. H. Harriman, which threatened to wreck the parallel and competing Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, he summoned the ablest legal minds to his aid. The result was the organization of the Northern Securities Company, a non-operating corporation, whose business it was to control both railroad companies and to see that they paid satisfactory dividends. It was necessary to dodge not only the Sherman law, but the laws of States in which the railroads are operated in effecting this combination.

The Governor of Minnesota attacked the merger, effected in November, 1901, and he couldn't even make a dent in its armor. Then President Roosevelt, having made clear his views which fastened upon him the sobriquet of the "Trust buster," started Attorney-General Knox on the trail of the trust company.

Possibly it was upon the theory that it takes a trust lawyer to catch a trust that Mr. Knox had been made attorney-general. He filed a bill against the Northern Securities Company in March of last year, which he supplemented with a brilliant argument before the court, to the effect that the merger was designed to monopolize interstate commerce. He held that the company existed solely "to incorporate the pooling of stocks." If the courts sustained the pooling plan, there was no reason why all the railroads in the country could not be merged.

The railroad interests retained John W. Griggs, Mr. McKinley's attorney-general, who argued that a decision against the merger would be a heavy blow to the railroad interests of the country, and that there would probably be smashups generally.

The decision of the court that the merger was illegal was a unanimous one. It remains for the Supreme Court of the United States finally to settle the matter for all time. If it sustains the lower court, then will be demonstrated conclusively that the Sherman Anti-Trust law is a sufficiently powerful club to control the trusts.

"SOFT WORDS AND A BIG STICK"

"SPEAK softly and carry a big stick: you will go far," quoted President Roosevelt at Chicago, on his way to Yellowstone Park. Thus succinctly, he implied a rebuke to Admiral Dewey for "boasting and blustering"; gave his own individual stretch to the infinitely elastic Monroe doctrine—which now frowns on European "spheres of control" in South America as well as actual territorial accession, besides aspiring to the dignity of international law; and he said to the American people, "We need a greater navy." The navy we are getting. In weight of floating iron, in sum total of human beef, in mere numbers of ships in commission our navy ranks lower among the squadrons of the nations than our national wealth necessitates. But we shall rank third as soon as the ships now building are finished, and the straight shooting of American gunners is still a naval tradition. Shot for shot, rather than ship for ship or man for man, our increased navy—for which $72,500,000 has been appropriated—will probably rank higher than third. "We may rest assured," as the President said, "that no foreign power will ever quarrel with the Monroe doctrine."

SUCCESS OF THE WOMEN'S HOTEL

THERE is a bad time ahead for the boarding houses if the Woman's Hotel prospers and multiplies as it gives promise of doing. The lone woman, stranded by circumstance or separated from her home by the needs of her work, has always been the chief standby of the landlady, a steady source of supply both for second-floor-front and fourth-floor-back. Perhaps the lone woman has not found it perfectly satisfactory, but formerly no one considered her side of it. Then the experiment of a hotel for women was tried, and straightway they came pouring into it, from every corner of the city like rabbits from hidden warrens, until there was not room for one more. The need proved, other hotels will follow. But meanwhile what of the boarding house, that unfailing resource of the woman who can do nothing else? With bachelor quarters for women as well as men, and apartment-houses on every corner

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for married couples—the only beings not provided for will be the children. Perhaps the boarding house's future existence will be a form of nursery.

HEINRICH CONRIED PROPHESIES THE COMING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE

HEINRICH CONRIED, the new director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, has risen prophet of the coming of the American National Theatre. Visions of such an institution have troubled actors and the theatre-loving public long, but it remained for Mr. Conried to give the dream its first glimpse of reality. The beginning means the agreement of 3,600 people to subscribe for two $2 seats each for every one of ten plays in a thirty-weeks' season, at a New York stock theatre. Like all things in the United States, a national theatre depends on the public.

Heinrich Conried began his theatrical career in Vienna at the age of seventeen. After acting in Berlin, Leipzig, and Bremen, he came to America in 1878, and undertook successively the stage management of the Germania, the Casino, and Amberg's, which is now the Irving Place Theatre. This, a replica of the German play-house, brought German acting in New York up to the level maintained in the native theatres. Mr. Conried is now the head of Grand Opera in America. With such an expert pointing a practicable way to a national theatre, the thing can surely be accomplished.

SING SING PRISON PUBLISHES A MAGAZINE

THERE are over 70,000,000 people in the United States—mostly writers. Even Sing Sing prison issues a bi-weekly magazine, the *Star of Hope*, a well-printed, luxurious folio, brimming with human interest. Roland B. Molineux, who spent his days in the Death House transcribing what he saw and felt in his grewsome quarters, was not the only scribbler within the prison walls. There are potential journalists in Sing Sing. No. 1,500 is Editor-in-chief, and prisoners write, make up, and print the whole publication, which has a circulation inside and outside the prison of more than 5,000. Women, too, are contributors. No. 196 Auburn is local editor. The periodical is a serious attempt at a prison organ, and in this guise is naturally welcome to what a *Star of Hope* note would probably call "the residents of our community." Outsiders find in its humor its recommendation to a moment's study. Recently, for example, it contained this paragraph: "The former gentleman who walked or ran out into the free world some weeks ago without the proper permission is again our guest." Its verse also is far from the mere doggerel one might expect. Not long ago it published the following:

But where the Hudson with majestic sweep
Rolls on its course to mingle with the deep,
There stands a frowning pile of brick and stone
Whose massive walls were built for strength alone.
Whose grim watch-towers and portals strongly barred
Make Freedom's way to many long and hard!
Yet in that tomb of buried hopes forlorn
Three blessed years ago our Star of Hope was born.

THE HELP PROBLEM IN NEW YORK

THE family consisted of two gentle and easily suited women, the apartment of six small rooms. Yet seven intelligence offices were canvassed without bringing to light one woman who would accept the situation. High wages made no difference—it was "general housework," and general housework they would not do. Finally an imperfect but apparently willing specimen was secured and took possession at dinner-time Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning at six she appeared at the bedside of her peacefully slumbering employer. "I'm going," she announced. "Going!" in sleepy dismay. "Yes'm; it's too lonely!" And this in a five-story apartment-house in the heart of New York. What are they going to do—the people who have only place for one? Their own work,—seems to be the disheartening answer. Demand goes on, but supply fails to answer it. Must we bring in the Chinese? Where have they gone, the kindly, competent, willing workers of yester-year?

LAGGING BRITISH EMPLOYERS

MR. ALFRED MOSELY'S delegation of British workmen, who were lately with us, report to their colleagues and the British public that American workmen are by no means the best in the world, as we have always thought. Nor are they better off, these observers declare, than their British brethren. It will be recalled that Mr. Mosely, a former intimate of Cecil Rhodes, with a fortune won in South African diamond mines, took twenty-three officers of the leading British trades-unions

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through American industrial centres last fall to give them an object-lesson that would "wake up John Bull." The men came, saw —and went away, as their reports explain, with one large idea.

"If English employers," they say in substance, "will abandon antique machines and antediluvian methods, England will hold her own in the commercial rivalry of the world."

Some of the most efficient workmen these union men met here were Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen who testified that they had to work no harder here than in the old country. The simple conclusion was that employés here *do* work harder, and faster, and according to the methods of to-day rather than of the day before yesterday—for American superiority in actual business results the Englishmen do not question.

The real British sinner seems to be the British employer. The British workman "potters," and his employer lets him "potter"; the American workman tends a high-speed machine which his employer has paid a thousand dollars for and has set him to work at. The American method, say our visitors, is the one that makes wealth.

HOW MILBURN, THE BLIND CHAPLAIN, WON HIS SPURS

THE death of William Henry Milburn, for many years famous as "The Blind Chaplain," recalls the romantic and heroic incidents connected with his first election as a Chaplain of Congress in 1845. When Milburn was twenty-two, a very slight figure, his left eye entirely blind, his right eye having but one little transparent point not so big as the head of a pin, giving him but a glimmer of the outer world, he was travelling by Ohio River steamer from Cincinnati to Wheeling, W. Va. He was then entirely unknown to the world except to the little band of circuit riders among whom he had been preaching in the backwoods for a year. To his great delight he found on the steamer a large number of Congressmen of both Houses, who were on their way to Washington for the opening of a session. Milburn expected great profit from their conversation, but was soon shocked at their profanity, their gambling, and their drunkenness.

The Ohio River was low, and fogs coming on, they were detained over Sunday. At breakfast a committee of passengers invited Milburn to preach, and he accepted. A congregation of three hundred persons assembled, the young preacher taking his place at the door between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins; the Congressmen were seated immediately on his right and left. At the close of a brief sermon, to the astonishment of all, he bowed to the men before him, and said: "I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are, or should be, the representatives, not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt, on coming aboard this boat, a natural interest to hear your conversation, and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion?—inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction.

The Congressmen were a plucky lot, and so admired the nerve and sincerity of the young preacher, that they at once bestowed a purse upon him, and on arriving in Washington secured his election as Chaplain. He held the position for fifty-eight years.

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY

SENATOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S sixty-ninth birthday anniversary was duly celebrated by a banquet at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn.

Republicans and Democrats sat in peace side by side at the festive board, and sang in unison "In the Good Old Summer Time," which tradition prescribes as part of the ceremonial at these anniversary dinners.

The burden of the Senator's discourse was the difficulty of getting rid of bores, and he quoted with deep feeling a few lines of verse —the tactful reply of a young lady to an unwelcome proposition:

"Go, ask papa," the maiden said.
He knew that her papa was dead.
He also knew the life he had led,
And to where her answer led,
When "Go, ask papa," the maiden said.

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Some Additional Remarks

By SIMEON FORD

THE AUTOMOBILE

OUR streets have always been hard enough to navigate, heaven knows, but nowadays with the electric trolleys aud the automobiles added, pedestrianism has degenerated into a mere succession of frenzied leaps and convulsive stops, and our progress to and fro is like that of the startled fawn, which

> "Bounds from crag to crag,
> Hearing the hunter's horn."

Shakespeare, who was up to date and a little ahead of it, said:

"No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns."

This eternal horn-blowing is a nuisance and a nerve-destroying crime, and is unnecessary and silly. I have noticed that the smaller the auto the bigger the horn. To hear one of these little tin wash-boilers, with a one-horse-power engine and a twelve-horse-power horn and a twenty-mule-power driver, coming down the avenue, you'd suppose that Gabriel with his trump had broken loose at last; and when you look up, expecting to see a trump, you see nothing but a two-spot.

I don't claim that every man who runs an auto is a jackass, but I do claim that every jackass runs an auto. I run one myself.

It was after much deliberation and thought that I decided to invest in an automobile. The salesman told me it was the coming mode of transportation and that the horse must go. I agreed with him. I bought a new horse last summer, warranted to possess all the equine virtues. The first time I drove him I met an auto, and the horse decided he must go, and I guess he's going yet. I stayed with him a while, but made up my mind he was too swift a proposition for me to keep company with. I never could determine whether it is the appearance of the machine, or the smell, or the raiment of the driver, that gets into a horse's nerves, but I reckon it's the raiment. The spiritual description of the lily of the field applies to them pretty well: "They toil not, neither do they spin, but verily I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The first machine I looked at was small, simple, and inexpensive. It had but one cylinder. The salesman said that was an advantage. He said a four-cylinder engine would get out of order four times as often. This machine had a handle on the side like a barrel organ. He showed me how to make it go fast and slow and stop and start, and all the while the machine stood in the store. A child of ten years could run it, he assured me. "Now, if you want to get out of a tight place," he said, "get a sudden move on—so to speak—you just touch this lever called the accelerator."

He touched it, and with that something went wrong, and the handle I have alluded to flew around and smote him violently in the abdomen. When he came to I told him a child of ten might run the machine, but the child would have to have a very strong stomach.

The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the gasoline machine was the thing. There was power, simple and direct! It ran by a series of explosions. That appealed to me at once. That's the way my hotel on Park Avenue has been run during the past year—by a series of explosions of dynamite by the tunnel people, and a series of explosions of profanity on the part of myself and my few remaining boarders.

Every auto I thought of buying, all my friends assured me was no good, and in the light of subsequent experiences I guess they were right. Finally, on my own responsibility, I bought that lovely lobster-pink creation in which I may be seen most any pleasant day now, running merrily through the Park or street, and anon sitting reposefully while my chauffeur, assisted by the populace, explores the vitals of the machine, looking for trouble. I remember when I was a boy I saw and admired at Barnum's museum a working model of an engine, all made of glass, but I never dreamed I should own one.

I am getting proud of my machine. I

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think it holds the record for having travelled fewer miles in a given time than any other yet devised. My engine will break when standing motionless on the barn-floor, simply through the power of gravitation. It is operated by a skilled mechanic, and costs me as much per month as it would to run the "Corsair." But it has one merit. I never wander so far from my own fireside but that I can easily walk back. I have worn out six sets of hinges in the hood, peering at the engine to see what is busted.

I used to get up and help the chauffeur to look, until one day, when we were both hidden behind the hood, a sneak carried off my fur robes. Now I just sit back and listen to the jeers of the populace, and sigh to think of the happy times gone by when I used to travel on the street-cars and get to my destination on the same day.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

If ever man lived who was justified in being stuck on himself, it was G. Washington, late of Mount Vernon. He has since been stuck on a good many things—principally letters—or, rather, his likeness has. You have all noticed George's likeness as it appears on the two-cent postage stamps, wearing a look of entire self-satisfaction and a collar cut somewhat lower in the neck than is now considered *de rigeur* among the *beau monde*. It has frequently and truly been remarked that George was never licked until he got on a postage stamp, and then only when his back was turned. It may not be considered amiss for me to suggest, in connection with this fine old Revolutionary joke, that anyone who would lend his countenance to some of the recent issues of two-cent stamps deserves to be licked; and I firmly believe that, if the person who compounds the flavoring extract used on the back thereof could be located, his name would go thundering down the ages linked with that of Benedict Arnold, J. Iscariot, and other gentlemen whose popularity is on the wane.

But to revert to G. Washington. I repeat that he had just cause to throw bouquets at himself, for certainly he possessed to a pre-eminent degree the gift of getting his name in the papers and histories and third readers, and having streets and pies named after him, without it costing him a cent. Look at that tale of the little hatchet and the Cherry Sisters—the cherry tree, I should say—with which you are doubtless familiar. Think of the free advertising he got out of that comparatively trifling incident. I used to have that story rubbed into me when a child until it warped and soured a naturally sunny and lovely nature. That George was startled into telling the truth upon this occasion we are bound to admit; but note the forceful but ostentatious way in which he did it, as though saying to the grand stand, "Look at me knock the cover off it for three bases." Think, my hearers, how often you yourselves have inadvertently been betrayed into telling the truth, and yet you never set up a claim to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen."

How a man's whole life may be influenced by a trifling circumstance. Suppose George's father, instead of being a sentimental old cuss, on hearing that his son had been monkeying with edged tools, had hastily removed him to the seclusion of the wood-shed, and had then and there, with a shingle or other convenient weapon, proceeded to tan that portion of George's anatomy which the British were never permitted to gaze upon. Instead of growing up to be the father of his country, he might have become morose and sullen, and developed into a life insurance solicitor or an advertising agent or a map peddler, or even fallen to still greater depths of depravity. The moral of all this is, that one should ever strive to tell the truth, even at some personal inconvenience, especially when one is likely to be found out anyhow.

Much has been made of the incident of crossing the Delaware. Every one is sick of the picture representing that aquatic feat. George stands, as you remember, right in the prow, in the full glare of the calcium, in such a position that, had the boat bumped into one of the numerous cakes of ice which were floating about, he would have taken a tumble into the turgid tide. But George never tumbled! George never took water! His features wear an expression, as Bill Nye says, as though he had just become aware of the presence of a glue factory on the opposite shore. His massive brow is crowned with a neat triangular hat of a now, happily, obsolete pattern, and his cloak is carelessly thrown back over his shoulder so as to best display the "cute" red lining. His whole demeanor is that of innate majesty, commingled with *dolce far niente*, *nux vomica* and *pro bono publico*, and the likeness is so

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speaking that we can almost hear George say, "It may be a little chilly around here, but it's a cold day when the father of his country gets left, and, cold as it is, I'm not the only pebble on the beach—there's other coons as warm as me."

I have sometimes fancied that the artist did not depict George as he actually appeared on that occasion, for the chances are he wore ear-muffs and chilblains, had a piece of pork bound around his throat with a red flannel rag, and had his feet tied up in hay; because research shows us that it was a cold, cold winter and George got the frozen face ever and anon or even oftener. Crossing the Delaware was all well enough in its way, but to one accustomed to crossing Amsterdam Avenue on the way home from the Colonial Club, in all stages of sobriety, with the elevated road thundering overhead and the cable-cars swooping up and down with clanging bells on the dead level, it seems as if crossing the Delaware would be a mere frolic.

But Valley Forge was tough—I must admit that. When I think of those ragged Continentals waltzing up and down, leaving bloody feet-tracks in the snow, I am greatly moved. I've often had cold feet myself, and have even dallied with cold hands, but I never yet have been called upon to let my rich, red heart's-blood flow out through my feet at my country's call, and I trust I never will. I never go down into our café and gaze upon the free lunch which is there displayed in all its colonial simplicity and severity, but what I am forcibly reminded of the sufferings of the starving soldiers at Valley Forge.

I hate to stand up here and shatter a public idol, and ruthlessly yank George off the lofty perch where he has been enshrined in history's pages, but I can't help thinking that in some things he showed a singular indifference to the rights of posterity. Take a little thing, now, like the selection of the date of his birth. Could he possibly have hit upon a more disagreeable date? What is the use of a holiday on the 22d of February? It's too late for sleighing or skating and too early for golf or bicycling. The only thing it is good for is to break up the business week and give a man an opportunity to hang around the house and smoke too many cigars and aggravate his poor, patient wife, and exasperate his children, and make himself generally obnoxious to all with whom he comes in contact. Perhaps it will not be considered meet for me to sound my own praises, but when the time comes that the anniversary of my natal day will be made the occasion of public rejoicings, it is a satisfaction for me to know that I picked out a date when a man can go fishing, or swimming, or shooting, or sailing, and not a bleak, miserable day at the fag end of the most cussed month of the year. And yet, simple justice demands that I should say that perhaps George was not consulted, and that at that early portion of his career his parents arranged dates for him.

And yet far be it from me to withhold from George that meed of praise which is his due. George certainly had his strong points, and the manner in which he played tag with the British army, always managing to be on the hunk when they caught up with him, and to be "it" most of the time, incontestably proves that he was a smooth article. Take him for all and all, he was a great and good man, and I trust that nothing which I have said about him will detract from his fame. "It's a wise child that knows its own father," and if you want to know the father of your country you must hear both sides. Faith will move mountains, but it will never lift a chattel mortgage, and you can't believe everything you hear.

To look at George as he appears in that beautiful portrait in the Colonial Club—one of the eight hundred and seventy-five genuine portraits for which he sat—you would think he was just waiting to feel his wings sprout, but you don't believe he was so slow. During my brief yet ignominious career I have already seen some eight hundred and fifty different houses in which George temporarily sojourned, and he must have been pretty quick in order to have played all these one-night stands and still preserved his reputation unspotted. In order to preserve an unspotted reputation you have got to look out that nobody spots you.

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THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY

addresses a few words to

Everybody

YOUR MAGAZINE, AS IT WAS BEFORE, AS IT IS NOW, AND AS WE HOPE TO MAKE IT.

John Wanamaker has sold EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to us—The Ridgway-Thayer Company. Mr. Ridgway was associated with Munsey's Magazine for nearly nine years. Mr. Thayer was associated with The Ladies' Home Journal for seven years, and for the past four years has been with The Delineator.

JOHN WANAMAKER made a remarkably good magazine, but it was one of a thousand departments of his gigantic business. A magazine needs a personality. It must stand for something. It must represent somebody. It must be somebody. We believe that we can make a very much better magazine than EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has ever been. It will no longer be one of a thousand departments of a merchandizing establishment, but a business in itself and by itself. The magazine will be the whole thing. All of our experience and all of our thought and all of our effort will go into it.

GETTING INTO OUR STRIDE

We shall advance the high standards of literary and artistic excellence to which the magazine has already attained, and we shall add a great many popular features which it has never covered, and which will be exclusive with us. We shall make it in very fact EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from choice.

You will not assume that this June number is representative. It is not so bad, as magazines go, but it is very far from our ideal. We took over the property on April 15th, and in order to issue the magazine promptly on May 15th, the June forms had to be running on the presses before the 1st of May. You could not have expected us to get into our stride so quickly.

WHERE "KNOW HOW" COUNTS

Two weeks was time enough, however, in which to make some improvements over previous issues. We start off with a brand new dress of type—clean, clear, readable. The heads and subheads are stronger and more effective. The new type conforms better to illustration and make-up.

Compare a copy of any of the old numbers of EVERYBODY'S with this June magazine. The page size is longer and wider. The old numbers lacked dignity and proportion. This is one of the improvements which come through "know how." It costs us less to make the better-looking magazine. This is more of the "know how."

We shall have to ask you to use your paper-knife on a few of the leaves of the June and July numbers, but with the August number our new folding machinery will be installed and all of the leaves will be open all around.

ONE THIRD LARGER

We propose to retain all of the features that have given EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE a circulation of 150,000 copies a month. More than that: we shall improve upon them. In order to run the features, which it seems to us the magazine has lacked and which we are certain will materially enhance

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its value and materially increase its circulation, we have added, as a beginning, thirty-two pages to the reading-matter and illustrations. This makes EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the largest ten-cent general magazine, save one, published in this country.

OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

It is too soon to forecast the editorial policy. In general, we may say that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will be cheery and wholesome. There will be no place in its pages for the morbid, the mawkish, or the unreal. Its chief writers will give their work to EVERYBODY'S exclusively.

There will be a lot of rattling good fiction, stirring tales of adventure, stories of love and life. We shall not pay for names. The story counts. We inherited a story. The author is well known. It cost $350. We will never run it nor any other morbid, over-colored, grewsome thing. We prophesy that several of our new writers, now practically unknown, will shortly become the lions of the literary seasons—that they will greatly help to make EVERYBODY'S a magazine of world-wide reputation for discovering new talent—in return for which EVERYBODY'S confidently expects to make the literary fame of its writers. Good short fiction is at a premium with us.

"THE DIFFERENT MAGAZINE"

We will go out of our way to get hold of any humor and pure fun that is floating around—it is to be had, although rarely, if one judges by the output in the magazines to-day. We think we know how to increase the yield of wit and will soon have some specimens from our mine to show you that assay "top high" as the miners say.

The departments will cover all the general activities of life. Important events will be reviewed. Suggestive tendencies will be noted. We will run intimate portraits of the people who are doing things, whether they are getting rich at it or not.

Our Art Department will not strain after effects in making up the magazine. Nothing will be dragged in. The illustrations will illustrate. Photographic reproductions will abound. In a month or so we think you will notice that EVERYBODY'S is really "the different magazine" we propose to make it—in its art-features as in its reading-matter.

OBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISING DECLINED

It is our intention to insert only high-grade advertising in our magazine. Not one fraudulent advertisement will be permitted to appear. We shall exercise a scrupulous censorship over all the advertising pages. Various lines of patent medicine and other curative and objectionable advertising will be declined, even when offered by well-known and reliable firms. The advertising section of this issue is no criterion for the future. Contracts made with responsible firms must be carried out. We inherit a few contracts which we shall not accept after they have expired. Whether it is desirable to publish patent medicine, curative, and certain kinds of financial advertising in a magazine is a question for each publisher to decide. Some accept it. The majority of the magazine publishers, however, have already decided to discontinue advertising of that nature. We believe the readers of EVERYBODY'S prefer not to see it in their magazine and we are making the magazine for them. June is not a heavy month for advertising, but we have declined $900 worth of that kind of business—and we could use the money.

You will be perfectly safe in answering any of the advertisements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Look through the advertising pages. The houses represented there are reputable and representative. When you write them mention EVERYBODY'S. It will help us with them.

WHEREIN DOES IT LACK?

The most valuable asset a magazine can have is the personal interest of the reader. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has 75,000 regular yearly subscribers and 75,000 other friends who buy it on the news-stands every month. With this circulation of 150,000 copies a month and a fair amount of advertising the smaller-sized magazine could make some money. John Wanamaker did not depend on the magazine for his bread and butter; we do. You can help us materially if you will read this June number through and then tell us frankly what you think of it. Wherein does it lack? How would you have it different? You know what *you* like and what you don't like. It will help us to know. Write to us while the thought and purpose are warm.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

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Vol. VIII No. 6

Everybody's Magazine

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Read Publishers' Announcement—Page 609

110 Clever and Interesting Stories

Herewith is presented an opportunity to secure **110 Splendid Stories by Well Known Writers** at a very low price, in order to introduce our publications where they are not now taken. Please read every word. A great bargain in light literature.

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Nothing Frivolous, nothing Trashy, but Sensible and Wholesome Entertainment and Instruction for the American Housewife and her family. Among the contributors to THE HOUSEWIFE may be found the following well-known names:

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AMANDA M. DOUGLAS	MARY A. DENISON	ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND	ELIZA R. PARKER	CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK
SOPHIE SWETT	ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL	CLARA AUGUSTA

Among the departments in THE HOUSEWIFE are the following: **Among the Flowers**, Edited by Eben E. Rexford, **Mother's Hour**, by Margaret Eytinge, **The Kitchen, The Best Ways, Literary World, With Needles and Hooks**, and others. The stories printed in THE HOUSEWIFE are always **Bright, Interesting, and Wholesome.** Hundreds of Bright Ideas, Useful Hints and Helps in every number. Finely illustrated. Each number is read and enjoyed by half a million people.

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The Fool of Harvey's By A. Conan Doyle	**A Protracted Meeting** By Mary E. Wilkins	**A Single Woman** By Charles Reade	**Malina's Clock** By Maria Louise Pool
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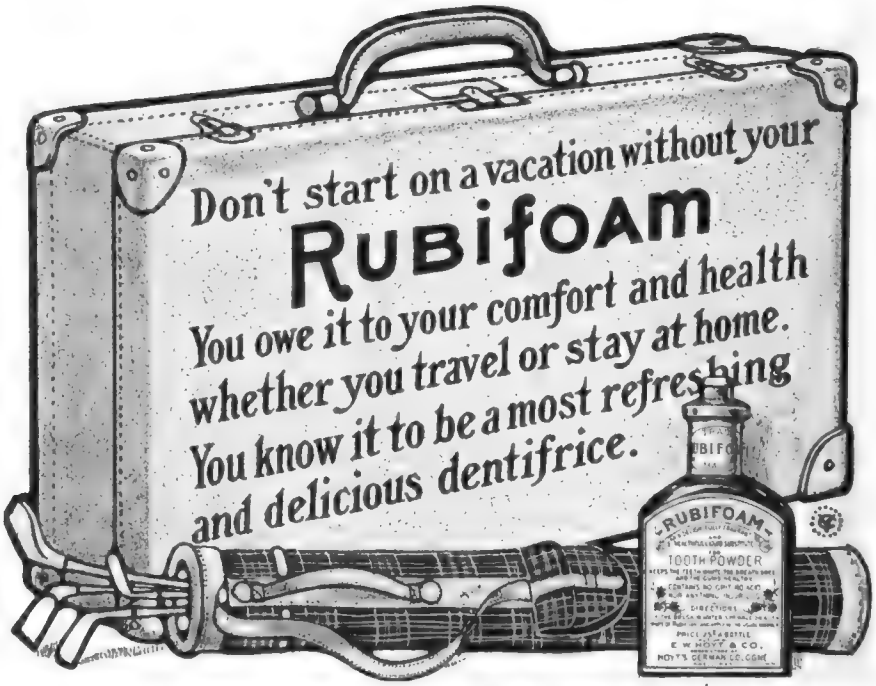
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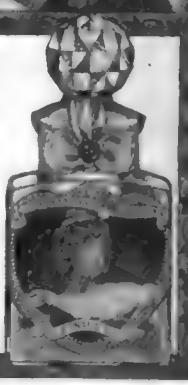

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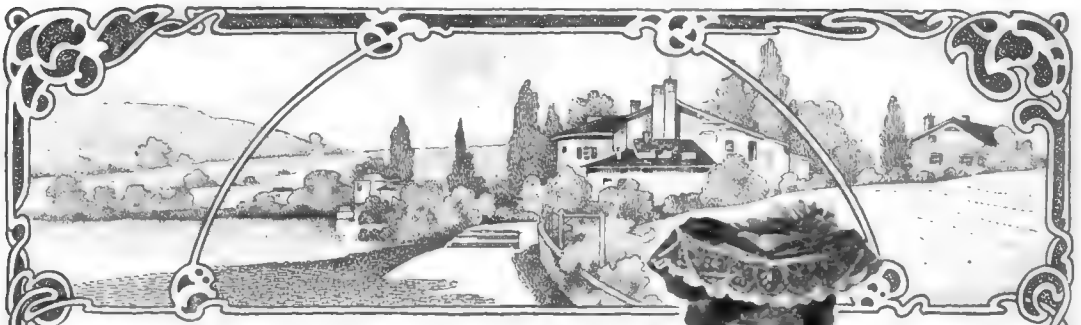

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WE WILL SUPPOSE THAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A POLICY SIMPLE IN FORM AND WITH MODERATE PAYMENTS. THEN THE PARTICIPATING WHOLE LIFE POLICY OF THE PRUDENTIAL IS WHAT YOU WANT. THIS POLICY STANDS AS A TYPE OF ALL THAT IS BEST AND MOST DESIRABLE IN LIFE INSURANCE. YOU PAY US AS PREMIUM ON YOUR POLICY A STATED AMOUNT EITHER ANNUALLY, SEMI-ANNUALLY OR QUARTERLY DURING YOUR LIFE. THE AMOUNT INSURED UNDER THE POLICY IS PAYABLE TO YOUR BENEFICIARY AT YOUR DEATH, IN ONE SUM, OR IT MAY BE MADE PAYABLE IN ANY NUMBER OF EQUAL ANNUAL INSTALMENTS, THUS PROVIDING AN ANNUAL INCOME TO YOUR BENEFICIARY FOR LIFE. ONE OF THE MANY LIBERAL FEATURES OF THIS POLICY IS THAT YOU SHARE IN THE PROFITS APPORTIONED BY THE COMPANY, KNOWN AS DIVIDENDS. THESE DIVIDENDS ARE INVESTED AND ALLOWED TO ACCUMULATE AT COMPOUND INTEREST FOR A PERIOD OF EITHER FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS, AS YOU MAY CHOOSE

WHEN TAKING OUT THE POLICY. AT THE END OF THE SELECTED PERIOD YOU MAY RECEIVE THESE ACCUMULATED DIVIDENDS IN CASH, OR YOU MAY APPLY THEM TO REDUCE FUTURE PREMIUMS. THE WHOLE LIFE POLICY IS ISSUED ALSO WITH DIVIDENDS PAYABLE ANNUALLY OR AT INTERVALS OF FIVE YEARS. AFTER THE POLICY HAS BEEN IN FORCE THREE YEARS, YOU MAY BORROW MONEY FROM THE COMPANY OR THE SECURITY OF YOUR POLICY THE AMOUNT THAT MAY BE BORROWED INCREASES WITH THE NUMBER OF PREMIUMS PAID. THE COST IS LOW, AND RATES WILL BE FURNISHED UPON REQUEST. SHOULD YOU DESIRE A POLICY WHERE EITHER YOU OR YOUR BENEFICIARY WILL DERIVE THE BENEFIT, WE WOULD RECOMMEND THE ENDOWMENT POLICY. UNDER THIS PLAN THE SUM INSURED IS PAYABLE TO YOU, IF LIVING AT THE END OF THE ENDOWMENT PERIOD, OR TO YOUR BENEFICIARY IF YOUR DEATH

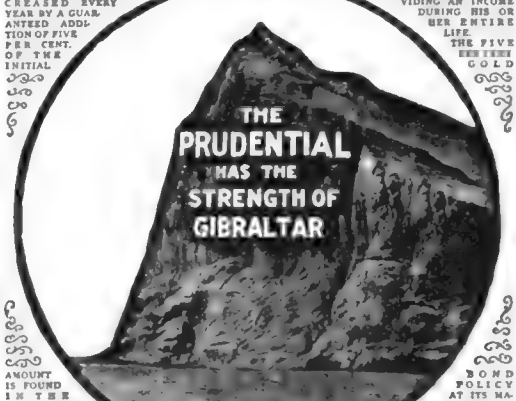
SHOULD OCCUR PREVIOUSLY. THE LENGTH OF THE ENDOWMENT PERIOD MAY BE TEN, FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS, AS YOU MAY SELECT WHEN TAKING OUT THE POLICY. THE PREMIUMS ARE PAYABLE BY YOU EITHER ANNUALLY, SEMI-ANNUALLY OR QUARTERLY DURING THE LIFE OF THE POLICY, OR THEY MAY BE LIMITED TO A TERM OF YEARS, LESS THAN THE ENDOWMENT PERIOD, IF YOU DESIRE. FOR EXAMPLE, THE PREMIUM ON A TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT POLICY MAY BE PAID BY YOU DURING THE FIRST TEN YEARS IF YOU WISH. UNDER THE ENDOWMENT PLAN THE INSURED MAY NOT ONLY SECURE PROTECTION FOR HIS FAMILY, BUT HAVE A CONVENIENT AND PROFITABLE METHOD OF INVESTING HIS SAVINGS. THIS POLICY SHARES IN THE PROFITS APPORTIONED BY THE COMPANY IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE WHOLE LIFE POLICY. AFTER TWO YEARS' PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN PAID, YOU MAY BORROW MONEY FROM THE COMPANY ON THE SECURITY OF YOUR POLICY. THE POLICY HAS MANY OTHER LIBERAL PROVISIONS. SHOULD YOU DESIRE A POLICY THAT IS PAYABLE AT YOUR DEATH, BUT WISH TO

LIMIT YOUR PREMIUM PAYMENTS TO A NUMBER OF YEARS, WE ISSUE WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE LIMITED-PAYMENT LIFE POLICY. THIS IS THE SAME AS THE WHOLE LIFE POLICY, EXCEPT THAT THE PAYMENTS ARE MADE BY YOU FOR TEN, FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS ONLY, AS SELECTED WHEN TAKING OUT THE POLICY. IF YOU SURVIVE THE PREMIUM-PAYING PERIOD, THE POLICY IS CONTINUED IN FORCE ON THE BOOKS OF THE COMPANY, AND YOU MAY DRAW OUT YOUR DIVIDENDS, BUT NO FURTHER PREMIUM PAYMENTS ARE REQUIRED. THIS POLICY IS SUBJECT TO ALL THE PRIVILEGES AND BENEFITS OF THE WHOLE LIFE POLICY. AFTER THREE YEARS' PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN PAID, YOU MAY BORROW MONEY FROM THE COMPANY ON THE SECURITY OF YOUR POLICY, AND THE AMOUNT YOU MAY BORROW INCREASES WITH THE NUMBER OF PREMIUMS PAID. SHOULD A POLICY FOR A SMALL AMOUNT BE DESIRED, ONE OF THE BEST FORMS IS THE INTERMEDIATE POLICY. IT IS ISSUED IN AMOUNTS OF $500, ON THE WHOLE LIFE, LIMITED-PAYMENT LIFE OR ENDOWMENT PLAN. THE INTERMEDIATE POLICY SHARES IN THE PROFITS APPORTIONED BY THE COMPANY, WHICH ARE CREDITED TO THE POLICY

AFTER IT HAS BEEN IN FORCE FOR FIVE YEARS, AND EVERY YEAR THEREAFTER IT WILL, IF IN FORCE, BE CREDITED WITH AN ANNUAL DIVIDEND. THIS POLICY IS SUBJECT TO OTHER VALUABLE PRIVILEGES, WHICH WILL BE EXPLAINED UPON REQUEST. THE INDUSTRIAL POLICY IS VERY POPULAR, AND IS ISSUED IN AMOUNTS FROM $50 TO $500 TO PERSONS BETWEEN AGES ONE AND SEVENTY. THE PREMIUM PAYMENTS ARE MADE BY THE POLICY HOLDER IN SMALL WEEKLY SUMS, SUCH AS TEN, FIFTEEN OR TWENTY CENTS A WEEK, AND UPWARDS, FOR WHICH OUR AGENT CALLS. THIS POLICY PROVIDES FOR PAYMENT OF THE CLAIM BY THE COMPANY IMMEDIATELY ON ACCEPTANCE OF SATISFACTORY PROOF OF DEATH, AS DO ALL THE POLICIES ISSUED BY THE PRUDENTIAL. AFTER IT HAS BEEN IN FORCE FIVE YEARS, THE INDUSTRIAL POLICY IS CREDITED WITH DIVIDENDS, WHICH ARE ADDED TO THE POLICY, SO THAT IT BECOMES MORE AND MORE VALUABLE AS IT GROWS OLDER. AT THE END OF FIFTEEN YEARS, A CASH DIVIDEND IS PAID BY THE COMPANY. THIS POLICY PROVIDES FULL PROTECTION TO PERSONS WHO WISH A SMALL AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCE AT MODERATE COST.

A POLICY THE FACE VALUE OF WHICH IS INCREASED EVERY YEAR BY A GUARANTEED ADDITION OF FIVE PER CENT. OF THE INITIAL AMOUNT IS FOUND IN THE POPULAR GUARANTEED FIVE PER CENT. TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT BOND. SHOULD YOU SURVIVE THE TWENTY YEARS, THE INITIAL SUM, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE ACCUMULATED GUARANTEED ADDITIONS, BECOMES PAYABLE TO YOU IN CASH. IN OTHER WORDS, WE WILL SUPPOSE YOU TAKE OUT A BOND FOR $1,000. IF YOU WERE TO DIE AT ANY TIME WITHIN THE TWENTY YEARS, YOUR BENEFICIARY WOULD GET THIS $1,000, PLUS $50 FOR EVERY CONTRACT YEAR UPON WHICH YOUR POLICY HAD ENTERED. AT THE END OF THE TWENTY YEARS, IF THE BOND WERE IN FORCE, YOU WOULD RECEIVE JUST TWICE THE INITIAL AMOUNT OF THE BOND, OR $2,000. SHOULD YOU PREFER TO HAVE THIS AMOUNT PAID TO YOU IN INSTALMENTS, YOU MAY HAVE AN ANNUITY. THIS WOULD PRACTICALLY PROVIDE A PENSION FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. SHOULD YOU DIE BEFORE THE END OF THE TWENTY YEARS, IF THE BOND IS IN FORCE YOUR BENEFICIARY MAY, INSTEAD OF RECEIVING THE CASH, LEAVE IT WITH THE COMPANY IN TRUST, BEARING INTEREST AT THE RATE OF THREE PER CENT. PER ANNUM. IF YOU SO DESIRE, YOUR BENEFICIARY MAY RECEIVE THE AMOUNT IN EQUAL ANNUAL INSTALMENTS, THEREBY PROVIDING AN INCOME DURING HIS OR HER ENTIRE LIFE.

THE FIVE PER CENT. BONDS ARE ISSUED IN GOLD



BOND POLICY AT ITS MATURITY, EITHER AS AN ENDOWMENT OR A DEATH CLAIM, OFFERS THE INSURED SIX CHOICE OF TWO VALUABLE OPTIONS: FIRST, TO RECEIVE COUPON BONDS IN SUMS OF $1,000 EACH, MATURING IN TWENTY YEARS, GUARANTEEING FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST PER ANNUM, PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY IN ADVANCE IN GOLD. SECOND, IN PLACE OF THE BONDS, TO RECEIVE IN GOLD COIN THE SUM OF $1,353 FOR EACH $1,000 OF THE FACE VALUE OF THE POLICY. THE RESULT IS A SURE INVESTMENT, A GUARANTEED INCOME AT A HIGH RATE OF INTEREST, AND NO EXPENSE OR WORRY OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PART OF ONE'S ESTATE. MOREOVER, THE PRUDENTIAL SELLS THIS FORM OF INSURANCE UPON THE BASIS OF ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—NO ESTIMATES, NOTHING PROVISIONAL, AND AT A PRICE SO LOW AS TO RANK IT, FOR THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE, ONE OF THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS POLICIES IN THE LIFE INSURANCE MARKET. THESE POLICIES ARE ALSO ISSUED UPON THE PARTICIPATING PLAN. THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE LIBERAL FEATURES CONTAINED IN THE ORDINARY POLICIES NOW ISSUED BY THE PRUDENTIAL: AFTER ONE YEAR FROM THEIR DATE, IF THE PREMIUMS BE PAID AS STIPULATED, THE POLICIES BECOME INCONTESTABLE. DEATH FROM SUICIDE WILL NOT INVALIDATE THE POLICY AFTER IT HAS BEEN ONE YEAR IN FORCE. AFTER A POLICY HAS ONCE BEEN ISSUED AND PAID FOR THERE ARE NO RESTRICTIONS AS TO RESIDENCE, TRAVEL OR OCCUPATION, NOR WILL A PERMIT OR EXTRA PREMIUM BE REQUIRED IN CASE OF MILITARY SERVICE, WHETHER IN TIME OF PEACE OR

WAR. THE MANNER OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS MAY BE CHANGED ON ANY SUBSEQUENT ANNIVERSARY DATE OF THE POLICY. A GRACE OF ONE MONTH, WITHOUT INTEREST, WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE PAYMENT OF ANY PREMIUM EXCEPT THE FIRST DURING THE PERIOD OF GRACE THE POLICY REMAINS IN FULL FORCE. THE CASH LOAN PRIVILEGE CONTAINED IN ORDINARY POLICIES VIRTUALLY MAKES EVERY POLICY A NEGOTIABLE BOND. THE INSURED MAY AT ANY TIME WHILE THE POLICY IS IN FORCE NAME A NEW BENEFICIARY. THE AMOUNT INSURED UNDER THE POLICY IS PAYABLE IN ONE SUM, BUT MAY BE MADE PAYABLE IN ANY NUMBER OF EQUAL ANNUAL INSTALMENTS, FROM TWO TO TWENTY-FIVE. OR IT MAY BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE BENEFICIARY IN CONTINUOUS INSTALMENTS. THAT IS, IT MAY BE MADE PAYABLE IN EQUAL ANNUAL INSTALMENTS TO CONTINUE AT LEAST TWENTY YEARS, AND AS

LONG THEREAFTER AS THE BENEFICIARY SHALL LIVE. EACH INSTALMENT, EXCEPT THE FIRST, WILL BE INCREASED BY SUCH ANNUAL DIVIDEND AS MAY BE APPORTIONED BY THE COMPANY AT THE TIME THE POLICY BECOMES PAYABLE AS A CLAIM, THE AMOUNT INSURED IN ANY ONE POLICY BEING NOT LESS THAN $1,000, MAY BE LEFT DURING THE LIFETIME OF THE BENEFICIARY IN TRUST WITH THE COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY THEREON, AS LONG AS THE SAID AMOUNT REMAINS IN TRUST, INTEREST AT THE RATE OF THREE PER CENT PER ANNUM, TOGETHER WITH SUCH ANNUAL DIVIDEND AS MAY BE APPORTIONED BY THE COMPANY. THE SAID TRUST FUND SHALL BE PAID AT THE DEATH OF THE BENEFICIARY TO THE EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS OR ASSIGNS OF THE BENEFICIARY, BUT MAY BE WITHDRAWN AT ANY TIME, WITH ACCRUED INTEREST IN THE CASE OF POLICIES MATURING AS ENDOWMENTS, THE INSTALMENT PLEDGE OR TRUST FUND PRIVILEGE MAY BE EXERCISED BY THE INSURED FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT. THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE PRIVILEGES ARE EXTENDED TO THOSE WHO MAY DISCONTINUE THEIR PREMIUMS. IF THE POLICY

LAPSE FOR NON PAYMENT OF PREMIUM AT ANY TIME AFTER IT HAVING BEEN IN FORCE ONE FULL YEAR, THE COMPANY WILL GRANT EXTENDED INSURANCE. THAT IS, IN THE CASE OF A POLICY LAPSED AT THE END OF ONE YEAR, OR ANY TIME THEREAFTER, THE POLICY HOLDER WILL STILL BE INSURED FOR A FURTHER PERIOD, GIVEN IN THE POLICY, AND IN CERTAIN CASES UNDER ENDOWMENT POLICIES, THE POLICY HOLDER IS INSURED TILL THE END OF THE ENDOWMENT PERIOD, AND IN ADDITION RECEIVES, AT THAT TIME, A CERTAIN AMOUNT IN CASH AS A PURE ENDOWMENT. THUS THE POLICY-HOLDER IS COMPLETELY AND AUTOMATICALLY PROTECTED IN EVERY CASE. IF DESIRED, INSTEAD OF EXTENDED INSURANCE FOR THE FULL AMOUNT OF POLICY, A PAID-UP POLICY FOR A SMALLER AMOUNT MAY BE HAD. SUCH A POLICY MAY BE OBTAINED AT ANY TIME AFTER THE ORIGINAL POLICY HAS BEEN THREE YEARS IN FORCE (TWO YEARS IN CASE OF ENDOWMENTS) BY MAKING PROPER APPLICATION AND SURRENDERING THE ORIGINAL POLICY TO THE COMPANY THEM, TOO, THE INSURED IS GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY, PROVIDED ALL OUR PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN PAID, OF REALIZING, IF DESIRED, THE CASH VALUE OF THE POLICY ITSELF. THAT IS, OF SURRENDERING THE POLICY TO THE COMPANY IN RETURN FOR A LIBERAL CASH VALUE. THE AMOUNT OF WHICH INCREASES WITH EACH PREMIUM PAID, AND IS PLAINLY STATED, FOR EACH YEAR, IN THE POLICY. THE POLICY ALSO CONTAINS LIBERAL PROVISION FOR REINSTATEMENT IN CASE OF LAPSE. APPLICATIONS FOR LIFE INSURANCE MAY BE MADE TO ANY OF THE COMPANY'S AGENTS, AND A SPECIMEN POLICY WILL BE SENT YOU AT ANY TIME UPON REQUEST. WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS TO THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA, HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

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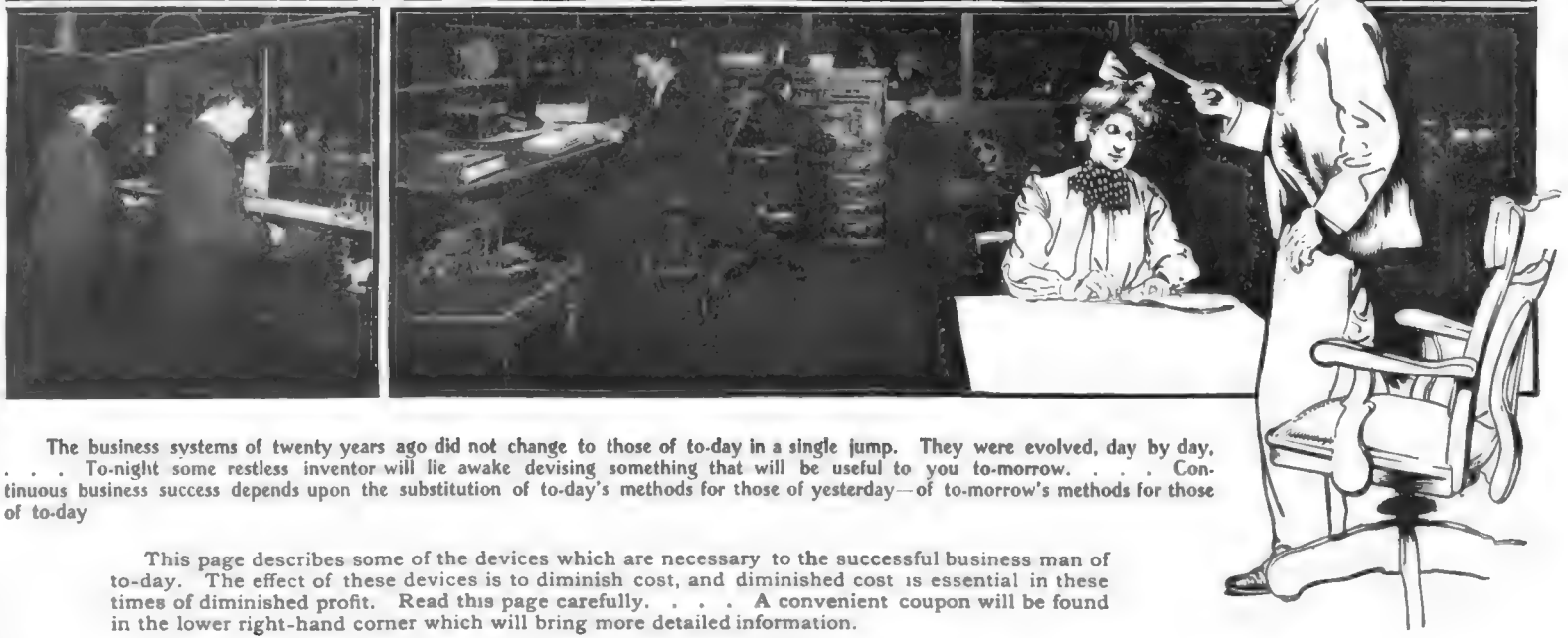
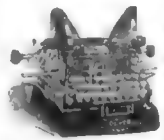
Practical SYSTEM *in* BUSINESS



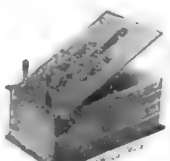
The business systems of twenty years ago did not change to those of to-day in a single jump. They were evolved, day by day, . . . To-night some restless inventor will lie awake devising something that will be useful to you to-morrow. . . . Continuous business success depends upon the substitution of to-day's methods for those of yesterday—of to-morrow's methods for those of to-day

This page describes some of the devices which are necessary to the successful business man of to-day. The effect of these devices is to diminish cost, and diminished cost is essential in these times of diminished profit. Read this page carefully. . . . A convenient coupon will be found in the lower right-hand corner which will bring more detailed information.



Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question, "Which is the best Typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it **has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality, and reduces expense. Strong claims but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.**

The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements, and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.



Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms, and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. While in active use these loose sheets are kept in Holders if there be few, and in Binders if there be many; and when old the sheets are consecutively filed away in Transfer Binders as permanent records. THE TATUM HOLDERS and BINDERS comprise 5 styles and 78 stock sizes. With them any one can easily start and maintain a loose sheet system. These and other office devices are described in our printed matter. Ask for Catalog No. 16.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker, or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see a use for it in *your* office. You probably will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Simply cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still write us a letter stating your business, and we can suggest methods to meet your requirements.

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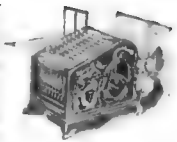
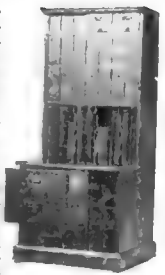
Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S NO. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees, and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 9 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 12,500 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. The Burroughs Adding Machine bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13. Write for it.



To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy, to facilitate work, use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, durable and simple. Endorsed by over 1,000 concerns as a paying and profitable investment. It performs the labor of several people, requires no attention, is always ready for instant use. So simple any boy or girl can use it and feed envelopes at a minimum speed of 100 per minute. It is being used by the largest trust companies, banks, commercial and mail-order houses in the country, who have installed it after thorough and practical tests, and found to fulfill every claim made. Sent out on free trial to sell strictly on merit. Ask now for Catalog 11, with list of users.

No matter what you want to file—information, papers samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets. Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.



Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose-leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement, and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE-LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose-leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them in your business. And there isn't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

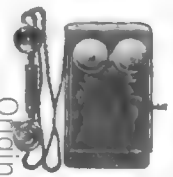
Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.

The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and unerasable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity, and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15, which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it.

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor, and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.



AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last, the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTED SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business, or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc.

Anyone who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

THE LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send to-day for Catalog 8. It gives valuable information that cannot be acquired from any other source.

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DOLLAR OFFER

There are many little things—and big things—in your business which will need improving to-morrow—which, perhaps, need improving to-day. **System**, the 96-page magazine, will show you how to improve them—brimful of brightness that will help you to devise clever systems for yourself.

This is really a half price offer. Beginning with May 15, the Publishers will double the price and treble the value of SYSTEM. Two dollars the year will be the cost. But this introductory offer is available: send a single dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers of SYSTEM and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Send the coupon or write a letter TO-DAY. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO CLOSE YOUR CASH DRAWER AGAINST SYSTEM.

SYSTEM

Edited by
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is the only garment easy enough for physical culture, beautiful enough for dress.

Ferris Waists are made in all styles and sizes. Sold by all leading retailers. Illustrated Ferris book mailed *free*.

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Gives 600 Plans and 800 Designs of moderate cost Houses.

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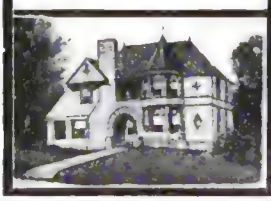

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32 Houses, $1,200 to $1,500, 25c
32 Houses, $1,500 to $2,000, 25c
32 Houses, $1,800 to $2,500, 25c
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We will send free to all who are interested in building a book containing photographic reproductions of about 100 houses in all parts of the country that have been stained with

Cabot's Shingle Stains

They are all designed by architects of taste and position, and the collection is unique in the variety and beauty of the designs.

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Despaired of until fed on

ESKAY'S FOOD

THESE fine twins are the children of A. J. Cline, 1805 Melrose St., Chicago, who writes: "They weighed 6½ and 7½ lbs. at birth. They had weak digestive organs, and for the first three months we tried about everything the Doctor recommended. We thought one could not live, until we tried ESKAY'S FOOD, and it agreed with both of them at once. They weighed at 10 months 28 and 30 lbs. respectively. They are now 14 months old, and we are feeding them all kinds of solid food, as their stomachs never give any trouble. They were fed on ESKAY'S FOOD until they were a year old, and are as well developed in strength and intelligence as children two years of age. Each has 14 teeth, which came without the least fretting."

A well-known specialist in infants' troubles writes: "It is pre-eminently the substitute for mother's milk. I prescribe it constantly."

Our helpful book for mothers and all who have the care of children, "HOW TO CARE FOR THE BABY"—*free on request*—with generous trial samples of ESKAY'S FOOD.

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6 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

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The Improved Victor Talking-Machine

and the

Red Seal Records

will bring the living voices of the greatest opera singers to your summer home—for the first time in the history of the world.

The tapering arm seems a small change, but it is a great improvement. It carries the vibrations from the sounding-box to the horn, giving them gradually more room to grow, round out, and develop the full richness and volume of tone that makes the charm of a fine voice or instrument.

This great improvement comes just in time to enable you to hear to the best advantage the voices of

Calvé	**Plançon**	**Scotti**	**Suzanne Adams**
Caruso	**De Lucia**	**Van Rooy**	**De Luca**
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and many other beautiful things—send for catalogue of *Red Seal Records*. Send also for catalogue of records of other singers, of great bands, orchestras and performances of every sort.

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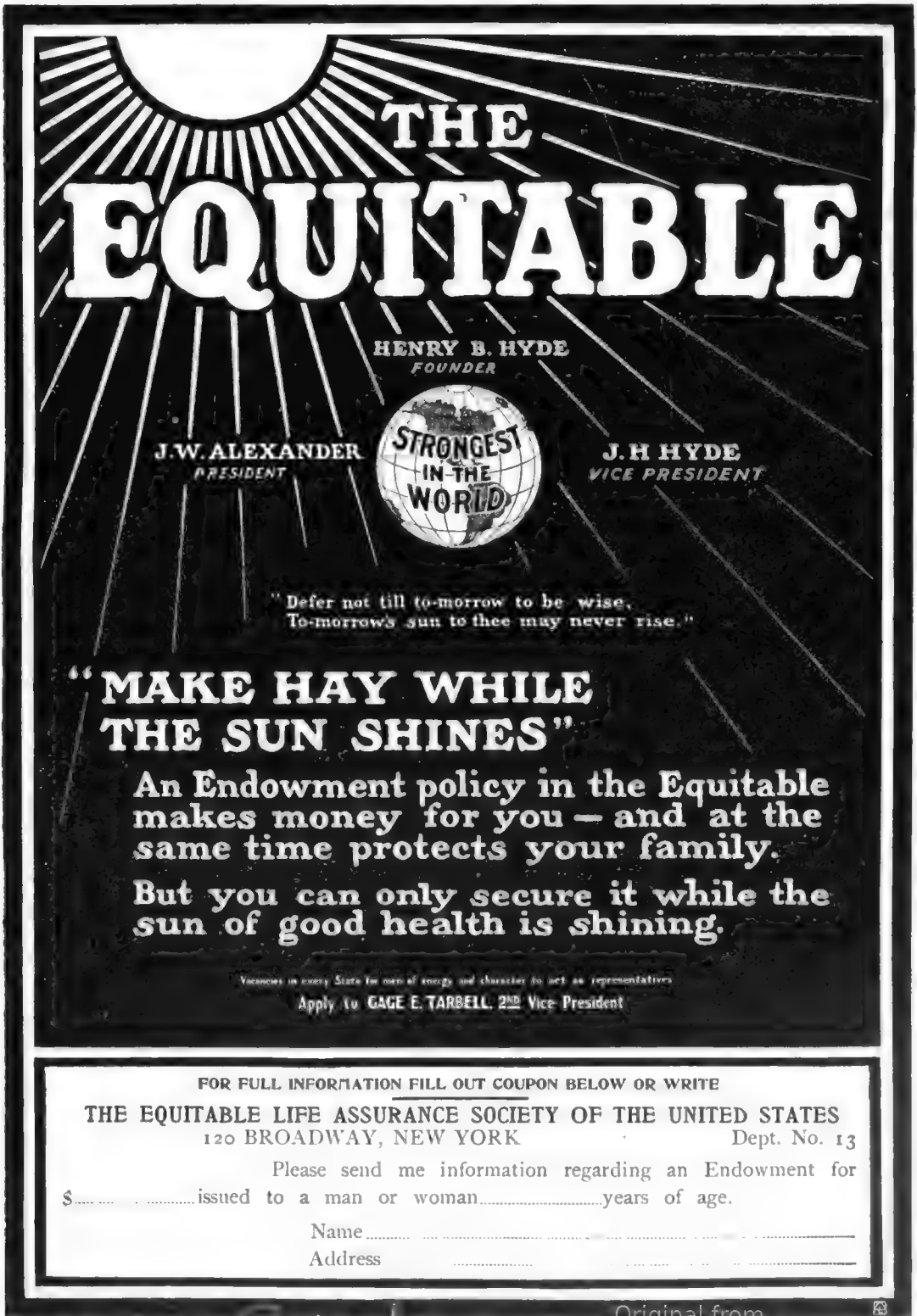
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EQUITABLE
HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER
J.W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT
STRONGEST IN THE WORLD
J.H HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT
"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise."
"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"
An Endowment policy in the Equitable makes money for you — and at the same time protects your family.
But you can only secure it while the sun of good health is shining.
Vacancies in every State for men of energy and character to act as representatives
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2ND Vice President

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THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES
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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for
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Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

DON'T wait for signs of a breakdown before you start to build up. The human engine requires the right kind of fuel to keep it running at its fullest capacity—it demands a blood-builder, a nerve-quieter, a force-giver.

You can forestall the wear and tear on your system, protect yourself against the inroads of sickness, and insure sound, refreshing sleep, by taking, morning, noon and night, a small glass of *Pabst Malt Extract, The Best Tonic.*

It will aid your digestion, help your stomach get all the nutriment from the food you eat, enrich your blood, steady your nerves, quiet your heart action, put an edge on your appetite, and, in doing this, give you renewed health and vitality.

"I have prescribed your preparation for the past two years, and can honestly say that your 'Best' Tonic is one of the *best* reproductive and strength-giving tonics at our command in all forms of debility and poor digestion. I take great pleasure in recommending it to the profession where a *first-class* tonic is needed."—*J. R. Smith, M. D., Warsaw, Mo.*

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR BOOKLET

Pabst Extract Department

Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

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Before You Buy or Sell Any Kind of

Real Estate or Business

In Any Part of the Country

Stop and Think—

it may save you hundreds of dollars. If you want to sell, you **may** be able to get the value of your property without any assistance, but the chances are that you will **sell at a sacrifice.** If you want to buy, you **may** be able to buy at a reasonable price without any help, but it is more than probable that you will **pay too much.**

If you could have your property submitted to a hundred possible buyers instead of only ten, you would be ten times as likely to get the value of your property. On the other hand, if you could have a hundred properties from which to select instead of only ten, you would be ten times as likely to get just what you want at a reasonable price.

Now note the following facts and draw your own conclusions:

I am spending over $100,000 a year in advertising for the purpose of finding buyers and sellers of every kind of real estate in every section of the country—**and I find them**—in every state and county in the United States.

I have offices throughout the country from Boston to San Francisco, and a field force of over 2,500 men to close deals.

My methods are endorsed by thousands of clients and thousands of real estate brokers.

In less than seven years I have built up the most extensive real estate brokerage business in existence (this fact in itself is very significant).

My business is still growing—my facilities still increasing, and I offer you even better service to-day than I have ever been able to offer before.

Will you avail yourself of this service?

Can you afford not to?

Think carefully, for your decision may mean a difference to you of hundreds of dollars.

If you want to buy any kind of real estate, or business, in any part of the country, tell me just what you want. I will guarantee to promptly fill your requirements and save you some money at the same time.

If you want to sell any kind of real estate, or business, in any part of the country (no matter how large or small), send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price, and I will outline a definite, practical plan for quickly converting it into cash.

Don't wait until to-morrow. Write to-day—**now**—and tell me your requirements. It will cost you only a postal card or a two cent stamp to find out exactly what I can do for you.

W. M. Ostrander

Suite 1413 North American Bldg., Philadelphia

BRANCH OFFICES: Commercial Cable Bldg., New York; Chamber of Commerce, Chicago; Pemberton Bldg., Boston; Commonwealth Trust Bldg., St. Louis; St. Paul Bldg., Cincinnati; N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City; N. Y. Life Bldg., Minneapolis; Pioneer Bldg., Seattle; Ernest-Cranmer Bldg., Denver; Claus Sprecke Bldg., San Francisco; Stimson Block, Los Angeles; Gould Bldg., Atlanta; Stock-Budd Bldg., Jacksonville.

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Linen Underwear for Summer

GIVES LUXURIOUS COMFORT IF MADE FROM

Belfast Mesh

Belfast Mesh has remarkable absorbent properties: takes up excretions and moisture quickly and evaporates them rapidly.

Belfast Mesh may be boiled any number of times. Hence a clean, sanitary garment.

Belfast Mesh, when it has become wet, dries quickly, and body is surrounded by dry fabric and dry air.

Belfast Mesh is grateful to the skin and comfortable always.

Send for Free Samples of the Fabric

which is made in several weights and in two styles. (1) Natural linen (buff) recommended as more durable and absorbent. (2) White—the linen bleached.

OUR FREE BOOK is handsome and convincing It goes into the subject thoroughly and is designed for **thinking** people who desire comfort with health. The only forcible objection to mesh underwears has been that they *"wear out too quickly."* **We guarantee** that **Belfast Mesh** will wear to the satisfaction of the purchaser or refund money.

Sold by all dealers or sent direct by mail if your dealer won't supply it.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO. Inc., 346 Mechanic Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Queen of Dress Fabrics

LANSDOWNE

Ask for the Genuine and

Insist

On seeing the perforation

WM. F. READ

Every three yards on the Selvedge

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

Send for our 1903 catalogue of Go-Carts and Baby Carriages, illustrating over fifty of the latest styles and designs. We send it free. You save from one-fourth to one-third the price of a carriage or go-cart by buying from manufacturing headquarters.

We sell direct to the consumer

Our factory prices range from $3.00 to $30.00, freight charges prepaid. All our vehicles are equipped with Pahl's Special Gearing, insuring firmness, strength, and durability. We make honest goods and guarantee them. Write for catalogue to-day.

E. F. PAHL & CO., Mfrs., 1036 3d St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Don't leave comfort, convenience and order at home when you travel. Take them along by packing your clothes in a

STALLMAN Dresser Trunk

Built like a dresser. Everything you want when and where you want it. Keeps garments in perfect condition. Simplifies packing and unpacking, eliminates re-packing. Strongest, roomiest, most convenient trunk made and costs no more than the ordinary style. Sent C.O.D. privilege examination.

Send two-cent stamp for booklet.

F. A. STALLMAN, 48 W. Spring Street, **Columbus, O.**

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY QUALITY

Good judges say our silverware combines beauty and durability in greater degree than has ever before been attained in plated ware. The unique and original design of our new Avalon pattern delights the fastidious housewife.

"TRIPLE-PLUS" PLATE SILVER TABLE WARE
is Guaranteed for 25 Years.

You will be interested in the illustrated story "ABOUT ONEIDA COMMUNITY," sent free on request. Write for Booklet O, a complete catalogue of our products.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Kenwood, Madison Co., N. Y.

"Standard"
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
Baths and Sanitary Ware

DESIGN AND DURABILITY UNSURPASSED — TRADE "Standard" MARK

Has the snowy purity of china and the durability of iron. Its installment will give you a dainty, luxurious and sanitary bathroom at a price you can afford.

This illustration shows an artistic bathroom equipped with "Standard" ware costing approximately $87.00.

Every piece bears our trade-mark "Standard" cast in relief on the exterior, which is our absolute guarantee of quality and durability.

We will send you our beautiful book

"Modern Bathrooms"
Free on Request

which illustrates and describes several styles of bathroom arrangement and gives approximate costs.

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO.
Department G, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Be Cool at Home this Summer

Nevo or Cold-Air Stove

You can temper the heat of your home in summer just as you do the cold in winter. A cooling device has been invented by Professor Willis L. Moore, LL.D., Washington, D. C. It bears the same relation to the summer season as the stove does to winter. The **NEVO** (spell the name backward) is the antithesis of the stove.

It gives a **Dry Cold** to Chocolate and other factories.

A **NEVO** not only cools, but it dries, washes, and purifies the air. It means life to infants, invalids, and the debilitated during the heated, enervating term. Greatest invention of the age for fever patients, especially in cases of typhoid. Instead of being shocked by removal to a cold bath, the patient can have the **NEVO** pump over his bed pure, revitalized air at zero temperature.

Get a NEVO Or Cold Air Stove

It Cools and Ventilates without Draft

Makes your parlor, bedroom, and dining-room as comfortable as a home in the mountains or seashore. Keeps your office, or any place of business, at comfortable working temperature. Requires no power or machinery to operate it. *Works by gravity.* No skill, no attention necessary. You simply charge it and it works itself. Nothing to explode or get out of order. Simply ice and salt and a scientific principle. Price, $80 to $350, depending on size. Cost of operation, 25 to 50 cents per day for small, and $50 to $100 per summer for large machines.

Send for illustrated catalogue and price list. Describes the **NEVO** fully—explains its principle and operation and instructs how to use it. An advertisement cannot explain half its merits. Write to-day and learn how you can spend a comfortable, healthful summer.

NEVO COMPANY, 1312 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
N. C. DURIE, Manager

The Humphrey Crescent No. 8

INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

is used in more homes than any other heater made in the world. It will heat a tubful of water for your bath while you undress—at a cost of about one cent for gas; always ready—day or night. Hot water starts the moment the match is applied

Height 30 inches
Made of beautifully nickeled copper.

Manufacturers' price only

$20.00

with nickel-plated shelf and bracket

Shipped anywhere for

30 Days' Trial

Other Heaters $15.00 to $45.00

for either gas or gasoline. Crescent Heaters use less gas than any other kind, because they utilize every available heat unit in the gas. Simply and quickly installed.

50,000 in Use

Write to-day for our beautiful book, "The Luxury of a Bath" FREE.

HUMPHREY MFG. AND PLATING CO., Dept. E, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

The Hawkeye REFRIGERATOR BASKET

Keeps Contents Ice Cold.

Makes an outdoor luncheon a genuine luxury because a small quantity of ice keeps everything as fresh and palatable as when prepared. Well made in different sizes, durable and nicely finished. Ask your dealer for it. Illustrated descriptive booklet giving valuable lunch recipes FREE for the asking.

WRITE FOR IT.

Burlington Basket Co.,
13 Main St., Burlington, Ia.

A GRAND INVENTION

Famous Puritan Water Still. Over 72,000 already sold. Placed over the kitchen stove, it purifies the foulest water. Removes every impurity. Furnishes delicious distilled Pure Water. Beats filters. Saves lives and Dr. bills. Prevents Typhoid, Malaria, other fevers, sickness. Only safe water for children. Cures disease. Write for Booklet and testimonials free. Agents Wanted—Men and Women—BIG WAGES.

HARRISON MFG. CO.
14 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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Brides that Receive

table silver whether individual pieces, a set, or a complete chest, will have something of lasting value, provided it is the right kind—that is our kind—stamped with the trade-mark.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

This brand is so well known that it is always welcomed with a feeling that it is the best that money can buy—*"Silver Plate that Wears,"* and the giver will have the satisfaction of presenting something, the actual value of which, is at once recognized. Send to us for illustrated Catalogue "F-20" sent free, which will give further interesting information regarding the best silver plate made.

SINGLE PIECES OR COMPLETE CHESTS ARE SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. (International Silver Co., Successor), **Meriden, Conn.**
New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Cal. Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont.

THE GENUINE No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

THERE is no doubt that the "4711" Cologne is the favorite perfume of the ladies. Its ever increasing popularity attests to this fact. Sweet and pungent, it is the essence of refinement.

MANUFACTURED BY
FERD. MÜLHENS,
COLOGNE °/R GERMANY.
SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
NEW YORK.
Send 50 cts. in stamps for 2 oz. sample bottle.

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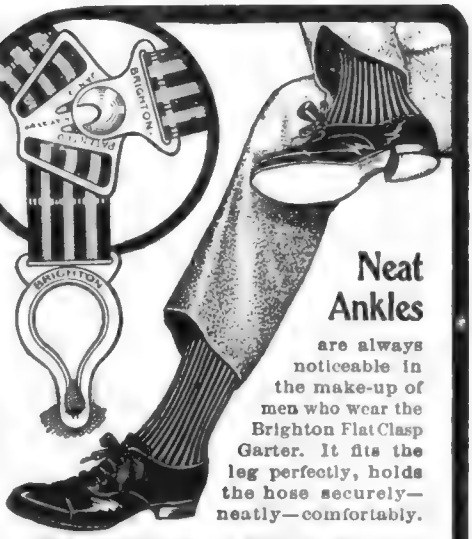

Neat Ankles

are always noticeable in the make-up of men who wear the Brighton Flat Clasp Garter. It fits the leg perfectly, holds the hose securely—neatly—comfortably.

BRIGHTON

Flat Clasp Garters

Cannot catch in the clothing, rub or chafe the leg, because the **clasp is perfectly flat and smooth.** Made of best **SILK** elastic web, all fashionable colors. Price 25 cents at dealers or by mail

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, Philadelphia
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

Automobiles Don't Groan

Don't squeak, run hard or wear the working parts, but spin on silent bearings with a minimum of friction if lubricated with

DIXON'S *Automobile Graphites*

Every automobile owner should write for a copy (free) of our booklet K, "*A Toot for Dixon's Graphite*" describing the uses of Dixon's various graphite lubricants for automobiles, which are carried in stock by dealers.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

THE "1900" FAMILY WASHER FREE.

Greatest Invention of the Age. Labor and Expense of Washing Clothes Cut in Two.

No More Stooping, Rubbing, or Boiling of Clothes.

Every Household Needs One.

THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER SENT FREE

to anyone answering this advertisement, without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid, on 30 days' trial. The 1900 Ball-Bearing Washer is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. **Entirely new principle.** It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks, or complicated machinery. It revolves on **bicycle ball-bearings,** making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required, a child can operate it.

No more stooping, rubbing, boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that are needed. It will wash **large quantities of clothes** (no matter how soiled) **perfectly clean in 6 minutes.** Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics.

Briggs Ave., Morris Park, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1902.

Inclosed please find bill for washer, with cash to settle same. I can hardly express my satisfaction with the machine, and thoroughly agree with you that the first time you use it you like it, but the more you use it the better you like it. I did not believe it possibly could do what you claimed, but thought it must have some good points or you could not venture to send on free trial. The free trial is a splendid idea, as I never should have been induced by any amount of advertisements to invest any money to find out if it was a good machine. I stood amazed as I lifted articles from the washer on my first trial, articles that, as I put them in, were so soiled that I exclaimed: "Oh yes, they'll come out clean and white—?" But they certainly did! I have three little ones and plenty of washing, and pretty much soiled generally, but my only regret is that I did not have the washer years ago, and thus have saved myself very much. Thanking you for being the means of robbing washday of its terrors, I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. E. H. VOSE.

Write at once for catalogue and full particulars to

"1900" WASHER CO.,
272 L. State St., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Mothers and fathers, do you realize that in order to maintain the perfect health of your children, they must receive the proper proportions of heat, bone and muscle-making and nerve and brain-building food?

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

contains all these food properties in correct proportion. In providing it, you are supplying a food that properly and completely nourishes the whole body and that **will make men and women with sound teeth, strong bones, firm flesh, elastic muscles and good nerve and brain power.**

Buy it of your Grocer. Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book illustrated in colors), FREE. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Chickering

PIANOS

IN all departments of the arts and sciences the oldest devotees are the most perfect in their profession. The subtle knowledge that comes of a life-long experience is intensified in the making of CHICKERING PIANOS. The founder of this house began in 1823, eighty years ago, to make the pianos that bear his name. Always famous for the excellence of their tone, they are to-day THE UNQUESTIONED SUPERIORS OF ALL OTHERS

We would especially call attention to the "QUARTER-GRAND," the smallest Grand embodying modern principles ever made.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY
CHICKERING & SONS
PIANOFORTE MAKERS
Established in 1823 — 788 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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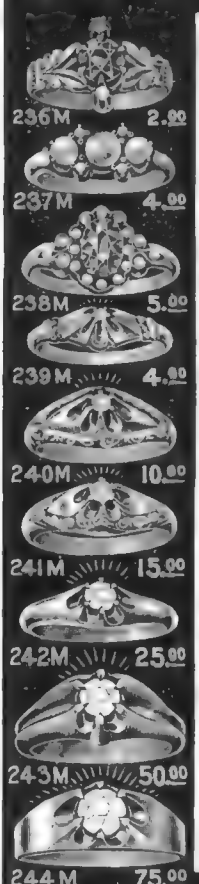

We have just bought $80,000 worth of Diamonds from a New York importer who had to sell. The saving we made enables us to offer much lower prices on diamonds than any other store in America. With every diamond bought now we give our agreement to return its full price in exchange for other merchandise, at any time within two years. Diamonds from $4.00 to $5,000.00.

9,000 Pictures of Our $1,000,000 Stock Sent FREE!

Our catalogue shows 9,000 photographic pictures of silverware, jewelry and everything that belongs to a jewelry store. It is almost equivalent to a visit to our store. The prices which it quotes will save you one-third on your jewelry purchases. We prepay express, ship on approval, extend credit—do everything to make mail dealing easy and agreeable. This catalogue is free—please write for it.

Any of the rings will be mailed postpaid, on receipt of price. Simply give number desired and enclose paper slip to show size. The first three are respectively garnet, turquoise, and amethyst set with pearls, while the others are diamonds.

Samples of engraved wedding invitations, announcements and cards sent FREE on request.

Old gold and silver taken in exchange for new goods.

C. D. PEACOCK,
Manufacturing Jeweler and Silversmith
Dept. K. State & Adams Streets.
Established 1837, CHICAGO, ILL.

C·D·PEACOCK

MOTHS

Prominent families in America and Europe, pack and hang costly garments in **Manahan's Tarine Moth Bags** and **Tarine Moth Sheets**, to protect them from moths.

Ulster Size, 30 x 60,.... .75 cents.
Overcoat Size, 30 x 50,.....55 "
Business Suit, 24 x 37,.....40 "
Large 40 x 48 Tarine Moth Sheets, per dozen 60 cents.

Mice, rats and roaches never known to gnaw through **Tarine Moth Bags.**

Sold by Department stores, Drug and General stores, everywhere.

Hooks inside to hang garments on. No paste, no glue required.

MANAHAN MOTH PAPER CO., 370 Pearl Street, New York.

ELECTRIC POCKET FLASH LIGHT

Should be in every home. Invaluable for the sick room. For Sportsmen, Doctors, Dentists, Nurses, Watchmen and others. Lights 6,000 times without renewing. Never out of order.

Price $2, express prepaid. New batteries 30 cents each. Lights up dark corners, closets, attics, clothes chests, where it is dangerous to enter with flaring matches.

Send today for free illustrated booklet of electrical novelties and supplies.

J. W. Scribner & Co., 144 Niagara St., Tonawanda, N.Y.

TERRY'S SAFETY RAZOR

FREE TRIAL

SHAVE YOURSELF

Comfort, Economy, and Cleanliness demand it. You may have tried others, but do not judge Terry's by that standard. It is safe, automatically adjusted, easily sharpened and cleaned.

We will send you for **ten days' free trial,** without deposit, and postage paid, any of the following:

Razor in metal case	$1.50	Stropping Machine and Strop	$2.00
Case No. 1.—Razor in leather case			2.00
" " 2.—Razor and one extra blade, in leather case			3.00
" " 4.—Razor and three extra blades, in leather case			5.00
" " 8.—Razor, two extra blades, stropping machine and strop, morocco case			7.00

$1.50

Sit Down Now and Send for One

FREE booklet on reasons for self-shaving and how to use a razor

THE TERRY MFG. COMPANY, 138 MICHIGAN STREET, TOLEDO, O., U. S. A.

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THE SAVIN ICE PAD

(TRADE-MARK)

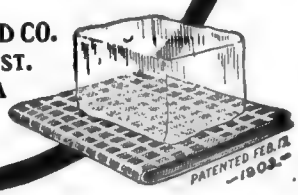
Saves 15 to 33 per cent of your ice bill

and keeps your refrigerator several degrees colder.

This is not an idle claim, but a fact, proved by every one of the thousands of Pads now in use, and backed by our absolute guarantee.

Housekeepers, grocers, butchers, restauranteurs, florists, — everyone who uses ice should know about the *SAVIN ICE PAD.* Write for our little book "4" *The pad is for sale by all first-class hardware and department stores. Price, 75c. a sq. ft.*

SAVIN ICE PAD CO.
1023 FILBERT ST.
PHILADELPHIA



SAVES HOSIERY

NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Every Pair Warranted

The *Velvet Grip*

Sample pair by mail, 25c.

CUSHION BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

If your Dealer does not sell you this Supporter he does not sell the Best

Every Clasp has the name Stamped on the Metal Loop

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass.

LIGHTNING FREEZER

Only the best freezers made, **Lightning, Gem, Blizzard,** **have** electric welded wire **hoops,** guaranteed not to fall **off;** and drawn steel can **bottoms** that will not **leak,** break or fall out.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Booklet of Frozen Desserts by Mrs. Rorer—Free

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp . .	$10.00
Telephone, complete $2.50 and	5.95
Electric Door Bells . . .	.30
Electric Carriage Lamps . .	5.00
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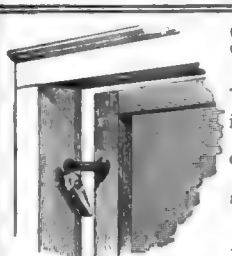
Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O.



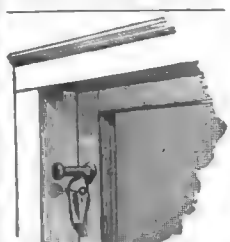
Door closing, tips up rubber bumper.

Silent Screen Door

Avoid the nerve-racking slam of the screen door. Stop its banging and jarring—by using

"DIME" SCREEN DOOR CHECK

Rebounds slightly.



Silently closes.

At your hardware or house furnishing store or mailed for six 2 cent stamps by

CALDWELL MFG. CO.,
9 Jones St., Rochester, N.Y.

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Hood's Tooth Powder

Cleanses the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath, prevents dental decay.

Most delightful and most economical.

Large Size, 25 cts.
Mammoth Size, 50 cts.
Free Sample.

Hood's Medicated Soap

Makes and keeps the skin pure, active and healthy; best for the nursery, sick chamber, toilet and bath; cool and refreshing in warm weather.

Trial Size, 10 cts.
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IF MADE BY HOOD IT'S GOOD

Peptiron Pills

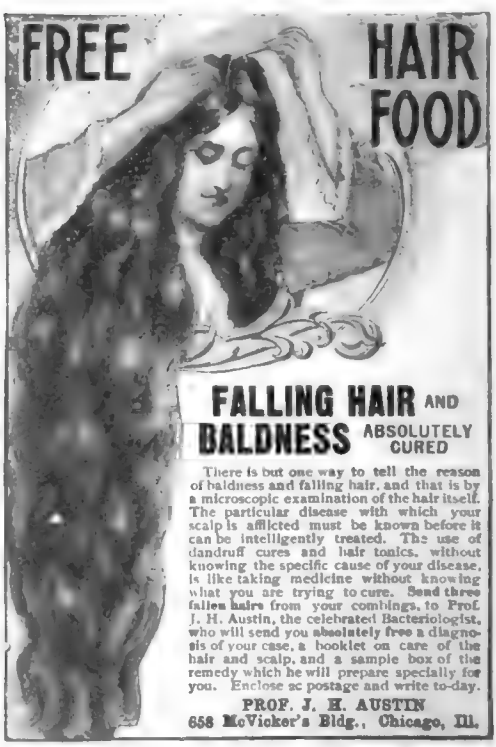
Ironize the blood, strengthen the nerves, create an appetite, aid digestion, promote natural sleep, giving rosy health and real strength. They **Perfect Nutrition** combine iron, manganese, celery, phosphorus, pepsin, and other great tonics, nutrients and digestives, and are unequaled for restoring vitality, vigor and a good healthy color. Delicate women and girls find them just the tonic they need and must have.

By Mail at $1 a box—a full month's treatment. C. I. HOOD CO., Props. Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."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HAIR FOOD
FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED
There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. Send three fallen hairs from your combings, to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.
PROF. J. H. AUSTIN
658 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN,

Rashes, Heat, Perspiration, Lameness, and Soreness incidental to Fishing, Canoeing, Riding, Cycling, Tennis, or Summer Sports or Athletics, no other application so soothing, cooling, and refreshing as a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, purest and sweetest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

Millions use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations of women, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 27-28, Charterhouse Square, London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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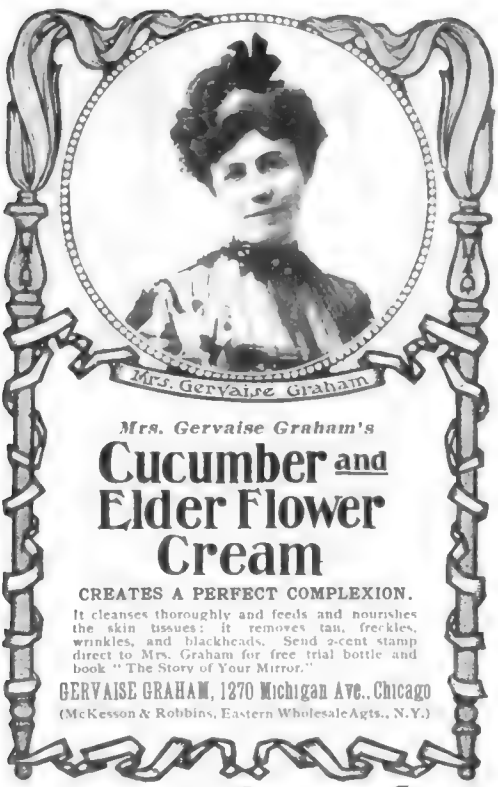
There are many commendable hair preparations; but none of them seem to possess the vital principles which have made the Seven Sutherland Sisters' "Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower" so famous. The Scalp Cleaner makes an ideal shampoo. It produces a rich, creamy lather, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and removes every particle of scale and dandruff. It is more economical and far superior to any good soap, wash, or shampoo.

The Hair Grower will positively grow hair where the least particle of life exists in the dying hair root. Its rapid life-giving qualities are unequaled. It is refreshing, soothing, and makes and keeps the hair as soft as silk. For two decades these preparations have been making strong, steadfast friends. To-day over 28,000 dealers in the U. S. alone are selling them, with steadily increasing demands—positive evidence of true merit. Ask your dealer about it or address Seven Sutherland Sisters, 18 Desbrosses Street, New York City.

It's never too late to learn.

It's the Hair—not the Hat
That makes a woman attractive



Mrs. Gervaise Graham's
Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream
CREATES A PERFECT COMPLEXION.
It cleanses thoroughly and feeds and nourishes the skin tissues; it removes tan, freckles, wrinkles, and blackheads. Send 2-cent stamp direct to Mrs. Graham for free trial bottle and book "The Story of Your Mirror."
GERVAISE GRAHAM, 1270 Michigan Ave., Chicago
(McKesson & Robbins, Eastern Wholesale Agts., N.Y.)

"A Woman is as old as she looks."

GRAY HAIR MADE BROWN

You are too young for gray hairs. If you would keep from looking old when you are young, once a month, dip your comb in Mrs. Potter's Walnut Juice Hair Stain and your hair will keep a beautiful brown.

Free Trial Size—To convince you that Mrs. Potter's Walnut Juice is the best and purest Hair Stain in the world, we will mail you, prepaid, a trial package on receipt of 25 cents to cover the expense. Regular size, $1.00. Enough for a year.

Write for booklet.

MRS. POTTER'S HYGIENIC DEPOT
Suite 249 Groton Building Cincinnati, O.

Instantly restores faded or gray hair or whiskers to natural color. Easily applied. Only one application required. The most perfect hair restorer made. Cures dandruff and falling out of hair. Small, 25c. Large, 75c., postpaid. Write for booklet toilet preparations.

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For Sale by John Wanamaker, N. Y.

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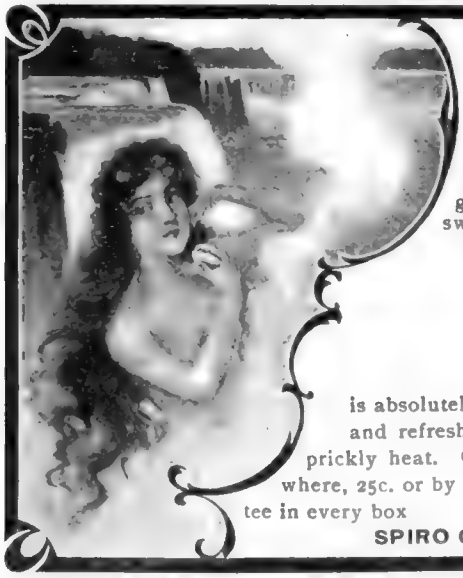

Perspiring People

Should know about *Spiro Powder.* The only preparation that is positively guaranteed to destroy and prevent the odor of perspiration. Dust it in the armpits, on the dress shields, body, feet, and undergarments, and enjoy the knowledge that you are sweet, cool, and comfortable.

SPIRO POWDER

is absolutely odorless. A pure antiseptic that soothes, heals, and refreshes the skin; relieves inflammation, chafing, and prickly heat. On sale at drug. toilet, and notion counters everywhere, 25c. or by mail for price. Free sample on request. Guarantee in every box

SPIRO COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

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Cancer, Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Constipation and all Blood Diseases cured by Extracts of RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS. Send for circular containing full information.

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Up-to-Date Book Free. Write for "Valbon."

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Of the most Expensive, Exquisite and perfect Toilet Preparations in the World. We mail for 10 cents a sample of the Soap, Cream, Powder, Skin Tablets and Our Book.

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STOPS Toothache Instantly

Dent's Toothache Gum stops toothache instantly, whether there's a cavity or not; cleanses any cavity; arrests decay; *removes offensive odors caused by decay*; won't melt in the mouth; stays in place; keeps for years; most economical; no waste. Get

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

to-day and keep it to *prevent toothache.* Used by leading dentists. Sold by responsible druggists, 15c; or by mail on receipt of price. Be sure it's DENT'S. *Dent's Corn Gum* cures corns, bunions and warts—15c at druggists; or we mail it.

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PROF. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

"The One Reliable Beautifier."

Positively cures Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Ringworm, and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not *merely cover up* but *eradicates* them. Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap should be used in connection with Malvina Cream. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Cream, 50c., postpaid; Lotion, 50c., express collect; Soap, 25c., postpaid. Send for testimonials.

Prof. I. HUBERT, Toledo, O.

There is Beauty in every Jar.

Ingram's MILKWEED CREAM

is the one essential to a perfect complexion. It is not greasy but is the natural tonic food for the skin. MILK WEED CREAM gives that delightful and healthy brilliancy to the skin because it feeds, stimulates and nourishes the glands and tissues.

It removes tan, freckles, sunburn and all skin disfigurements by simply making the skin healthy. For proof of the popularity and efficacy of MILK WEED CREAM, we can refer you to the toilet tables of the most beautiful women in America. There is beauty in every jar.

Improves Bad Complexions.
Preserves Good Complexions.

Price, 50 cents a jar at druggists or by mail prepaid.

FREE—Send a stamp for a generous sample and "The Education of Edith."

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Hydrozone

Hydrozone is endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent, that cures by destroying the parasites which cause these diseases.

Cures sunburn in 24 hours. In cases of Prickly Heat and Hives it will stop itching at once, also will relieve mosquito bites instantly. Take no substitute and see that every bottle bears my signature.

Trial Size, 25 Cents.

At Druggists or by mail, from

Prof. Charles Marchand

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FREE {Booklet on the rational treatment of diseases sent free.

Ready for Use.

Rat Bis-Kit

Packed in Boxes.

The only poison not dangerous to handle.

Acts quickly, no mixing, no soiling of dishes, no trouble. Kills every time. Die in open air seeking water. Put in rat holes, linen closets, etc., without soiling anything. Rats and mice leave choicest grain and food for it. Why take risk of mixing poison?

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST. If he hasn't it, send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, which will be sent you with all charges prepaid.

THE RAT BISCUIT CO., Dept. O, **Springfield, Ohio**

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The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective ***invisible*** device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

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REMEDY FOR

INTEMPERANCE

PACKAGE SENT FREE

We claim that any woman can cure her husband, son or brother of drink habit by placing this remedy in his coffee, tea or food without his knowledge, as the remedy is entirely odorless and tasteless, that any woman can wipe out this fearful evil as did Mrs. R. L. Townsend, Box 13, Swartz, La. For years she prayed to her husband to quit his intemperate habits, but finally found that it was impossible for him to do so with his own free will. Hearing of this remarkable remedy she determined to try it. She reported that in a short time he gave up his intemperate habits—having lost his desire for such a life. It is surely a wonderful discovery that relieves a man without his knowledge or intention. Mrs. Townsend's word of gratitude is only one of the thousands in our possession. Any one who will send us their name and address will receive by mail, sealed in plain wrapper, a free package of this wonderful remedy with full instructions. It will cost you nothing to try it.

MILO DRUG CO.

81 MILO BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

ALL WOMEN

Should investigate our common-sense home treatment for the destruction of superfluous hair. **It kills** by absorption safe, sure, painless. To remove hair use dissolver, or, better yet, use a razor. Both have the same effect. Circular and full information mailed free on application.

MONOGRAM CO.
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MAPLEWOOD

Near Cincinnati, Ohio.

A sanitorium established in 1875 for the private care and medical treatment of **Drug and Alcoholic Addictions.** Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Home Treatment if desired. Address

THE Dr. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B8, LEBANON, OHIO

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RESTORES THE SIGHT
WEAK EYES MADE STRONG.
SPECTACLES ARE A NUISANCE, NECESSITY ONLY MAKES ONE WEAR THEM.

SAVES THE EYES
ALL EYE TROUBLES CURED BY USING RESTORER ONE MINUTE EACH NIGHT BEFORE RETIRING.

PREVENTS FAILING SIGHT
DULL EYES MADE BRIGHT. Write for TREATISE ON THE EYE, Mailed Free.
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239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

"An Additional Advantage and Extremely Important Reason for Its Peculiar Efficacy Lies in the Fact that Its Composition Approximates that of the Blood Serum."

John V. Shoemaker, M.D., LL.D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia:* "For the practical ends of therapeutics it suffices to know the properties of the agents which we employ. We are not always able to understand precisely how such properties are acquired. **Abundant experience** has shown that the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER,** by virtue of its lithia and the associated salts, is **much more effective** in some very important particulars than extemporaneous solutions. It exerts, for instance, a solvent action upon renal, hepatic and vesical calculi more powerful than could be expected from a mere inspection of its chemical analysis. By sweeping uric acid rapidly out of the system it **alleviates the miseries of gout.** It is efficacious in **rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes mellitus,** and a number of **nervous affections.**

"Nothing can afford a more direct and convincing illustration of the efficacy of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** than the recital of the histories of a number of typical cases in which it was used with advantage. I have accordingly selected certain cases in which the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was **obviously influential in producing excellent results.**"

Additional medical testimony on request. For sale by druggists and grocers generally.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND ADDICTED TO INTEMPERANCE?

PROVE YOUR FRIENDSHIP BY HELPING HIM TO OVERCOME THE HABIT

You owe it to any acquaintance who is cursed by the drink habit to help him overcome it, and thus regain his rightful place in business and society. You can best do this by persuading him to try

WILLIS' HOME REMEDY

It Makes Men Look Like Men, Feel Like Men, Act Like Men.

To prove this is true, I will send, in plain wrapper, a large treatment, sufficient to test its wonderful merit, free of all expense. To show how easily it acts it is only necessary to take a few doses at home, at work, anywhere. A wonderful change will be noticed in due time. The craving for all intoxicants will be destroyed; the nerves become steady; the appetite for food will return; refreshing sleep ensues. Its magic influence quickly drives alcoholic poison from the system.

FREE

A sample treatment sent free on request.

I have thousands of grateful letters from those who have been cured by my Home Cure, and will send you some of these letters if you desire to read them. **Remember I want to cure the worst cases,** especially those who have been deceived by worthless remedies. If your friend is the worst case in the community, I am more anxious than ever to cure him. I don't want one cent of money until I prove to your entire satisfaction that my Home Cure is a genuine boon to those who need it. Can any offer be fairer?

Write to-day for free treatment to

PARKER WILLIS, 17 Stevenson Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Spinal Curvature CURED in Your Own Home

We offer a certain relief and a positive cure to all who suffer from this terrible affliction. Throw away the cumbersome and expensive leather and plaster Paris jackets and try our Scientific Spinal Appliance.

It does not encase the body like a vise, but allows perfect freedom of movement. It weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. It is 80 per cent. cheaper than the old methods and 100 per cent. better. It conforms to the shape of the body so that no one would notice it. It can be worn by the smallest child or the oldest adult with perfect ease and comfort. It will give permanent relief in any case of spinal curvature. They are not made up in large quantities, but each one is made to measure, to meet the individual case, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. If you or any of your friends suffer from any form of *Spinal Trouble*, write us at once and we will give you full particulars as to how you may be permanently benefited and *Cured*, without inconvenience or discomfort, and *Without Leaving Your Home.* Address

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OATINE

The New Complexion Beautifier

OATINE is the **Acme of Perfection in Skin Creams and Skin Foods.** It contains no animal fat, no lanoline or mineral of any kind, but furnishes in an improved way all the **healing, cleansing, and complexion preserving properties of the oat** (*Avena Sativa*).

OATINE dissolves and removes the particles of dirt lodged in the pores. This is the **only way** to remove such dirt. You may **prove this to your own satisfaction** by first washing your face with soap and water and drying it; apply **Oatine** afterward and wipe off immediately with a towel. **The towel will be black,** thus proving that the soap and water will not do the work.

OATINE is unsurpassed in preserving the freshness of the complexion for theatrical "Make-up;" for chapped hands, face, and lips, burns, scalds, etc.; for keeping the skin clean, soft, clear, and beautiful. Its use produces a youthful and healthful complexion. The user defies the ravages of age and climate.

No Wrinkles, Rough, Oily, or Red Skin for Oatine Users

OATINE is used by stage folk now in preference to all other preparations. **A four ounce jar costs 50 cents.**

FOR SALE BY
JOHN WANAMAKER, New York and Philadelphia
CHAS. A. STEVENS & BRO., Chicago
WM. DONALDSON & CO., Minneapolis. And others.

Should your dealer not have Oatine, send us his name and we will send you our booklet, "How to Cultivate Beauty," and **Free Sample Oatine.**
Agents Wanted. One bright, intelligent woman in every town. Write at once for particulars and terms. Handsome outfit FREE.
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By the use of my Scientific Treatment, especially prepared for each Individual Case.

I suffered for years with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success, but I ultimately discovered a secret for the removal of hair, and for more than seven years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to and gaining thanks of thousands of ladies.

I assert and will prove to you that my treatment will destroy the follicle and remove the hair. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied by yourself in your own chamber.

If you are troubled, write to me for further information, and I shall convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt personal attention to your letter. Address

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FACE POWDER

MONTH OF ROSES

If you would have your complexion rival the petal of a June rose, use the celebrated

LABLACHE

Face Powder. Summer heat and sun has no effect against this exquisite toilet necessity. It prevents and cures Tan and Sunburn; makes the skin soft, smooth, velvety. A lovely complexion is within the reach of anyone who will use it. Flesh, White, Pink, Cream. 50c. a box. Druggists or by mail.
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every man should wear an

O-P-C suspensory

Wear one two weeks—the original investment does not amount to much—and satisfy yourself as to the good it will do you.
If it does not make you feel better—does not increase your capacity for work, your endurance, your vitality and nerve energy—take it off and do not wear it any more.
If it does—it is a good investment from every standpoint.
It WILL, beyond a question of a doubt, because it relieves the one strain which every man experiences. An unconscious strain and although a little one, is big when multiplied by the number of seconds in a day.
Your druggist has O-P-C suspensories and can give you a copy of our booklet, "The Struggle for Supremacy." It tells why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C suspensory.
If your druggist does not have our book send us his name for a free copy.

No. 2 O-P-C lisle, $1.00.
No. 3 O-P-C silk, $1.50.

Every druggist is authorized to refund the money if purchaser is not entirely satisfied. Ask for O-P-C and "Get the Right Brand."

Made by

Bauer & Black,

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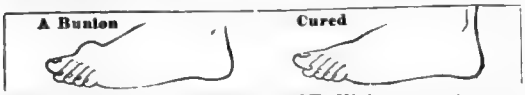

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Water is Free!

But it won't take the pain out of a burn; it won't heal a wound; it won't take the ache out of rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. Pond's Extract *will*. It will do it instantly. The claim that ordinary witch hazel is "just as good" or "just the same" as Pond's Extract needs but a mite of consideration to prove its falsity. Ordinary witch hazel is nearly all water. That's why you can get so much for so little—because *water is free*.

Pond's Extract is the pure extract of *Hamamelis Virginica*—that's why it costs more; that's why it CURES. If you want water, get it at the pump—it's cheaper and safer. If you want relief from pain—*any* pain, insist on getting Pond's Extract. Always sold under original label. Sold everywhere.

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"DIRECT FROM FACTORY"

(Shipped on Approval)

Piano-finish, Selected Figure, Quarter-sawed Oak Mantel, **$29.40**

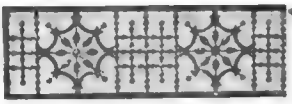
Dealers' price, **$40** to **$50**

It is 82 in. high, 60 in. wide, 36 x 18 French Bevel Mirror, four elaborate capitals, molded shelves. Includes Enamel Tile Facing, 60 x 18 hearth, Plated Frame and Club House Grate.

Freight paid east of Miss. River and north of S. Car. on this mantel.

Tiles mounted on slate make a perfect job; any one can place them in position. Write for catalog of Mantels, Grates; Tiles for floors and baths; Slate Laundry Tubs; Grilles, etc.

Our made-to-order window-screens are inexpensive



$3 buys this $5 Oak Grille, 48 x 12 in.; $4 for 60 in. Other designs equally low.

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HOW TO BREATHE FOR
Health, Strength, and Endurance
READ
"Lung and Muscle Culture"
the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of
BREATHING and EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. Correct and incorrect breathing accurately described by diagrams, etc. This little work is well worth ten times the small price asked. Sent on receipt of **Ten Cents.**

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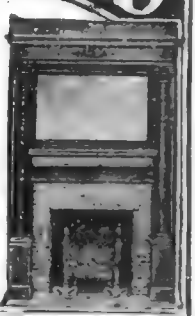
Artistic Effects for Home Decoration

A saving of 30 to 40 per cent. in the price, and an opportunity of selecting from latest and richest designs is offered by ordering Mantels, Grates and Tiles from our factory. The great beauty of our Mantels consists not only in the designs but in the rich grain effect of the wood. Elaborate catalogue, showing over 100 colored reproductions, with full descriptions and prices explains our system of direct selling, sent FREE.

WHITE MANTEL AND TILE CO., 610 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.



MANTELS

BIG PAYING BUSINESS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Write for names of hundreds of delighted customers. Make $50 to $50 weekly. Do business at home or traveling, all or spare time, selling Gray outfits and doing genuine gold, silver, nickle and metal plating on Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate No experience, quickly learned. Enormous demand. No toys or humbug. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. Let us start you. We teach you FREE. Write today. Address,

H. GRAY & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle

'03 Models high grade **$9** to **$15**

1901 and '02 Models, best makes, $7 to $12

500 2ND-HAND WHEELS

all makes and models, good as new, **$3** to **$8.** *Factory Clearing Sale.* We ship **on approval** and 10 days' trial *without a cent in advance.*

EARN A BICYCLE taking orders for us. Write at once for *bargain list* and our wonderful **special offer** to agents. Tires, sundries, sporting goods, all kinds, half regular price.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Depot 125 F CHICAGO, ILL.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Knabes, Fischers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many can not be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $290, fully equal to many $400 pianos. Monthly payments accepted. Freight only about $5. Write for particulars. A great saving assured. Strongest guarantee. Illustrated Piano Book Free.

FROM

LYON & HEALY, 22 Adams St., CHICAGO.

World's largest music house; sells everything known in Music.

SUN RIVAL $18

POWERFUL WHITE LIGHT

MAGIC LANTERNS, FILMS AND SLIDES. PICTURE MACHINES, BOUGHT AND SOLD.

HARBACH & CO., 809 FILBERT STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It Costs Less Than You Think

for a strong, durable, attractive Wrought Iron or Wire Fence for your Lawn or Cemetery. Quality and styles unequalled. Write for **free** Catalogue K. 223 S. Senate Ave.

Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS ELEGANT WATCH, $3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome **WATCH AND CHAIN, C. O. D. $3.75.** Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long gold-plated chain for Ladies, or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any **$25.00 GOLD-FILLED WATCH, Warranted 20 years,** pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20-year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Ladies' or Gents' size. Address

H. EARBER & CO., A29, 28 Quincy St., Chicago

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The Wanamaker Store

Mason & Hamlin Organs
At Stirring Price-Reductions

Mason & Hamlin Organs have an international reputation for excellence in every quality that goes to make up a successful instrument.

Those who wish to own one of these famous organs will be greatly interested in these exceptional offerings of Mason & Hamlin organs, in a number of styles, at much below their regular cost.

We have taken most of them in exchange for larger organs, or pianos. Some of them are almost new; all have been thoroughly overhauled and put in first-class condition. The new prices indicate savings of $10 to $400 on single organs.

If desired, any of these organs may be bought on the easy plan of small monthly payments. Here is the list—we shall be glad to furnish further details:

CASE	No. of Stops	Regular Price	New Price
Oak Case, High Top, with Mirror	9	$115.00	$60.00
Walnut Case, with Cabinet Top	10	100.00	65.00
Oak Case, Cabinet Top, with Mirror	10	96.00	60.00
Oak Case, Pipe Top, Gilded Pipes	11	210.00	145.00
Walnut Case, with Beveled Mirror	10	99.00	60.00
Walnut	10	75.00	65.00
Walnut Case, with Pipe Top and Mirror	14	150.00	115.00
Walnut Case, neat design	13	132.00	90.00
Oak Case, solid and massive design	15	350.00	225.00
Oak Case, Two Manuals	12	480.00	380.00
The Renowned Liszt Organ, Walnut Case	16	450.00	250.00
The Renowned Liszt Organ, Walnut Case	16	450.00	200.00
Oak Case, with finished back	13	153.00	115.00
Antique Oak Case	13	125.00	95.00
Quartered Oak Case	11	145.00	75.00
Walnut Case, Sankey Model	13	200.00	120.00
Oak Case, Liszt Model	16	480.00	225.00
Walnut Case, Two Manuals	25	650.00	250.00
Walnut Case, Two Manuals	25	650.00	250.00
Walnut Case, Two Manuals	5	135.00	75.00
Walnut Case	13	132.00	75.00
Walnut Case	6	60.00	50.00

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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The Wanamaker Store

Again the Wanamaker

The announcement of the June Sale of White no longer comes as a surprise. Quite the reverse—it is the news, eagerly awaited by thousands of women throughout the land, of the recurrence of a storekeeping event that has grown into an institution—an occasion famous for distributing thousands upon thousands of the best muslin undergarments women ever wore, at the most consistently low prices women ever paid for underwear of like quality. And this particular June sale conforms to the rule we laid down when we originated the idea of White Sales, except in being better, in all respects, than its predecessors. For we are not content with merely maintaining a high level—each Sale must better the one before, in magnitude of preparation and selling, in the beauty and excellence of the garments. Every year we raise the standard of our demands upon the carefully chosen list of manufacturers who supply our muslin garments, and make them conform to these demands. And women easily recognize the many points of superiority of Wanamaker undergarments in comparison with those exploited in other sales. We'll let the details speak for themselves—all of them ready on the first of June.

Short Petticoats

25c Of muslin; cambric ruffle; hemstitched.

50c Of cambric; deep lawn ruffle with plain hem and hemstitched plaits above.

50c Of muslin; with lawn ruffle trimmed with torchon lace and insertion.

75c Of muslin; cambric ruffle trimmed with embroidery and cluster plaits above.

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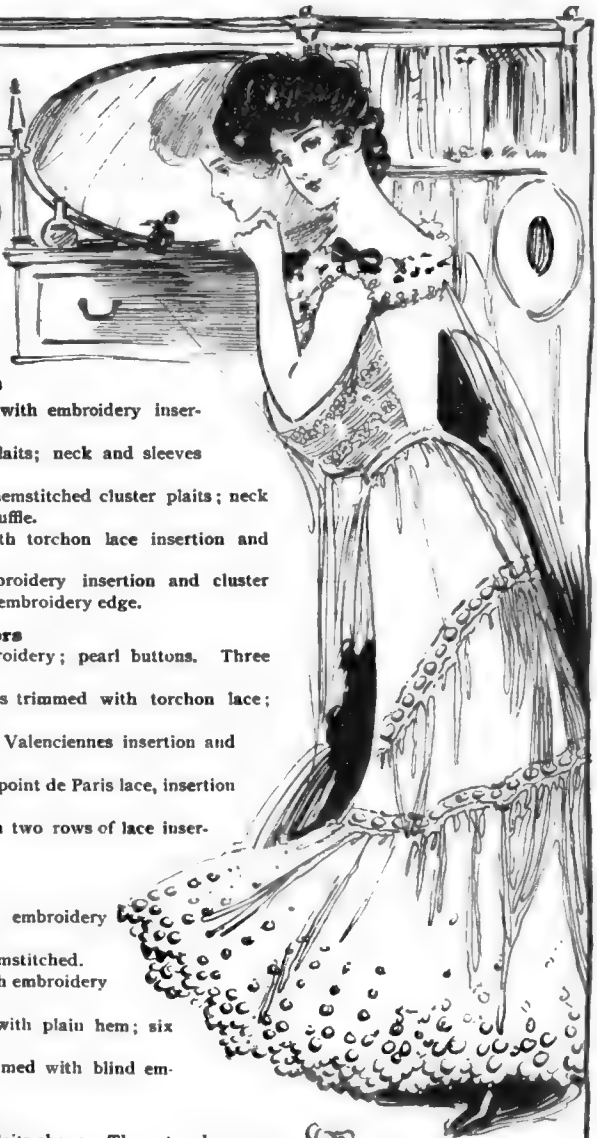

Sale of White

Night Gowns

38c Of muslin; V-shaped neck; trimmed with embroidery insertion, and plaits. Three to a buyer.
50c Of muslin; high neck; yoke of fine plaits; neck and sleeves trimmed with hemstitched lawn ruffle.
75c Of cambric; V-shaped neck; yoke of hemstitched cluster plaits; neck and sleeves finished with hemstitched ruffle.
85c Of nainsook; round neck; trimmed with torchon lace insertion and edge; ribbon drawn through.
$1 Of cambric; high neck; yoke of embroidery insertion and cluster plaits; neck and sleeves trimmed with embroidery edge.

Corset Covers

8c Of cambric; neck trimmed with embroidery; pearl buttons. Three to a buyer.
18c Of cambric; round neck and arm-holes trimmed with torchon lace; drawing string at waist.
25c Of cambric; round neck with yoke of Valenciennes insertion and edge, trimmed with ribbon.
35c Of cambric; round neck trimmed with point de Paris lace, insertion and ribbon; drawing string at waist.
50c Of nainsook; round neck trimmed with two rows of lace insertion and edge, with ribbon run through.

Long Petticoats

50c Of cambric; lawn ruffle trimmed with embroidery and plaits above.
75c Of cambric; umbrella ruffle of lawn, hemstitched.
85c Of cambric; deep flounce trimmed with embroidery and plaits above.
$1 Of cambric; umbrella ruffle of lawn with plain hem; six hemstitched plaits above, in clusters.
$1.50 Of cambric; deep lawn flounce trimmed with blind embroidery and cluster plaits above.

Drawers

15c Of muslin or cambric; plain hem with plaits above. Three to a buyer.
25c Of muslin; trimmed with embroidery; plaits above.
35c Of cambric; lawn ruffle trimmed with torchon lace and plaits above.
50c Of cambric; trimmed with blind embroidery and plaits above.
75c Of nainsook; umbrella ruffle trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edge; plaits above.

Chemises

25c Of cambric; square neck trimmed with torchon lace and insertion, and lawn ruffle.
35c Of cambric; round neck with embroidery insertion; neck and arm-holes finished with lawn ruffle.
50c Of cambric; square neck trimmed with embroidery insertion and edging.
75c Of nainsook; round neck trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; arm-holes finished with lace.
85c Of cambric; round neck trimmed with torchon lace and insertion; arm-holes finished with lace; lawn ruffle on skirt.
$1 Of nainsook; square neck trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; arm-holes finished with lace; trimmed with ribbon.

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The Wanamaker Store

Linens in the June Sale

With the same liberality with which we provide muslin undergarments for the June White Sale, we gather all sorts of Housekeeping Linens.

Wanamaker linens are strong, sturdy, reliable, pure; and, no matter if linen prices have gone soaring, Wanamaker prices have stayed down to their former level; and, by ordering far in advance, and in great quantities, these white sale offerings, ready June first, are even lower than regular Wanamaker prices:

Table-Linen by the Yard

At 50c yard—Half-bleached table-linen; bleaches quickly; 70 in. wide.

At 56c yard—Bleached Irish table-linen; choice new designs; 67 in. wide. Same, finer and heavier, 80c yard.

At 80c yard—Grass-bleached soft finish German table-linen; 64 in. wide. Same, 70 in. wide, 90c yd.

At $1 yard—Bleached Scotch table-linen; unusual value; 72 in. wide.

Table-Cloths

At $2.25—Bleached table-cloths, of best Scotch linen, in handsome special designs, 2 yards square Same, 2 x 2½ yards, $2.75; 2 x 3 yards, $3.25. Napkins to match, 20 in. square, $2 dozen; 22 in., $2.50 dozen; 24 in., $3 dozen.

At $2.50 each—Bleached double damask table-cloths, heavy quality; 70 x 72 in. Same, 70 x 90 in., $3.25; 70 x 108 in., $3.75. Napkins to match, 20 in. square, $2.50 dozen; 22 in., $3 dozen; 24 in., $3.50 dozen.

Napkins

At $1.25 dozen—Bleached Scotch napkins, 20 in. square; good assortment of patterns.

At $1.85 dozen—Bleached napkins, 22 in. square.

At $2 dozen—Bleached Irish napkins; fine damask; 22 in. square. Same, 24 in. square, $3 dozen.

At $2.25 dozen—Grass-bleached German napkins, 22 in. square; to match 80c linen. Same, 26 in. square, $3.25 dozen.

Towels

At 12½c each—Bleached Scotch huckaback towels, hemmed ends, 17 x 35 in., washed ready for use, $1.50 dozen. Same, 18 x 37 in., 16c each; 20 x 38 in., 20c each.

At 25c each—Bleached German huckaback towels; hemmed ends; 21 x 40 in. Also huckaback and damask in combination; hemstitched ends, 1 x 38 in.

At 25c each—Bleached linen crash roller towels; 18 x 90 in.

Bath Towels

At 12½c each—Snow-white Turkish cotton bath towels; fringed ends; 20 x 43 in.

At 20c each—Same, heavier and larger; hemmed ends; 22 x 45 in.

Toweling

At 12½c yard—Bleached Scotch crash; Turkey red borders; 17 in. wide.

At 18c yard—Bleached Scotch huckaback toweling; 17 in. wide.

Bed Linen

At $3.75 pair—Grass-bleached German linen sheets; ¾ bed size; 72 x 96 in. Same, full bed size, 90 x 96 in., $4.50 pair. Same sizes; finer quality; $5 and $6 pair.

At $1 each—Hemstitched linen bolster covers, to match $3.75 sheets, 22 x 72 in. Pillow-cases to match; 22 x 36 in., $1 pair.

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The Wanamaker Store

White Sale Offerings of Muslin Sheets and Pillow-Cases

We prepared for this June Sale of hemmed Muslin Sheets and Pillow-cases by buying largely, early in the year, when price-conditions at the mills were most favorable.

The resulting low prices on these two splendid lots will prove most interesting to housekeepers, inasmuch as they could not be duplicated, if we had bought the goods at the present time.

There is a full range of sizes of sheets and pillow-cases in two very popular grades of muslin.

Made from a well-known make of standard sheeting :

SHEETS

54 x 90 in.—45c
54 x 99 in.—49c
63 x 90 in.—51c
63 x 99 in.—56c
72 x 90 in.—56c
72 x 99 in.—61c
81 x 90 in.—63c
81 x 99 in.—69c
90 x 90 in.—69c
90 x 99 in.—75c
90 x 108 in.—81c

PILLOW CASES

42 x 36 in.—14c
42 x 38½ in.—15c
45 x 36 in.—15c
45 x 38½ in.—16c
50 x 38½ in.—18c
54 x 36 in.—18c
54 x 38½ in.—20c

Made from a heavier and finer muslin, a grade above the standard make :

SHEETS

65 x 90 in.—65c
65 x 99 in.—70c
72 x 90 in.—75c
72 x 99 in.—80c
81 x 90 in.—85c
81 x 99 in.—90c
90 x 90 in.—90c
90 x 99 in.—95c
90 x 108 in.—1.05

PILLOW CASES

42 x 36 in.—16c
42 x 38½ in.—17c
45 x 36 in.—18c
45 x 38½ in.—20c
50 x 38½ in.—24c
54 x 38½ in.—25c

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The Wanamaker Store

Exceptional Bargains in Used Automobiles

The Wanamaker Automobile Business is making wonderful forward strides, in keeping with the vast increase in general interest in automobiling.

As a natural result, we have constantly on hand a number of second-hand automobiles that have come to us from one reason or another—mostly in exchange for larger machines.

We mention below some used motor cars that we now have in stock, at prices that will put the purchase of an automobile within the means of a few fortunate people who might not feel justified in investing the full price.

Three of these machines are Searchmonts—the leading automobile among those we carry regularly, and the best of its class we know.

All of these automobiles have been put in first-class running order. Prices are for immediate delivery, F.O.B. New York City. We will cheerfully supply any additional information desired.

Wood Electric Stanhope; new; without battery . .	$900
Searchmont Tonneau, Type V.	1,500
Searchmont, Type III. . .	500
Baker Stanhope	1,300
Baker Runabout	700
Royal Motor Cycle . . .	100
Searchmont, Type II. . .	350

We are also showing as our regular lines the following:

Searchmont, Type VII. . .	$2,500
Searchmont, Type VI. . .	2,000
Rambler, Model E.	750
Studebaker	975

Automobile Salesroom, Storage and Repair Station
138-140 East 57th Street

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ALPHA SALAD CREAM

Is the ideal **salad dressing** for all varieties of salads. It is also the ideal sauce or relish for cold meats, canned salmon, shrimp or lobster, fish cakes, baked beans, cold slaw, cold cauliflower or asparagus, cold hash or on sandwiches.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM is absolutely pure. Never separates. Never spoils. Those who like oil can add their favorite brand with perfect results. Samples not mailable.

All Grocers

Martha Taft Wentworth Recipe Book (60 Recipes and Suggestions) **sent free** for grocer's name. This book includes premium list. Informs you how to secure **the New Game of Diamonds free.** This game sells at 50c. to $1, according to style and quality of board.

WONDERLAND PUDDING TABLETS. One tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly more delicious, refreshing, and nourishing than other desserts. **Also make Delicious Ice Cream.** Package of 10 Tablets by mail, 10c. No samples.

THE H. J. BLODGETT CO., Inc., 32 Thayer St., Boston, Mass.

SOME REASONS

why

Jell-O

is the most popular dessert. It takes no time to make it, simply add boiling water and set to cool. It saves you hours that you would spend over other desserts. It is delicious (everybody likes it), economical, and healthful. Made from purest gelatine, sweetened and flavored with fruit flavors: Orange, Lemon, Strawberry, and Raspberry. Try it to-day. At grocers everywhere. 10 cts. No additional expense. **FREE OFFER**

If your grocer can't supply you, send us his name with 5c. for postage, and we will forward you a full-sized package free, provided you mention this magazine. Only one package to a person.

Prepared by THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO. LE ROY, N.Y.

Don't wait until your wife or servants **Cut Their Hands**

BUY A

Yankee Cork Puller

An up and down motion of the handle draws the tightest cork and automatically discharges it. No effort. No trouble. No broken bits of cork left in the bottle. Never slips. Lasts a lifetime. Fastens to sideboard, door-jamb, or other upright surface. Cannot get lost.

Ask the hardware dealer or sent direct express prepaid on receipt of price.

BOOKLET FOR THE ASKING.

NICKEL PLATED,	- -	$1.25
SILVER "	- -	3.50

After 30 days' trial money cheerfully refunded if not pleased.

THE GILCHRIST CO., 130 Lafayette Street, Newark, N. J.

THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR REAL PORCELAIN LINED.

This porcelain is the same material that the blue and white preserving kettles are made of. A luxury at the price of a necessity.

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS.

This Style, Polished, quarter sawed golden oak case; size, 35 in. long by 22 in. deep, by 46 in. high. Porcelain Lined, $29.75. Sliding shelves adjustable to any height. Other styles and sizes from $20.00 to $50.00. Zinc lined, $8.50 to $30.00. LISTEN!—In common Refrigerators air circulation is through ends, front or lid. When anything is spilled in air passage, it decays and taints the inaccessible walls. Phew! With the LEONARD-CLEANABLE every part is accessible. It strains the back to remove the whole ice box which some makers compel. **Here is a vital point!** THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE ALL METAL ICE RACK purifies the condensation and prevents ice water dripping upon food. Avoid refrigerators with under wooden sticks—they mould and become musty. **Still Another Point!** OUR EIGHT WALLS WITH MINERAL WOOL INTERLINING save ice bills. **Where is another equal to the Leonard?** We ship the Leonard to you freight free anywhere east of Omaha or north of Tennessee, where we have no dealer; pro rata beyond. Guaranteed to be greater value than any other, or your money returned without comment. Sample of our Porcelain lining with booklet "How to Use a Refrigerator" and catalogue sent FREE.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO. { 23 Ottawa Street. Grand Rapids, Mich.

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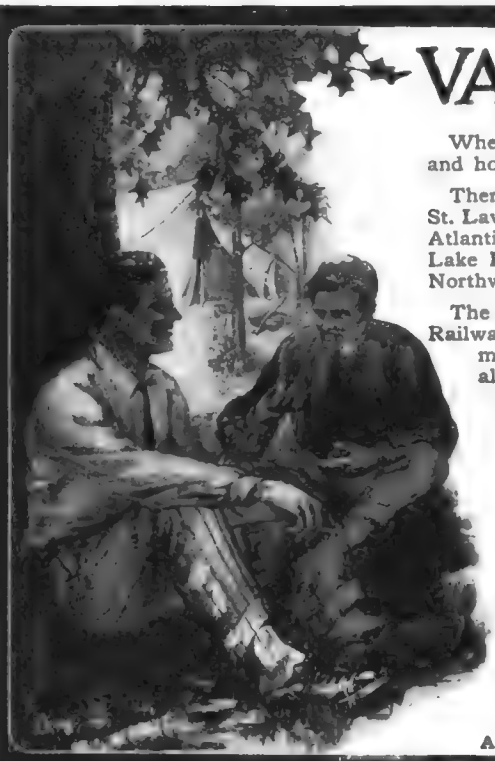

VACATION DAYS

Where are you going for your vacation this summer, and how?

There are many delightful places: Lake Chautauqua, St. Lawrence River, Adirondack and White Mountains, Atlantic Coast, Canada, Niagara Falls, South Shore of Lake Erie country, and its lovely Islands; lakes of the Northwest, Yellowstone country and Colorado places.

The service of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway—unequaled for completeness and comfort—may be used with greatest advantage for reaching all these summer places.

Privileges—Enjoyable privileges accorded on tickets over Lake Shore—stop-over at Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Lake Erie Islands, option of boat or rail between Cleveland and Buffalo, etc.

Summer Books—Sent for 6 cents postage by undersigned: "Lake Shore Tours," "Lake Chautauqua," "Quiet Summer Retreats," "Privileges for Lake Shore Patrons," "Book of Trains."

Boston Excursions—Over the Lake Shore, July 2, 3, 4 and 5. Good until September 1. Very low rates. All railways sell in connection with Lake Shore.

Chautauqua Excursions—Over Lake Shore, July 3 and 24, from all points west of Cleveland. Good 30 days. Low rates.

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

COLORADO

The delightful country of health-giving, light, dry air and inspiring scenery is the ideal place to spend your

Summer Vacation

A country perfectly suited for either rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means. It is an inexpensive place to visit and the trip requires but one night en route from Chicago via the

CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC AND NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

An Illustrated Booklet and other interesting printed matter about Colorado will be sent free to all persons addressing

W. B. KNISKERN,
Passenger Traffic Manager C. & N.-W. Ry.,
22 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

"Free from the care which wearies and annoys
Where every hour brings its several joys."

"AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS"

This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A copy will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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All the Wear Half the Cost

E HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID HE

(Trade Mark.)

Guaranteed for 25 Years.

At the points of contact (the back of the bowl and handle) is where the wear first tells on ordinary plated spoons. In the Holmes & Edwards inlaid spoons and forks these points are re-inforced by pieces of sterling silver inlaid (*not extra plate but inlaid*). This makes them wear as long as solid silver and the cost is less than half. Trade mark on back of handles.

Sold by all jewelers.
Send for catalogue "225 G."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to
HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

An Excellent Candy Receipt

Cocoanut Cream Caramels.

Chop 10 ct. package Dunham's Cocoanut fine. Dissolve 1 lb. sugar in ½ cup water. Boil until you can roll into a little ball after dropping in ice water. Stand moment, add teaspoonful vanilla and the cocoanut. Make into squares. MRS. S. T. ROBER.

Dunham's Cocoanut

is prepared by a clean short process and packed while fresh in a triple cover moisture proof package. Its delicate flavor, thus retained, makes candy delicious. These trade marks on every package.

"Dainty Desserts," a booklet of beautifully illustrated receipts mailed for a postal, with your name and address

Dunham Mfg. Co ,66o N. Main St., St. Louis

We Want You To Try Free

Every Skirt and Waist needs it.

a complete outfit of the

Minuet

Skirt and Waist Holders

Just four thin plates of aluminum—cannot rust or soil—two to sew on waist, two on skirt; have round, smooth edges—slip skirt pieces behind waist pieces and it is on. No teeth, hooks or projections; can be washed, passed through wringer and ironed over freely. Invisible, takes up no room; holds waist smooth—works as well with waist over skirt.

OUR OFFER—For your dealer's name and 4 cts. postage, we will send you, requiring **no money in advance**, providing you wear them and show to three friends, an outfit consisting of six sets Minuet and twelve pairs waist pieces. Try them—if pleased pay us, if not return what you do not want. They cost only 10 cents per set. If you keep them, we will send a Beautiful Reproduction in Colors (no advertising), 10x12 ins., suitable for framing, of the "**Sun-Bonnet Baby**" painting, by Bertha L. Corbett Miniature with free trial outfit. **Better send 4 cts. and your dealer's name to-day. Agents earn good money selling the Minuet.** Ask for particulars.

WHEELER & BALDWIN, 1643 Michigan Ave., Chicago

CORLISS COON & CO.

For Warm Weather Wear

our Bayswater will meet your requirements in a comfortable and stylish collar. Cut on correct lines: an example of perfect collar-making in style, fit and finish. We have them higher if you like. 80 everywhere. **2 for 25c.**

Our Book of Styles shows all popular shapes, and contains authoritative information on correct dress for every occasion. Sent FREE. Look for the sign of "The Man in the Collar," and if unable to procure our goods send to us,

Corliss, Coon & Co., 84 Broadway, Troy, N. Y.

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Go West to the Ocean

California's summer climate is finest in the world.

Cool Trip on the Santa Fe.

Surf-bathing—ocean breezes—snow-capped Sierras.

You can buy a combination round-trip ticket to San Diego this summer—including railroad and Pullman fare, meals en route, one day at Grand Canyon, and two weeks' board and lodging at Coronado Tent City—at a very low price.

Tent City is a popular Southern California summer seaside resort.

For full particulars, address

Gen. Pass. Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

Santa Fe All the Way

You May Be Rich

but if you have gained your wealth at the expense of your health

You Are Poor Indeed

Regain your health and renew your youth at

French Lick *and* West Baden Springs

in the highlands of Southern Indiana, on the

MONON ROUTE

THE remedial properties of the various Springs at these famous resorts are world-renowned for chronic ailments of Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels. You drink the waters—nature does the rest.

Excursion rates and excellent train service from all parts of the country.

Hotel Rates range from $8 up to $35 per week, including free use of waters. Accommodations from the plain boarding-house up to the finest apartments and service to be obtained in the best metropolitan hotels.

Booklet, telling all about the waters and giving list of the hotels and boarding-houses with their rates, sent free.

Address FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent . . . Chicago

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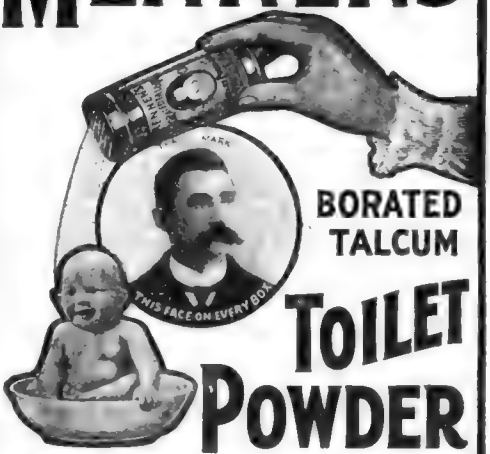

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TOILET POWDER

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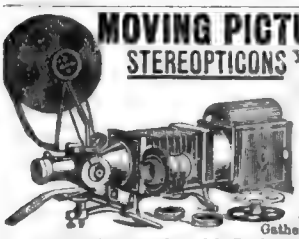

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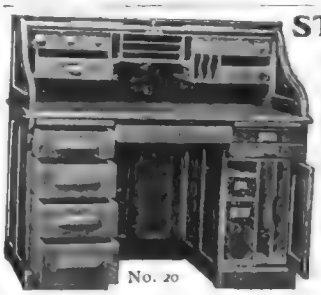

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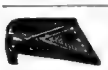

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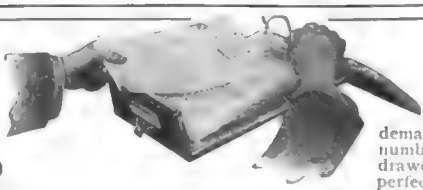

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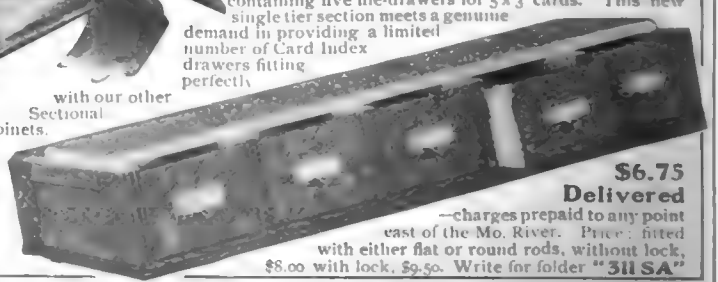

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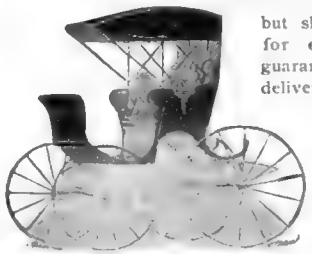

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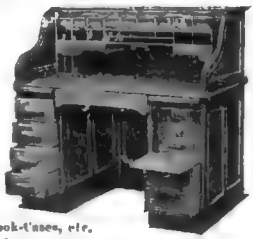

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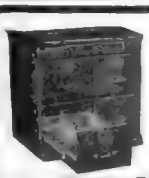

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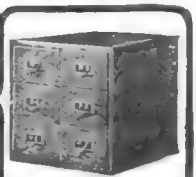

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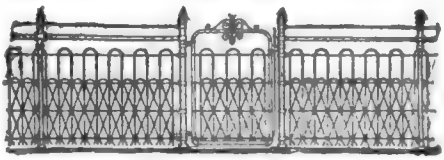

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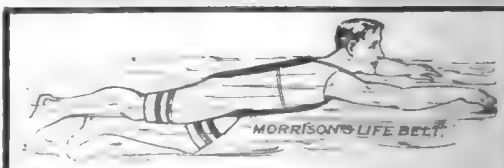

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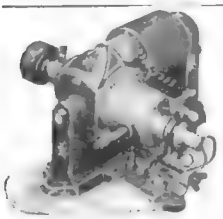

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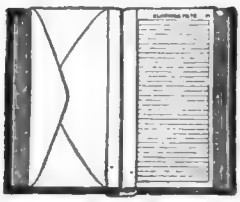

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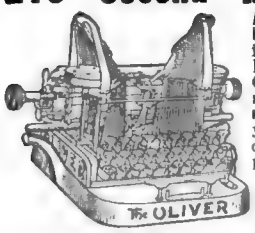

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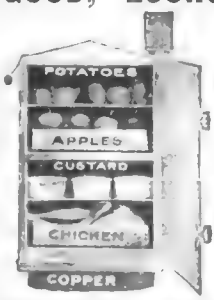

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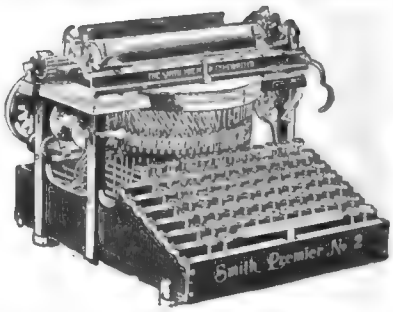

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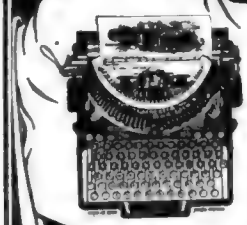

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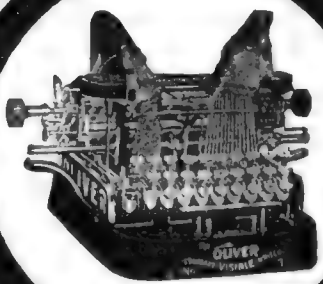

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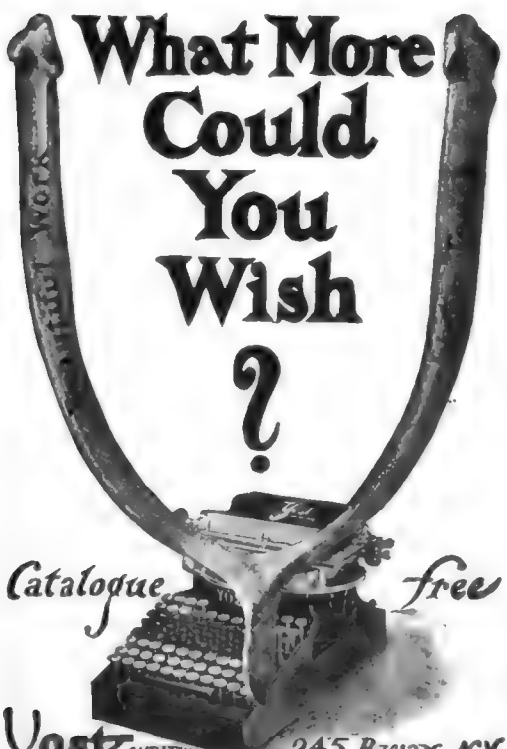

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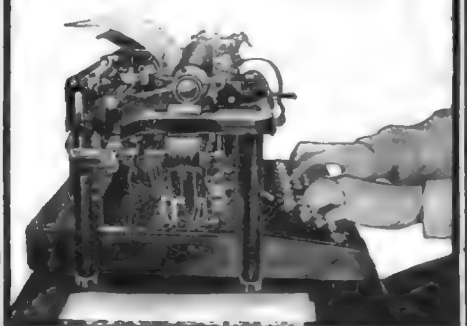

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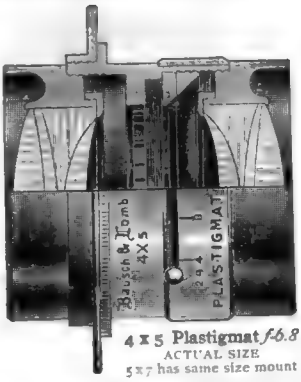

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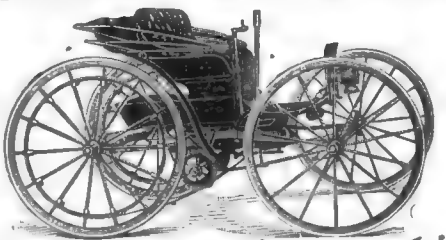

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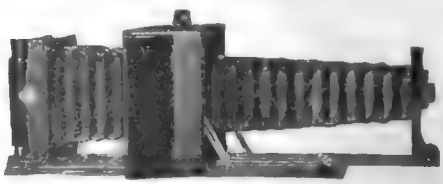

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For the invalid, a dainty custard or healthful gruel may be prepared with corn starch as a basis. The skill and ingenuity of the cook find plenty of scope in the variety of desserts which this convenient article may help devise.

A DELIGHTFUL DESSERT.

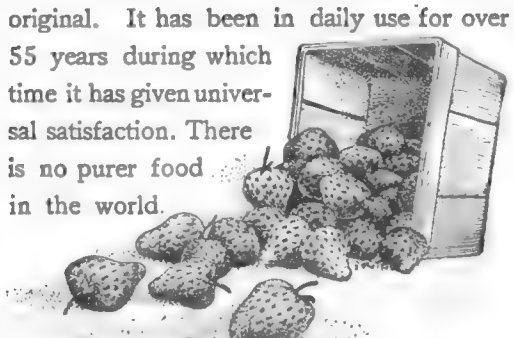
SNOW BALLS.

Cream a third of a cup of butter and a half a cup of sugar gradually. Sift one cup of flour with half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Add this mixture alternately with about two-thirds of a cup of milk and stir in gently the stiff whites of four eggs. Place this batter in six well buttered cups and steam for half an hour. Turn out gently, roll in powdered sugar and serve hot with

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cream half a cup of butter with one and a half cups of powdered sugar, add the yolk of one egg. Add a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time. Any fruit in season may be used in this way, for either steamed or baked puddings.

The housewife will experience no difficulty in procuring Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch. It is sold by all grocers everywhere, at a price which makes it available to everyone. Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is the original. It has been in daily use for over 55 years during which time it has given universal satisfaction. There is no purer food in the world.



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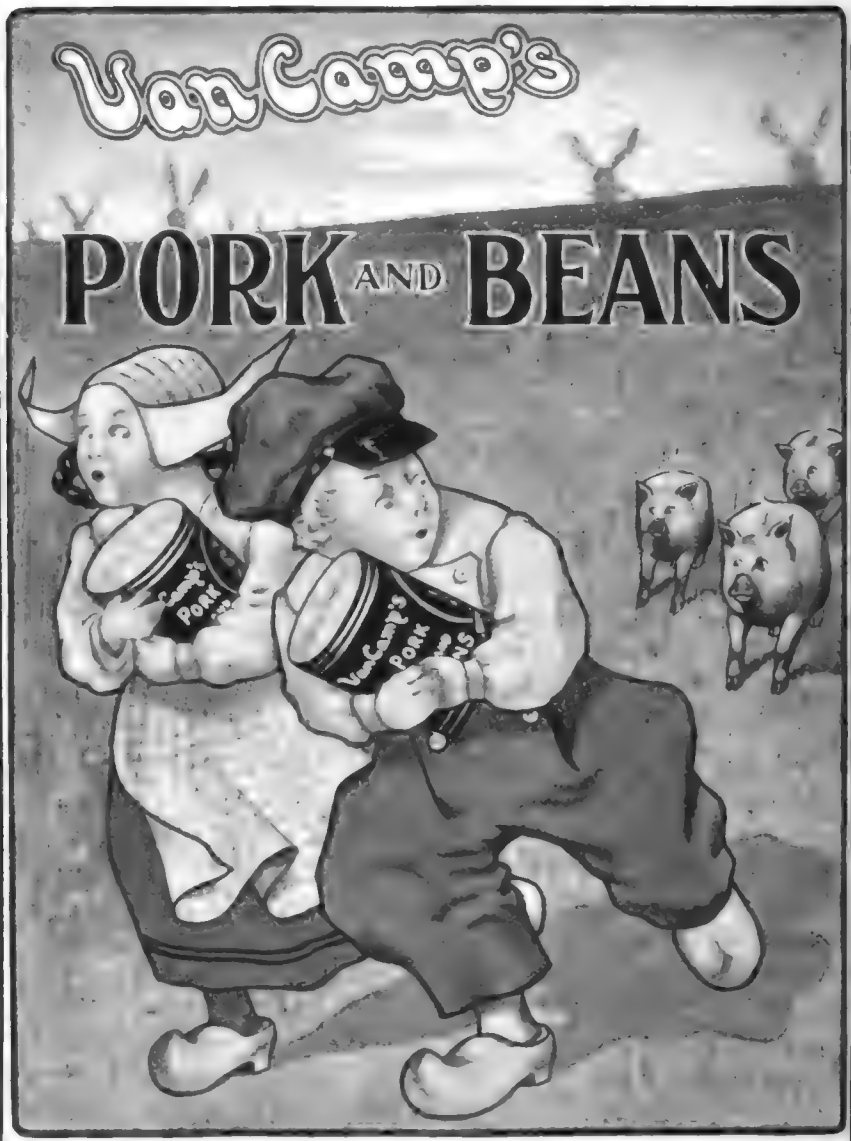

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